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Engraved by C. Heath

La Vallière

THE
HISTORICAL SOUVENIR



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LONDON:
Published for the Proprietor

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P R E F A C E.

THE present volume lays claim to notice for these two reasons;—first, its contents,—secondly, its plates.

Its contents have been so formed as to suit it in a pre-eminent degree as a present for youth. Its sketches are those of places and events which have peculiar interest—whether the gorgeous scene, with forest and mountain and river, or the mighty castle, or the tented battle-field, where liberty made a stand against oppression. Its tales are such as inculcate morality, and teach that the road to happiness is that of virtue. Its plates are beautiful alike for the engraver's art as the scenes they depict. Illustrating some great point, they serve to fix the attention to the truth—and thus

“Through the eye correct the heart.”

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THE LEGEND OF TARPEIA.

ROME was yet in her infancy ! Scarcely a year had passed since the ploughshare of Romulus had marked out the sacred Pomærium, and enclosed the Palatine with a deep ditch, the earth thrown up from which, strengthened by stakes, formed its only wall. The whole empire of the city was contained within that narrow compass, with the exception of a strong fortress on the Saturnine hill, afterwards the capitol, which commanded the wide desolate swamp around. Its sides, after the fashion of those ancient times, were laboriously scarped ; and the place itself, peering over Rome, as well as the surrounding marshes, formed a hill fort, almost impregnable, and an outwork of vital importance to the parent state.

But Rome may be said to have been “born in whirlwinds and baptized in blood.” Brief as had been her existence, her course seemed drawing to a close, like the beautiful sunset, that, as it went down, was flashed back from spear and helm, for around her walls lay a countless host of enemies ; and from the summit of the Liurinal lay the light of day lingered upon the royal standard of the Sabines, as it fluttered over the tent of their King. And Tatius, when he unfolded that banner to the breeze, had sworn never to return unless he bore back with him the noble and high-born damsels, whom

the Romans, under a false show of hospitality, had ravished from their friends, and detained, in grim and resolute defiance. Romulus, unable to resist that host in the field, had retreated within the walls, between which and the Sabine camp stretched a long low marsh, extending along the future Via Sacra and Forum to the base of the Capitol. Protected thus by the nature of the ground, the Romans were enabled to pour their troops through that fortress upon the Sabine lines, and daily sallies, in which the Kings often mingled hand to hand, bore witness to the forward resolution of the assailants and the obstinacy of the defence.

The wet lands in front of the city, though very advantageous, were not such as entirely to cover it, and it was therefore of the highest consequence that the Capitol, which was almost unassailable, should be entrusted to the ablest hands. Accordingly it was garrisoned by picked troops, under the command of a noble Roman, whose name has not descended to us, save as the Father of Tarpeia; and taking with him all his effects and his beautiful daughter, the pride of Rome, the warrior looked down upon the enemy, when he had seated himself in his stronghold, with a stern brow and a stout heart, for he was of a good courage, and held cheap the menaces of the Sabines and their furious King. "These autumnal nights," quoth the blunt soldier, "will chill the courage and crack with agues the joints of these gilded courtiers, and be the sun of August never so scorching, it shall go hard with me if they doff their armour for an hour." And so he treated the Sabines with ambuscades and sallies, always chusing the hottest time for his onset, until the spirits of their warriors drooped within them, and they cursed the ill-timed chivalry of their King and the doughty old Governor of the Capitol.

But while thus, ensconced in his airie, like a spider in the midst of his web, he kept a wary look out on the foe, little did

he dream of the treason which that foe was plotting against him. A maiden is timid only in speaking of her first love. He knew not that Tatius, when attending the solemn *ferie** at Rome, had won the heart of Tarpeia, and even now carried on, by means of a secret messenger, a correspondence with her. It was a sultry evening of August, and, according to his wont, her father had shown himself proportionately active. After a fierce skirmish, the Romans had retired into the fort, and the wearied Sabines, bearing away their wounded and dead, straggled into their lines, sullen and exhausted, while their iron adversary, chuckling over the success of his plans, walked sturdily up and down a part of the outer wall that looked into their camp, and plotted new stratagems for the morrow.

Another too looked across the valley, upon that thronged and busy scene. The Lady Tarpeia sat sorrowfully at a distant bastion, where she commanded a view of the hostile camp,—yes, hostile even to her, for her heart and soul was of the true Roman cast, and she was worthy of the race from which she sprung. She had given back her royal lover's vows and resigned his heart, but it was not so easy to regain her own. Tatius had sighed and pleaded, and promised, until she had consented to see him that very night. And she sat alone without comfort or adviser in her need, shadowing forth in her breast some scheme of high and lofty peril, for the deliverance of her country. As she looked upon the royal tent, and fancied she saw issuing from it her lover's form, she felt her heart throb high with disdain, that the breezes of Rome should sweep around his banner, and she felt that, if need were, she could resign even him to destruction for the safety of her father's land. While wrapt in these absorbing

* *Ferie*, from whence our word *fair*.

thoughts, the night came suddenly down, and she arose, with a lofty brow but fluttering heart, to redeem her pledge to its bitterest foe.

As she descended the rude steps that led from the walls, she saw near her a youthful client of her house, one who she knew loved her, for when was woman ignorant of the love borne her, though hidden in the heart of hearts. Her damsels had joined her, and she bade one of them call the youth, who came with a downcast look but a happy spirit before her. "Julius," she said, "I have need of thy service; may I command thee?" And even in her mental agony she smiled at the youth's perplexed and hesitating speech, when she knew he would have died at her bidding. She bade her maidens withdraw out of hearing, and then went on. "You have the watch to-night, and you must leave the postern gate at the foot of the northern cliff unbarred, and you will yourself be at hand with fifty chosen men, or, at least, with as many as you can collect without my father's knowledge. If the God Consus prosper us, to-night Rome will be free. Be at your post, and I will direct you further."

And the young Roman did not hesitate, though startled and grieved, to obey the lady of his love.

It was to meet Tatius that Tarpeia stole down the dark and winding stair that led down the northern front of the hill, and he came, but he came in arms. The King was not so blinded by love as to be unaware of the chance of success thus placed within his reach, for ambition, if it plays greatly, often plays foully. A numerous body of his troops stole by two's and three's beneath the walls, while with his person were some of his bravest chiefs. His heart smote him when he heard the light foot of his mistress pausing at the foot of the stair, before she gave the signal agreed on. It was a double treachery; but what was the sacrifice of the fond and passionate woman,

and who can measure her feelings when patriotism prevailed over love?

The signal was given and answered, and the door thrown back. At the foot of the stairs was a small landing-place; but on the right, connected with it by a short and narrow passage, was a large guard-room, one of those excavations through the tufo continued in after times and that still remain. In it was posted Julius and his band, with directions, as soon as the King had been drawn a little way up the stairs, for the sake of private conversation, to steal upon him and make prisoners of him and his chiefs, for some of his favourites were known to be about his person.

Nor indeed was the risk to Tatius very great, even when a prisoner. By the rape of the Sabine maidens, most of the noble Romans were connected with the most illustrious families of the nation, and desired nothing so much as peace. When the King was once in their power they might command their own terms, which were known to be only a stipulation for a close friendship and alliance, and then her country rescued by her means, a gleam of hope flashed across Tarpeia's spirit, on which she trembled as she dwelt.

She beckoned the King to follow her, which he did, leaving his companions at the landing-place. When she paused, and cast a trembling look below, she was alarmed at their numbers, and a cold chill for a moment fell upon her, but she rallied her energy, and laying her hand on the arm of Tatius, looked full in his face.

"King," she said, "would you expose me to the world, or was there need of so many to escort you to a simple maiden, for I dare not doubt your faith?"

"Fear nothing, my Tarpeia," said the King tenderly, advancing as he spoke, but she turned from him and descended to the place where his followers stood.

"Noble chief," she said, "when I forgot mine own dignity I might have supposed others would forget it too. Do you bear arms for fear of me? If I remain, swear to me, by Paller and Pavor, gods of the Sabines, that you will grant me a request, such as a noble maiden may ask."

"It is thine, fair Tarpeia," replied the King, "all that thou canst ask is thine."

"Give me, then," said she, with a brightening of the eye, and flushed cheek, "give me what ye bear on your arms, since ye must needs come so many against a simple girl!"

As she spoke, she noticed men of rude aspect stealing into the gate, which was now completely full, and two or three began to drop along the passage where was posted the ambuscade. In her agony of suspense she delayed no longer.

"It is enough," she said, "King and Chiefs, by the terrible oath ye have sworn, I demand your arms! By Pavor and Paller, by the Agonates, their awful Priests, I demand the fulfilment of your oaths!"

"Not so, fair lady," said Tatius, "what we bear on our arms is thine, take it! and unclasping a massive bracelet of gold, he flung it at her feet, and the other chiefs, indignant at what seemed a paltry subterfuge, followed his example. She saw her error, but met it with her father's heart.

"Julius," she shrieked, "Tarpeia and victory!"

At that signal word the gallant youth, heading his party, rushed from their ambush, bearing back the stragglers who opposed them, and thundered upon the Sabine chiefs, who at first, surprised and stunned, were yet unable to fall back from the dense mass of soldiery that closed around the entrance and barred the way. Rallied boldly by the King, they turned upon their assailants with equal valour and tenfold numbers, and their star prevailed. The Romans, fighting hand to hand with undaunted courage, were hewn down one by one, while the

great mass of their enemies pouring up the stairs bore back all resistance ; and when day dawned the standard of Tatius waved over the Capitol, and over the gashed and gory bodies of its defenders.

And where was she, the devoted maiden, whose erring patriotism had wrought this evil work ? Her fate is not positively known ; she was called a traitress in after days by those who knew not her tale, but when the Capitol ceased to be Sabine, the spot in which some pious hands laid her remains was still shown, nor, had her treachery been such as was supposed, could her tomb have been sufficient to pollute the sanctuary of Roman religion. Tradition indeed denies that she was buried there. It affirms that she was snatched from the hands of the soldiery by the genius of Rome, and that she still sits enchanted, in motionless and marvellous beauty, adorned with gold and gems, on a costly throne, within the deep caverns of the Capitol. There she is to remain, it is affirmed, so long as Rome exists. My informant told me her brother caught a distant sight of her, like a flash of lightning on a sunbeam, and that being terrified, he fled back in haste. In the mouths of Roman maidens, this tale has lived for twenty-seven hundred years, and still lives : and while history has handed down her name branded with undeserved dishonour, *la bella Tarpeia* is pitied and remembered only as she deserves by bosoms as pure, as gentle, and as beautiful as her own.

L I N E S.

Queen of our island home,
Round which the salt waves foam,
Free as the people who dwell on its shores,
We hail thee, the ocean's queen,
In all seas thy ships are seen,
Ruler of England and Queen of her laws.

Happy, thrice happy those
Who fear no foreign foes,
Seek not for war with its crimes and its stain.
Wishing to dwell in peace,
Wishing all strife to cease,
Such the people o'er whom thou dost reign.

THE MANIAC.

THE mind is o'erclouded—bright reason has flown—
Fell sorrow has darkened that spirit which shone
With a lustre so pure, and a lustre so bright.
Alas! to be quenched in so gloomy a night!

How bright was that eye—oh! what meaning was there!
Now clouded by madness—now dimmed by despair:
No lustre beams thence, all is clouded and drear
Which, when reason illumin'd, shone brightly and clear.

It is past! nought remains but a premature grave,
In that village churchyard where trees darkly wave;
Her sorrows and pains shall be ended and past,
And with joy she'll awake at the trumpet's first blast.

Awake! not as now but a creature of time,
A dweller on earth with its pain and its crime;
But a spirit of light and a spirit of love,
Fit to share in the pleasures of heaven above.

THE EMPERORS.

A SCENE AT ERFURTH, IN 1808.

WHAT an extraordinary tumult then reigned in the small town of Erfurth, now so desolate! What an epoch was that, in which the all powerful will of the man who was buried on the rock at St. Helena, assembled, as if by a magic stroke, Emperors, Kings, Nobles, and all the great and renowned men that then existed!

Napoleon had called to Erfurth the first rate actors of the French theatre: Talma, Mademoiselle Duchesnois, Mademoiselle Mars, the fascinating Georges, the charming Burgoin, appeared several times in the course of a week, to play their finest parts before the august assembly. A small theatre, which had been discovered in the ancient college of the Jesuits, was fitted up for the occasion, with a promptitude and elegance really French.

Tickets of admission were distributed to ladies, both strangers and native; but it was not an easy matter to procure them; and only with the greatest difficulty could we obtain a few, to witness the representation of the tragedy of *Cædipus*.

We set out in several coaches from Weimar, and arrived safely at Erfurth, where, having engaged apartments at an inn, we left our tickets and tried to sally forth in the town, but the great crowds in the streets compelled us to return. We were surprised, in counting our tickets over again, to find two of them missing. In vain did we search all over the room,

and remove every article of furniture ; they were nowhere to be found. The waiter had no doubt appropriated them to his own use, and sold them at a high price ; for these tickets were the source of much profit to the inhabitants ; strangers who came to Erfurth, without acquaintance, having paid as much as two or three hundred francs for one.

“ Ah ! if we had but two or three officers with us,” exclaimed the youngest of our party, for a military man was as good as a ticket. It was an excellent idea ; and we very soon found among our acquaintance two cavaliers, under whose protection we went to the theatre. At the head of the stairs we were received by a soldier of the National Guard, a man with a most terrible physiognomy, who conducted us to the several boxes, the saloon being as yet nearly empty.

I was fortunate enough to be placed between two of my friends, in one of the front boxes, from whence we could distinctly see what was passing in the *parquet*. We congratulated ourselves on our good fortune, in having obtained such comfortable places, but our joy was not of long duration. The boxes around us gradually filled to excess. Suddenly the door of our box was opened, and a soldier, or gendarme, I do not know which, said to us : “ What ! three ladies on three chairs, there’s room for six !” and he inserted between us two more ; these fortunately happened to be of our acquaintance. All the boxes were rapidly filled, we were most unmercifully crowded, and scarcely could move. The heat was overpowering, but we had not time to think of it, for the importance and splendour of the spectacle which was forming before us, so much engaged our attention, that we forgot all the inconveniences of the situation.

Immediately opposite the stage were placed two arm-chairs for the Emperors, and on either sides plain ones without backs for the Kings and reigning Princes. The space behind these

seats now began to fill. Statesmen and Generals, from most of the Powers of Europe ; men whose names have since become celebrated in history, many with uniforms embroidered with gold, were seen entering. An air of vivacity distinguished the French from the more modest and serious Germans. We saw Berthier, Soult, Caulaincourt, Savary, Lannes, Duroc, and many others equally celebrated ; Goethe, with his calm countenance full of dignity, and the venerable Wieland. The Grand Duke of Weimar had called them to Erfurth. Several German Princes, either reigning or allied to the reigning houses, were collected round the two veterans of German literature.

Of a sudden a rolling of drums was heard outside. " It's the Emperor !" cried every one. " Fools ; what are ye about !" said the commanding officer to the drummers, " don't you see it's only a King !" In fact, it was a German Monarch who was making his entree.

Three other Kings soon afterwards followed—the Kings of Saxony, Bavaria, and Wirtemberg, all without state or display. Jerome, the King of Westphalia, eclipsed the other Monarchs and Princes by the splendour of his embroideries and jewellery. The Emperor Alexander, with his majestic deportment, came next. The great box opposite dazzled our eyes by the brilliancy it cast around the saloon. The Queen of Westphalia, covered with diamonds, was seated in the centre ; near her sat the lovely Stephanie, Grand Duchess of Bade. Several German Princesses were grouped round the reigning ones ; and the cavaliers and ladies of the court occupied the back part.

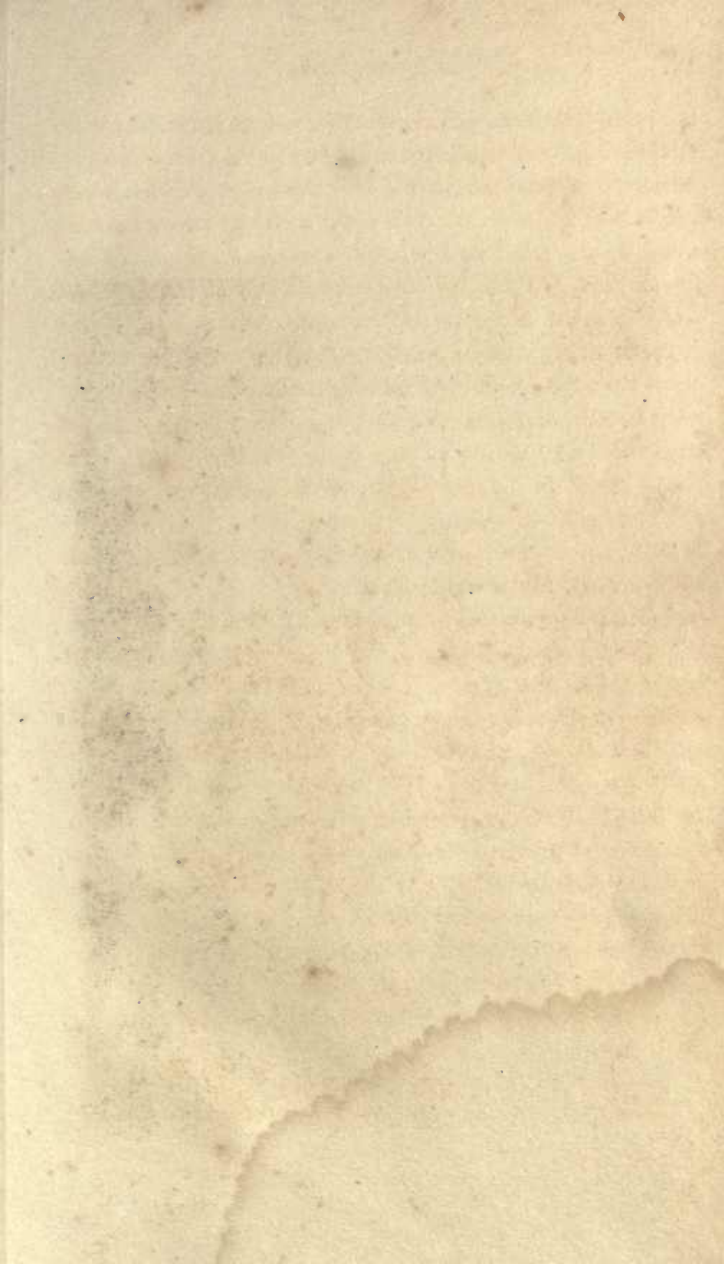
At that moment Talleyrand appeared, in a little box made expressly for him, on a level with the stage, the infirmity of his feet not allowing him to appear in the *parquet* itself. The Emperor and the Kings *stood* conversing around the box with

the Prime Minister. Every one else was at the rendezvous : he alone who had convoked all those grandees was absent. At length, another rolling of the drums was heard, but much louder than the first ; all eyes were instantly turned with an anxious gaze of curiosity towards the entrance door. He entered at last, this most extraordinary man of that eventful period, dressed in the most simple manner. He slightly bowed to the Sovereigns present, who had been kept waiting so long, and then occupied his easy chair on the right of the Emperor Alexander. His short and rather ungraceful figure contrasted strangely with the superb stature of Alexander. The four Kings sat down on the chairs without backs, and then the spectacle commenced.

Immediately after the representation of the tragedy, which he had seen acted at least a hundred times, Napoleon, having seated himself comfortably in his chair, had fallen fast asleep.

It was a strange, a singular sight, to see the monarch at whose nod kingdoms trembled ; the terrible man whose plans made the happiness or misery of half the world, given up to a quiet and peaceful slumber : we could not help contemplating, with an admiration mingled with fear, that fine profile, to which the dark uniform of Alexander served as a ground.

But now where are the Emperors, the Kings, who were assembled in that theatre ! Where are they ? and where is he who convoked them there ? He was buried on a barren rock, around which the waves of the Atlantic foam !





J. B. P. Paint.

A SEEPWICK OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

T. B. P. 1864.

THE SHIPWRECK.

How uncertain is life ! and with it, how uncertain all our hopes and plans for the future ! We plan, and scheme, and speculate, and think the time long and the days many which intervene between us and the object of our desires ;—the future comes at last ! the hopes, the wishes, the pantings are forgotten ! What was the future is now the present ; but how seldom does it bring the realisation of our hopes or the fulfilment of our plans ! So many changes and chances have intervened, that the desires have been frustrated, the cherished plans defeated ; and the day which was so fondly looked forward to, as the day upon which happiness was to be enjoyed, becomes too often one of bitter sorrow and accumulated misery.

In a cottage, or rather hut, in that beautiful isle, the Isle of Wight, there dwelt, a few years since, a very aged widow-woman. Her features still retained a noble expression, which in youth must have amounted to beauty ; but a calmness rested upon them—a calmness of despair rather than of complacency,—as if there still existed the remembrance of sorrows, which time indeed had softened down, but could not efface. She seemed to have outlived hope ; and her only wish now was, to quit a world which had neither friend nor acquaintance, kith nor kin, to make life glide on pleasantly.

Of the friends of her youth, many had left the spot where they were born, to roam through various parts of the country,

as chance might lead them, and more were dead. Of her children, the one had gurgled his last breath in the midst of dashing waves, which, having robbed him of life, tossed his inanimate corpse upon the beach at the feet of his mother, who was eagerly looking for the return of her son, full of life and joyousness; the other sank below the slow-consuming finger of disease. The one set like the tropical sun, its light quenched in a moment; the other, like the setting of that orb in milder climes, paled into a gentle twilight ere night closed.

Thus it was this widow became so lonely: no sound of merriment rose from her humble abode; no joyous peal of laughter, speaking how light were the hearts which dwelt there, fell upon the ear; but all was dreary and desolate—dreary as despair, and desolate as the heart which has nothing to love.

It was not, however, always thus with Widow King, for thus was she called. She had known brighter and happier days,—days which, if too bright to last, seemed too bright to be followed by a night so drear.

Misery first made its entrance into her home when her husband sickened and died, thus depriving her of her chief means of support, and leaving her with two children, who, if too young to know to the full extent the loss they had sustained, were also too young to be able to earn much to procure their daily bread. But though thus deprived of a husband whom she loved—thus reduced to greater straits to procure a livelihood than she had hitherto been put to—the affections of the widow were not quenched; her hopes, though cast down, were not destroyed; she still had her children to love; and, if toil to a greater extent was to be endured for them than if she were alone, there was something still left upon which she could place her affections; and she felt that every year her toil would be lessened, inasmuch that, as her children grew older, they would be able to work for themselves, and at length to

decrease her work until nothing more of labour remained than would be pleasure to a person bred to habits of industry.

At a very early age, her son manifested a strong predilection for a seafaring life. The hut in which he was born was built upon the verge of a cliff, at the foot of which the waves dashed in rough weather—the music which rocked him to sleep on many of the nights during childhood. His delight was to be amongst the fishermen who dwelt upon that coast, listening to their stories of dangers past, of storms which had threatened death, and of the deeds of hardihood they had done, when every moment threatened a watery grave.

The strong attachment which he bore to his mother, forbade him to urge the fulfilment of his wishes ; for though living upon the ocean's edge, and familiar with all its beauties, its wonders, and its fearfulness, she had all that aversion to a sea life which is so often found in the minds of the inhabitants of inland countries, though seldom amongst those who dwell upon the coast. These have perhaps

“Danced in triumph o'er the waters wide,”

and forgot the danger in sharing the delight.

“The excelling sense, the pulse's maddening play,
That thrills the wanderer of that trackless way,”

may have so counteracted the fear of trusting to the treacherous waves—which, sparkling round the vessel, seem, like the fabled syrens, eager to lead to destruction the thing they sport with—that all apprehension is forgotten, and real pleasure enjoyed.

But it was not so with Widow King. To her a seaman's life seemed fraught with danger, and she urged her son to seek for an employment in which he would not have to encounter such perils as those are sure to do whose lives are

passed upon the watery waste. She entreated, with all a mother's fondness and a mother's love, that he would not deprive her of all she held dearest by his waywardness.

Accident, however, determined that the mother's wishes should be frustrated. For some time Charles King had absented himself from his favourite haunts ; his light, loud laugh was never heard among the cliffs, startling even the sea-bird, as he listened to the jests of the fishermen. Eager to obliterate the joys he felt himself destined never to share, he prudently forbore to frequent scenes which were likely to bring them to his remembrance ; and he had even engaged himself to a farmer, to watch a few sheep as they fed, finding a scanty pasturage on the sides of the cliffs.

His mother hailed the change with rapture, and felt, if possible, more fond of her son, who could thus give up his fondest desires to gratify her. She noticed, however, that he had grown less cheerful than formerly. He became thoughtful ; and, though he strove to maintain his usual light-heartedness in his mother's presence, it was clear he had not yielded his favourite scheme without a struggle. Time might have eradicated this impression, but it chanced that an individual visited their abode, who at once counteracted every previously-formed arrangement, and finally led Charles upon that voyage from whence he never returned alive.

This person's name was Saunders ; he had, at various times, visited nearly every part of the globe, and was at that time mate of an Indiaman, which was to sail from ——— in a few weeks' time to the land of rupees and cowries.

The fond attachment of this man to the place of his birth, had led him to visit the isle,—an attachment which seems strongest in the sailor's mind, who, though visiting many lands, has no home in any, and therefore attaches to the place of his birth that degree of fondness which others give to the

spot in which they have spent the best years of life. This man had, therefore, come to give his place of nativity "a three-years' good-bye," as he said, previously to his commencing his next voyage.

As Charles was attending to his sheep, Saunders accidentally passed by, and, with all the frankness of a sailor, began to enter into conversation. He soon discovered his predilection for the sea, and that he relinquished his views merely at the suggestions of his mother.

"If my father were alive," said Charles, "I would soon be upon the sea; and with a good boat under me, I should not fear danger; while, with my net and line, I could earn a deal more than I do by keeping sheep. But my mother says it will break her heart if I leave, and therefore I stay, though against my own wishes."

"So your father's dead?" said Saunders.

"Yes," answered Charles; "he has been dead these two years."

"And you want to be a fisherman?"

"Yes," said Charles.

"And you do not follow it because your mother objects?"

"That is the case," replied Charles.

"Why, my lad," said Saunders, "a fisherman's is but a sorry trade. But what think you of turning a true jolly sailor? What think you of visiting all the bright lands you have heard tell of?"

"It is," answered Charles, "what I am never to enjoy; and, therefore, I try to think as little about the matter as I can."

"But now, if I were to procure you a berth in the Company's service, (and that's next best to being in his Majesty's,) what should you say?"

The eyes of Charles flashed with delight at the proposition.

He answered eagerly—"I should like it, of all things;" but, instantly checking himself, added, "But I could not accept of it—and so——"

"‘And so——’ What were you going to finish with?" asked Saunders.

"I was only going to say, that as I could not take it, so thinking about an impossibility could do no good."

"But you could take it if your mother approved?"

"Oh! then. But I know she will not."

"And if she refuses, will you not go then?"

"No, sir," replied Charles.

"You will not?"

"No!"

"What! will you miss the only chance which may ever happen to you of having your wishes gratified? Will you lose the only hope of making your fortune? Why, for the rest of your life you may sit and do nothing, if you have but spirit to follow where fortune leads. Come, now, think again. Well, what do you say? Will you go?"

For a moment Charles hesitated; but he immediately answered—"I am very much obliged for your offer—more obliged than I know how to thank you; but I cannot accept it. If I were to follow my own inclinations, I should bring a deal of sorrow to my mother; and if I were to gain the fortune you say, I should not enjoy it, if I thought I had broken her heart in getting it."

"Well, hark ye, lad," said Saunders, in an altered tone; "I like the spirit that will not seek a fortune for oneself at the expense of another's happiness, and I don't dislike you a bit the more for having a fondness for your mother,—although it is counted rather squeamish to be pinned to a woman's apron. To my thinking, a man's no worse for having feeling; and, if you choose to take a trip with me, why, I'll give you

as good a push on in life as I can. But as you say you will not unless your mother consents, so, if you will tell me where she lives, I'll just go and have a word or two with her; and I dare say she will not refuse, with such a chance. So good day, younker, and just look after your sheep, for I see they have been going astray while we have been talking. Don't let your head now be running after palanquins and rupees, but mind what you have to take care of. We will see—all in good time—Rome was not built in a day."

With this caution, Saunders departed, and Charles, with high hopes, such as had never been indulged in before, continued watching his charge till sunset, though in his impatience to hear from and tell to his mother all relating to this unlooked-for event, he frequently wished that the day would more quickly end.

At times, indeed, he felt inclined to be despondent. Would his mother consent to his going as far as India, when she had so strenuously opposed his coasting the shores of their own little isle? When such a thought as this arose, he felt that the event he wished for was so improbable, that he regretted the chance which had given new birth to his wishes, and so fair an opportunity of gratifying them, feeling certain that they never would be fulfilled.

Meanwhile Saunders had found his way to the widow's hut. He briefly told the occasion of his coming, and of his willingness to assist her son if she allowed him to follow a course of life in which that assistance might be available.

"I am," said he, "a lonely man in the world, and perhaps like your son for refusing to do the very thing which in my youth I did;—my passion for a seaman's life as strong as his—my father's and mother's objections as forcible as yours. Unable to gain their consent, at length I quitted my home without their knowledge. Though full of hopes of success,

it cost me a severe struggle before I finally resolved upon leaving home. I well remember the evening. My father sat smoking, my mother was at needle-work, my task was reading aloud ; but the thoughts of the future so filled my mind, that I could not keep my attention ; and, complaining of being unwell, I shut the book, and, wishing my parents good night, retired to bed. Perhaps my feelings so worked upon me as to cause something unusual in my conduct, for my father observed, ‘ Well, my lad, what makes you so particular in your good-nights ? you are not thinking of dying ? ’ Retiring to my own room, I wrote a letter, stating what I had done, and upon it left a lock of my own hair. This was the last they ever saw of me ; for, upon my return, my parents were both dead.”

For a moment Saunders stopped in his narrative ; the wear-and-tear of many years had not effaced the recollection of that night ; but, instantly recovering, he continued—

“ I have never been able to free myself from the idea that my conduct may have hastened their deaths. Though thinking little of the matter at the time, I have learned that the shock of such a circumstance as that leaves an impression never to be effaced ; and I never tread the shores of England without visiting the graves of my parents, as a sort of atonement. This duty over, I start again a new man. I had been thus employed a little time before I happened to see your son ; the similarity of his case with my own struck me forcibly, and I tried to tempt him to leave ; but his attachment was stronger than mine had been to my parents, and though I held out bright prospects, he steadily refused. But another might be more successful in his attempts, and succeed in inducing your son to leave home without your knowledge, perhaps bringing you to the grave, and embittering the rest of his days, as mine are.

“ As I had neither brother nor sister, I am now alone in the

world, and, if you please, would willingly take your son under my protection. As he has no father, I will be one to him as long as his actions secure my regard ; and this, I trust, will long continue. Should it last till death, I shall leave him all I possess. Your consent is all that is required, and, for the sake of your son, for your own sake, do not let any foolish objections oppose a plan so likely to prove beneficial to both."

In this way Saunders urged the widow, until at length she gave her consent ; and, when Charles returned in the evening, he was surprised to find that Saunders was to sleep there for the night, and that his mother had at last yielded her consent. His joy was unbounded. He danced half frantic about the room ; but, upon seeing his mother begin to cry, he checked himself, and hastening up to her, said, in a sorrowful tone,

" Mother, don't cry ; if you so dislike it, I will not go. We will not think about it again."

" No," said the widow ; " though I think, as Mr. Saunders says, that it will be best for both, I cannot help feeling. But there is a God above, who guards the sea as well as the land : I commit you to his care !"

To beguile the time, Saunders related some of his naval stories, making his auditors laugh and cry by turns. Charles was in ecstasies, thinking he should soon see the realities of the things he was hearing of ; and, with his head full of strange and jumbled images of the future, he retired to rest—to have the same ideas, though in stranger, wilder, and more fantastic forms, present in his sleep : so much had imagination worked upon his mind, that, even when the other senses were asleep, it could not rest, but spent itself in strange image and wild picture.

The next day Charles departed with his newly-acquired friend, who promised to furnish him with all that was neces-

sary for his new mode of life ; and although he felt sorrow at the idea of separation from home, yet the joy which he experienced in being at length fairly set out in life, in the way he had so ardently wished for, almost overcame every other feeling.

Not so his mother. Though she strove to conceal her feelings, and though few tears were shed at parting, yet the departure of her son oppressed her spirit, and wrung her heart with anguish. It seemed to her as if death had taken away another of her family. There was a strange and fearful void wherever she went. The hut appeared quite altered ; it had grown so strangely quiet, for the loud laugh and cheerful talk of her son were now no more. She missed him in the evening. There was a vacancy about the room, such as she had never known, except at her husband's death. And the bed, too, upon which her son had been used to sleep, this awoke feelings of anguish. It stood there, clean, neat as ever, but vacant ; and the interruption of the daily task of making it afresh caused her to feel, in all its acuteness, the absence of her son. She would stand and look upon it, till her feelings grew so strong that she could look no longer ; then, unable to contain her anguish, she would turn away and weep bitterly.

A separation such as had taken place between the mother and son is perhaps more acutely felt than even the separation wrought by death. In the latter case, so many causes conspire to make a change expected. The wearing of illness—the gradual diminution of strength—the increasing dimness of the eye : these all tell the family that they must soon expect to lose one of its members. And even when the spirit of life has fled, so much intervenes to prevent the heart from dwelling upon its misery, as greatly to ameliorate the pangs that are felt. The midnight watchings—the unremitting attentions which are given to the dying in the last few days of

life, have jaded and worn down the frame of the watcher ; but when those three dark words “ All is over ” are spoken—words never heard without emotion—which tell that the unremitting attention and anxious thoughts are of no further avail ; then, when these excitements are withdrawn, nature imperiously demands a rest, of which sleep claims a share. Then the sympathies of friends, and the necessary attention which a burial demands, prevent, by an exertion of the faculties, grief from overpowering the mind.

And though when the day arrives which is to consign the dead to its original elements of earth and ashes, the unhealed wounds bleed afresh, yet is it felt that the dead is not even then entirely removed, and the green grave becomes a sort of hallowed spot which memory loves to haunt.

But in the separation by absence the change is instantly effected. The two stand together ; the pressure of the hand—the lip is felt ; the melody of speech is heard. A moment passes ! The one is gone—the other left in silence and solitude.

Then follow the harrowings of uncertainty, which increase in proportion as danger or difficulty is likely to attend the footsteps of the departed. Imagination and conjecture are busied in picturing dangers and fancying difficulties, so that even hope pales away and sinks into despondency. The uncertainty, too, which hangs over the absent, keeps alive these feelings. They cannot, as in the case of the dead, be buried, as it were, in the grave of the departed ; but are ever active, busy, and at work, in following the traveller through the difficulties it is fancied he will have to encounter. So that every storm which is heard by those who have relatives or friends at sea, immediately suggests the idea that they must be braving a similar danger ; every account of shipwreck, as presaging too surely a similar disaster to those they hold dear.

It was thus with Widow King ! Months rolled away, but the lapse of time brought no relief ; her anxiety became the stronger as the time approached for his return.

The voyage in which Charles was embarked, was calculated to last for three years. During the passage outwards she heard from him several times ; but at length his letters became more rare. At last one announced that his return would take place in less than a twelvemonth. Then month by month, week by week, day by day, and almost hour by hour, was the time counted by his mother ;—vain attempt, alas ! to accelerate the speed of the winged hours. With one unvarying tread time moves on—alike to the happy and the sad ; neither joy nor sorrow, hope nor fear, can stop or quicken it one jot. Fit emblem of Jehovah is time,—it began with the beginning, it will last to the end of all things ; or rather, it never had beginning, and never will have end—and through that space will move along with one uniform, one regular tread. It is ourselves who create its wings or retard its footsteps, as inclination leads us to wish for the future, or to dread its approach. We portion it into years, and months, and days ; these are but stages for ourselves to rest at, as we travel along the road of life ; and thus it is ourselves, not time, who are always changing, as we speak of the sun rising and setting, though that globe of fire is always fixed, and it is our tiny earth that moves around it.

At length it wanted but a month—a week—a day. It passed, and yet her son came not ! “ To-morrow, to-morrow ! ” were the plaintive words the widow uttered from day to day ; but the morrows passed on till they numbered weeks, and the weeks swelled into months, and yet he returned not. She expected him in the summer ; but the summer waned into autumn, and he was not there. She then felt certain that he would come in that rich season of the year ; but it passed on,

and he came not. The winter was rapidly advancing—the ocean was now often lashed into fury by the wild winds—and the widow felt that all her fears were realised, and that she was never destined to see her son again.

It was the middle of October; the rain had fallen at intervals in heavy showers from the dark masses of clouds which the wind drove on. As the night advanced, the clouds thickened, and the wind rose, sighing and moaning with that peculiar sound too surely the herald of a tempest, and seeming as if a prayer that the God of the Winds would spare its ravages.

The waves of the ocean began to curl and swell, and to bear upon their surface that yeasty froth which is always caused by a violent agitation.

As the night drew on, the storm increased; the rain fell in heavy drops; the wind rose to a hurricane; and the ocean, driven into wilder fury by the sweeping blasts, rose, and swelled, and dashed in furious madness.

The sun went down, and darkness hung like a veil over creation—as if the works of the Spirit of Destruction, too fearful for daylight to witness, were to be carried on in silence and gloom. But the darkness, though it concealed everything from view, added yet to the horrors experienced by the senses. The heavy splashings of the rain-drops—the howling of the winds—the roar of the waters—struck terror to the hearts of those sheltered from its fury, when they thought upon relatives who were exposed to such a danger, with nothing but a plank between themselves and the yeasty waves, which were curling, hissing, foaming—seeming eager in the madness of their rage to dash to destruction everything that their fury could assail.

If, during the calm, fears and apprehensions of shipwreck assailed the heart of the widow, they were sure to be increased a hundred-fold on such a night as this. She stood at the window of her hut, listening to the wild sounds which rain,

and wind, and waves made as they mingled in their strife. And ever and anon a prayer passed her lips, as the hurricane swept on in a sudden gust of wilder fury. For hours she stood thus. At length she retired to rest; but to sleep was a vain attempt. Images of wrecks and death floated through her mind, forbidding sleep to approach. The mind was too troubled to rest, and, with that disquieted, the eyes vainly sought to close. And if the overpowering influence of weariness brought sleep, it was but for a moment,—a dream, a start, and she was as much awake as before.

At length, unable to endure this torture any longer, she rose, dressed herself, and once more took her post as watcher. It was in vain she strained her eyes across the wide waste of waters—the darkness was too thick and deep for human vision to penetrate, even had there been an object upon which to gaze. But so it is—upon what the heart thinks, there the eye turns, though reason and better knowledge proclaim its uselessness. The heart, the hopes, the fears of the widow were upon the sea; and there, almost mechanically, and in spite of herself, her eyes wandered. At length, growing familiar with the darkness, her eyes could distinguish distant objects, which had not at first been discernible. Upon the land, objects in plenty were presented to her view—tree, and stile, and cottage. But it was not upon the land her thoughts were turned; and, if her eyes rested there, it was but for a moment, and with that wild and vacant look which, in place of giving knowledge, shows only the abstraction of the mind. It was upon the ocean all her thoughts were turned; but there nothing was visible except sea and cloud, which seemed to mingle in their strife, so high the furious billows rose.

Ten o'clock passed—eleven—twelve—and as yet the storm had abated nothing; on the contrary, each hour, as it passed heavily away, had added yet more to its fury. The midnight

had not long passed, when the watcher thought she could distinguish something moving upon the waters. Horror and apprehension were excited in an instant. She strained her gaze until her eyeballs assumed a fixed and rigid appearance, seeming incapable of being ever again relaxed. She felt sure that it was a ship, but the next instant it was again lost to her view, and she imagined that it was but a larger and heavier wave than usual, rolling along the foamy deep. A moment more and it was visible again; in the next, a bright flash broke the darkness, and the report of a gun rolled along the waters.

That gun, too well known as the signal of distress, overpowered whatever remained of firmness in the heart of the widow. She uttered a loud shriek, and rushing into the chamber of her daughter, exclaimed, in wild accents,—the agonised and thrilling tone of anguish and despair,—“Jessy! Jessy!—Your brother!—The storm! the storm!” and fell senseless upon the ground.

The sleeper started from her slumbers, wild and confused; a vague and confused idea of danger and horror filled her mind, which was soon realised at the sight of her mother lying inanimate before her. But her presence of mind quickly returned, and she endeavoured to recall her mother to her senses. Some time elapsed before this could be effected. The long and anxious watch had been followed by a shock so sudden and overpowering, that nature was spent, and the spirit of life seemed quenched by the blow. But at length she slowly revived: she unclosed her eyes with so wild a look, as to make her daughter think, that if life had returned, it was at the expense of reason. By degrees, however, it wore away, and she met the mild, anxious gaze which came from her daughter’s blue eye with a look almost as calm. But returning reason brought back all those thoughts which had so

long and so painfully agitated her mind, though the arrest which had been put upon her senses had softened them down to comparative calmness.

“ Oh, Jessy !” said she, as she lay upon the bed from which her child had risen, and too weak as yet to get up ; “ Oh, Jessy ! do look out,—there is such a fearful storm ! I have been watching it,—and there is a ship,—they are firing guns,—and your brother ! Oh, Jessy !—my Charles ! my Charles !”

The poor girl feared that her mother would again become insensible ; but the excitement passed off ; and the request of her mother to look out upon the storm, for a moment turned her thoughts upon herself. In her hurry and agitation she had forgotten everything but her mother, and she now sat by her side, clad only in those clothes with which she had risen. Her naked feet had trodden to and fro the small room, lightly as a feather falls upon the ground. She had not seemed to feel the cold, so anxiously was her mind occupied. But when her mother again asked that she would see if the ship was visible, the sight of which had caused such perturbation to her own mind, she hastily dressed, and advanced eagerly to the door.

During the time that had elapsed, the storm had abated nothing of its fierceness ; but the firing had awakened many of the inhabitants of the village, who were assembled upon the beach.

Yes, it was a ship, with her sails and rigging all torn away, and almost dismantled,—rolling, a mere log upon the waters. The helmsman had lost all power over her, for she would no longer obey her rudder, but was fast driving to the shore, and thus fast driving to destruction. It was, too, this ship whose return had been so anxiously looked for by the widow, for upon its deck stood her long-absent son !

It was a sad return, after long years of absence. She had left her port a beautiful thing, filled with light hearts and hopeful spirits—with her sails all set, and every flag gaily streaming, as though her voyage was a holiday trip : she returned a mere hulk, without sail to set or flag to fly ; exposed to the mercy of the winds and the waves, which seemed bent upon her destruction—too true an emblem of man's pilgrimage through life.

Many attempts were made to rescue the crew from what seemed too inevitable—a watery grave ; but every effort was useless, no boat could live in such an angry sea ; and, after a few minutes, the hardy adventurers were forced to put back, and row for the shore.

Thus left to her fate, the noble ship was every moment driving nearer to destruction ; and the hope of the spectators, and no doubt of the crew, was, that she might be stranded so near the shore that life and property might be saved.

Vain hope ! A wild shriek rent the air, telling too fearfully of an earlier doom. She had struck upon a rock, and every wave that now rolled past added its mite towards the desolation of that noble fabric.

Again were attempts made from the shore to rescue the sufferers ; but all attempts proved abortive, and, in an agony of mind, they saw a boat, lowered from her side, instantly crowded with those eager to save life. With anxious looks its progress was watched ; but a few minutes it floated, when a wave passing over it, it filled and went down.

The widow was now again one of the watchers, and many a prayer passed her lips to Him who “ keepeth the winds as in a treasure-house, and holdeth the waters in the hollow of His hands,” that her son might not be among those whom she saw engulfed by that angry deep, which takes and takes, but yields back nothing.

Sorrow is selfish, and therefore this lone woman may be pardoned in thinking but of herself. If she was spared, others must be stricken,—there must rise up many a widow's moan, and many an orphan's wail, through the destruction she was witnessing.

Contrary to expectation, the ship did not immediately go to pieces. The rocks upon which she was aground rose up on one side, so as to form a shelter against the waves; and though every billow as it rolled onwards passed over her, sweeping everything from the decks, yet it seemed probable that some hours would elapse before she became a total wreck.

The work of destruction now seemed over; for as the day drew on, the storm abated, and, soon after sunrise, those from the shore were able to visit her.

The anxious eyes of both widow and daughter were bent upon the vessel; but suddenly they were turned to another object. Something black for a moment appeared upon the surface of the waters; it disappeared, it came, was lost again; it rose, a heavy wave dashed it forward, and at the feet of the widow was thrown up the body of her son!

The moment she recognised the features, she uttered a piercing shriek, but she did not faint or fall. She knelt down by the cold and wet body, and caressed it, as if the clay had been animate, and could appreciate and return the endearments. A bag was hung round the neck of her son. She eagerly burst it open; it contained gold and jewels, the earnings of years of arduous labour. She spurned the baubles as if they had contained poison—"It was these—these worthless toys that brought him thus!" she cried; and, tossing them from her on the sand, she fondled again the cold form which lay before her. The fountains from whence sorrow flows, so that it falls in bitter drops from the eyes, seemed closed. She wept not; but there was a wild and strange expression about

her face, proclaiming the agony within more plainly than tears. But these at length fell, and she grew calm.

It would seem that, too noble to desert the ship, Charles had calmly waited with the captain and his friend Saunders. The rest, eager to save themselves, so crowded into the boats, that they sank in a few moments after leaving the side of the vessel. But when the ship herself was breaking fast, and every wave was expected to dash her to shivers, Charles determined to gain the shore by an exertion of his own strength and expertness in swimming. Fastening a bag which contained his hard-earned treasures round his person, he leaped into the sea, and, as far as could be seen by his companions, buffeted the billows manfully. Perhaps it was that his strength was unequal to the task, or perhaps the treasures with which he was encumbered prevented its execution: he only reached the shore to find a grave.

The only two saved were those who remained on the wreck, being picked up by the boats the next morning alive, though in a state of insensibility. In the course of the day, many of the seamen's bodies were cast on shore, and, on the Sunday following, were consigned to one common grave—followed by many spectators, but without one friend. Though a less numerous company followed the coffin of Charles, his grave was hallowed by tears sincerely shed—the tears of a bereaved mother and affectionate sister.

The unavailing sorrow for the dead is, perhaps, soonest and best controlled by the attention being required by the living. If left to prey upon itself, misery, where it does not end in actual madness, brings on a low, morbid, melancholy despondency, uncheered and ungrieved by either subsequent joys or sorrows.

The widow's sorrow for the dead was soon turned towards the living. Her daughter,—a young, pale, pensive thing, with

a mild blue eye, lit up, it would have seemed, with fire from heaven, so bright and beautiful was its hue, and with a cheek so tinted with that beautiful hue which consumption paints, while it carries on the work of death within,—became ill. A cold had settled on her, caught probably on the night of that fearful storm, under which she sank, as a flower when stricken by a blast.

Of all the diseases to which humanity is heir, consumption alone gives beauty, even while making its inroads. The eye, the cheek—how lovely is the expression of the one, and the tint upon the other ! the voice, how soft and musical ! Then, again, how calm and quiet is the mind,—no feverishness, no fretfulness, but all gentleness, mildness, love,—feelings which increase as the disease grows in power—so that as the body grows feebler, and the limbs lose their power, the mind rises in strength and beauty ; and that fatal malady, though preying upon the young and most beautiful, seems to make its victims angels even on this side of the grave. Then how gently death comes on ! it is not heralded by pain or suffering, but, bright to the last, they sink into a slumber, gentle and peaceful as the sleep of a child.

There is one thing alone which makes death by consumption undesirable, and that is, that the patient is beguiled into a belief of returning health, even when the strength is at its last ebb ; and, therefore, there is not that preparedness for death which, as sinful beings about to pass to judgment, all ought to make ; for the workings of this disease, like the insidious vampire, lulls to security, while it carries on the work of death.

It was thus with Jessie King : she grew weaker and weaker, but that was set down to the inclemency of the winter ;—the spring came on, and the summer followed, but she only became worse and worse. She had, for some days past, been

unable to leave her bed, and one bright sunny day, at her request, it was drawn up to their little window, that she might look again upon the lovely works of nature. Long, long she gazed; every tree, every field, every shrub in their only little garden, seemed to have grown doubly dear. Perhaps absence, or some secret sympathy—a feeling that it would be the last look of the beautiful earth—may have caused its earnestness. She gazed upon the landscape before her till the night-clouds had gathered and shut it from view; then, gently lying down, she fell into a beautiful slumber, which settled down to a deep sleep—from which she never woke.

So gently had she sunk down, that when sleep ended and death began could not be told. The anxious watchings of a mother soon discovered that she had not moved from the position which she had first assumed. The fond and solicitous mother pressed her hand upon the sleeper's cheek—it returned the cold chilliness of death, and then was it that she first found out that she had become a childless mother, as well as a widowed wife! And she sat down and wept,—she wept long and deep, not loud; and her wail was very sad and pitiable—it was the wail of a broken heart!

The mind stricken with overmuch sorrow, either turns to madness or bursts. The heart of the widow burst. Her solitude was so lonely and desolate, her grief so long and deep, that nature could not support it. She settled down into a quiet melancholy, mistaken for calmness, which soon ended in death; and in a few months the family were once more united—united in death!

THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE.

Among the many and beautiful workings of nature, we have always admired the endless variety displayed in the earth's surface. We speak not of the utility of such an arrangement, though the consideration of this point would furnish much material of interest and instruction. It would be a pleasing study to trace the means which are used to supply the earth's decrease. But we wish to regard this inequality in the point of beauty, having reference only to its adaptation to the mind of man. It would be comparatively as nothing that daisied plains extended on every side—we should soon tire of looking on the picture. The landscape which charms by its grandeur, and delights by its glories, is, when hill and dale, forest and meadow, fiercely rushing torrents, and gently gliding streams are blended.

It would be comparatively as nothing if the year had been an eternal summer ; trees might always be waving in their bright green clothing, and birds, as they hopped from sprig to sprig, filling the branches with melody ; but the sameness of the colour would cause it to lose its charms, and the ear would soon cease to delight in the music from having it so constantly repeated : the brilliant thing is, that as season follows season in quick succession, trees and flowers bud, bloom, and wither, presenting an endless variety, and pleasing in every way. So quickly does the year roll round, that almost imperceptibly is the bright green of spring mellowed

into summer, and soon again tinted with the autumn-yellow of decay.

It would be comparatively as nothing if an endless day had been appointed ; the sun always high in the firmament—always pouring over creation his glorious beams : the fittest arrangement is, that day and night should alternately succeed each other ; that when the monarch of day has run his course, stars should bespangle the heavens, like diamonds in the coronet of night. Thus is the variety which nature presents exactly adapted to the human mind, for man is ever seeking novelty. But while this diversified appearance is everywhere presented, there are spots on the earth where the mind is struck with awe at the sublimity of the spectacle. Near Aberystwith, in Cardiganshire, is an object of curiosity and wonder, vulgarly called the Devil's Bridge, properly Pont y Monach, or Monk's Bridge. This bridge consists of a single arch between twenty and thirty feet in span, thrown over another arch of less than twenty feet, which crosses a tremendous chasm. Tradition assigns the construction of the lower arch to the monks of Strada Florida Abbey, about the year 1087. It is probable this date is too early ; but Geraldus mentions having passed over it with Baldwin, Archbishop of Canterbury, at the time of the Crusades, in the year 1188.

The original arch being suspected to be in a decayed state, the present one was built over it in the year 1753. They span a chasm in a tremendous rock, which has evidently been enlarged, and was perhaps originally produced by the incessant attack of the impetuous Mynach.

In order to view the scenery of this romantic spot, the visitor should first cross the bridge, and then descend by the right of it to the bottom of the aperture, through which the Mynach drives its furious passage, having descended from the mountains about five miles to the north-east. The depth from the

upper bridge to the bed of the river is 114 feet. The effect of the double arch is picturesque; and the narrowness of the fissure, darkened by its artificial roof, enhances the solemn gloom of the abyss.

On regaining the road, a second descent must be made by passing through a small wood, at the distance of a few yards from the bridge, to view the four concatenated falls from the point of a rock in front. Each of these is received into a deep pool at the bottom, but so diminished to the eye, at the present point of view, as almost to resemble one continued cascade. The first fall takes place about forty yards south-west of the bridge, where the river is confined to narrow limits by the rocks. It is carried about six feet over the ridge, and projected into a basin at the depth of eighteen feet. Its next leap is sixty feet, and the third is diminished to twenty, when it encounters rocks of prodigious size, through which it struggles to the edge of the largest cataract, and pours in one unbroken torrent down a precipice of 110 feet.





C. Hardy pinx.

J. Thomas sculp.

ST MICHAEL'S MOUNT. CORNWALL.

MOUNT ST. MICHAEL, CORNWALL.

OPPOSITE to the Town of Marazion, and connected with it by a narrow causeway of pebbles, passable at low water, is the very singular pyramidical insulated mass of rocks, called St. Michael's Mount, which gives name to the adjoining bay. This is one of those rare objects which arrest and fix the attention the moment they are seen. Its peculiar situation, and the sublime character it assumes, from appearing to rise immediately from the waves, singularly interest the imagination of the observer ; though when viewed from the land, its real magnitude is apparently diminished from the vast extent of the horizon, and the expanded tract of water which surrounds its base. At high water it appears a completely insulated congregation of rocks, towering to a considerable height, gradually decreasing in size ; till, assisted by the tower of the chapel on the summit, it assumes the form of a complete pyramid. At low water it may be approached from the shore over a kind of causeway of sand and rocks, which are submerged by every rising tide, and the Mount again rendered a perfect island. Some of the masses of rock in the intermediate space are immensely large, and all composed of granite of a close texture, with its felspar of a pinkish colour. The Mount itself consists of a hard granite, in which transparent quartz is the preponderating substance. From various stations its appearance is different ; being in some places nearly perpendicular, and at others of a gentle declivity ; and though the rocks are for the

most part craggy and barren, yet the soil affords sufficient herbage to pasture a score of sheep or upwards for the whole year. It has also some small plantations of fir scattered over its surface. The distant view of the Mount excites ideas of extreme grandeur; but the effect is considerably increased, when traversing its base, ascending its craggy sides, and slowly winding beneath its immense masses of pendent rocks.

When it was first consecrated to religious purposes is unknown; but the earliest time it appears on record as a place of devotion, is in the fifth century, though it seems probable that it was then highly celebrated; as St. Keyna, a holy virgin of the British blood royal, and daughter of Braganus, Prince of Brecknockshire, is stated to have come hither on a pilgrimage, about the year 490. Here she was joined by her nephew Cadoc, who is reputed to have caused a fountain to spring up in a dry place, on which a church was erected to his honour. Upwards of 500 years afterwards, Edward the Confessor founded on this spot a priory of Benedictine monks, on whom he bestowed the property of the Mount, together with several other places. There has been much written on the subject of some ancient traditions, which tell us, that this Mount was formerly attached to the shore, and surrounded with trees. These traditions appear perfectly groundless: Dr. Berger has shown very satisfactorily, from the position of the strata, that St. Michael's Mount could not have been separated from the land, but by some great convulsion, far beyond the reach of tradition or historical record. The height of the Mount, from the level of the sea to the platform of the tower of the chapel, is 231 feet. The whole of the island contains about seven acres of land: at the foot of the Mount is a level piece of ground, where is a wharf, and near it a considerable village.

The earliest transaction of a military nature recorded to have happened at this Mount, was in the reign of Richard I., during

whose wars in the Holy Land, or subsequent imprisonment in Germany, it was seized, according to Hoveden, by Henry de la Pomeroy, who expelled the monks, and fortified the place, probably to support the cause of John, Richard's brother, who was Earl of Cornwall, and at that time endeavouring to usurp the throne. On the release of Richard, it is stated, that Pomeroy, fearing the King's vengeance, committed suicide; and that, after his death, the Mount was surrendered to the Archbishop of Canterbury:

It is scarcely possible for a person with a reflecting mind to look upon such a structure as this with indifference. Imagination will be at work conjuring up pictures of the past. Since it first was reared, what changes have been! Where are those who built so lofty an edifice—where are its first inmates? The artisans by whose aid stone was laid upon stone, and the austere monks by whom it was tenanted, lie hidden in the ground. How many generations has it seen fade away—how many hopes baffled—how many sighs, how many tears!

Where now the matin and the vesper bell, which day by day rang a morning and evening hymn?

In looking on such a structure as this, there seems to come a voice from every stone, telling that all things are fleeting, that time mars every beauty and destroys every grace, and that man himself is mortal.

The ascent to the top of the Mount is by a steep and craggy passage fronting the north, defended about midway by a small battery, which also protects the entrance of the bay, and the whole summit is occupied by the remains of the ancient monastic buildings. Its circumference is rather more than a mile; and its height, from the sand to the top of the chapel-tower, as ascertained by Hadley's quadrant, is 250 feet, being forty-eight feet higher than the Monument in London.

On the top of the tower, and in one of the angles, are the

remains of a moon-stone lantern, kept, (as Captain Grose observes,) in all likelihood, by the monks, who had a tithe of the fishery, to give direction to the fishermen in dark and tempestuous weather. This is vulgarly called St. Michael's Chair, and will only admit one person to sit down in it. The ascent to it is dangerous; but it is sometimes ascended out of a foolish conceit, that whosoever sits therein, whether man or woman, will henceforth have the mastery in domestic affairs.


CHILDHOOD'S DAYS.

OH, Childhood's days! oh, Childhood's days!
A spirit's tongue might hymn your praise;
So chaste, so bright, so purely fair,
That evil seems not lurking there.

The open brow, the playful wile,
The ruddy cheek, the cherub smile,—
These are the flowings from a heart
Where guilt and sorrow have no part.

The troublous thoughts age has to bear—
The heart of pain, the brow of care,
Make many wish, though wishing's vain,
That Childhood's days would dawn again.

For us those joyous hours have fled,
And thus 'twill be when we are dead,—
That those now young, in tuneful lays,
Will sing the praise of Childhood's days!



THE TEMPLAR.

It was a bright summer's evening, in the year 1190 ; the descending sun threw his slanting rays over the earth, and tinged with purple and crimson the skies above—forming the clouds which gathered for the evening, into a halo of glory for himself.

On the plains of ——— a single horseman moved slowly along ; the rider was completely clad in black armour ; and, as far as could be judged from the case of iron which covered him, a man of great strength,—broad-shouldered, thickly framed, and with an expansive chest. His visor was half raised, so as to admit the cool breeze of evening, and partly concealed a countenance in which determination and courage were distinctly marked. In addition to his defensive armour he carried a shield, but without any device to give evidence of his rank, though his golden spurs proclaimed him a knight ; whilst his offensive weapons consisted of a lance, which he carried in his hand : a sword also hung from his side, and a dagger was suspended from his girdle.

The horse which he bestrode was every way caparisoned for war. A noble animal it was, and well able to bear the iron load upon its back ; as the rider drew in the rein, it pawed the earth, and showed impatience of restraint.

“ No, good steed,” said the horseman, “ thou hast work to do before the sun rises, and fresh thou must set forth for thy journey.”

He had not thus continued long before the vesper-bell from a neighbouring convent broke the stillness of the evening, which had hitherto been only interrupted by the rustling of the leaves which the wind gently moved, and the twitter of birds as they returned to their nests. The horseman no sooner heard the bell, than he manifested the utmost impatience and disappointment. He turned his horse quickly round, and gazed intently in the distance, though not a single creature was in sight.

“Curses on him,” muttered he; “what are the vows of a Templar worth? he swore to meet me here when the vesper bell should ring, and now when the time has arrived, he comes not; fear of the Grand Master has caused him to break his oath. Perish such cowards! Had I asked one of my own brave companions, how gladly would they have followed! but I durst not do that. A Templar cannot supplant me—but since the one I have chosen comes not, alone, unaided will I perform my design.” Thus saying, he drew the rein, which he had suffered to fall upon his horse’s neck, so quickly, as almost to throw his steed upon its haunches. Rowel-deep was he about to plunge his spurs into his horse’s flank, when a slight dust seemed to be raised at a great distance; nearer and nearer it approached, then the rattle of a horse’s hoofs met his ears, and soon a horseman, galloping with the utmost speed, was shadowed out. “It is he,” exclaimed the impatient knight, and darting his spurs into his steed, hastened to meet the new-comer.

Mutual greetings having been returned, they proceeded on their way. The jaded state of the Templar’s horse (for the white mantle which the rider wore bespoke his order) rendered it difficult for him to keep pace with his companion, who was continually urging his horse forward.

“Stop, Sir Hugh,” exclaimed the Templar, “your im-

patience hurries you beyond prudence ; 'tis yet four hours to your appointed time, and we have scarcely twelve miles to travel."

"We are late, very late," rejoined his companion. "See yon glimmering star," continued he, pointing to the evening star—which, like a lamp of gold, glistened through the azure heavens—"that is my beacon—when its shinings shall be quenched by the western sea, then is the hour of my appointment ; and look, 'tis now on the wane, and we are on hilly ground."

Evening had for some hours given place to night, before the riders ended their journey ; at length they reached the bank of a river, and both quickly alighted. Sir Hugh St. Pierre (for such was the name of the black knight) whistled a shrill piercing note, and from a thick cluster of trees started forth a human form. The horses were then fastened to a tree, and St. Pierre threw aside the most cumbersome part of his armour ; whilst the stranger dragged a light boat from a small creek, where it had been concealed by some reeds and flags.

It was one of those summer nights when there is no darkness ; not a cloud flitted along, to throw the least shade over the sky. It was not night ! Nature had but thrown her silken veil of bright and beauteous blue over the earth, that the sun should not throw his glorious rays upon her, and then she spangled this azure airy curtain with the most brilliant and sparkling diamonds.

On the bank opposite to that on which the knights stood, a lordly castle reared the giant head ; massive walls encircled it as a girdle—lofty battlements formed its coronet. The river washed the foot of its walls, which rose to about the height of nine yards, while at the distance of every six or seven a turret crested them.

On the inside of the walls there was a deep moat, which ran

round the castle ; and, in times of danger, a sentinel was posted at every turret ; though as the Baron who reigned over it was now at peace with his neighbours, this precaution against surprise was not taken, and only a single sentinel paced the walls.

The moon, which was now at the full, was slowly rising behind the castle, and threw its dark shade across the waters.

“ Your time is well chosen,” observed the Templar to his companion ; “ had not the moon thus aided us, we should hardly have crossed the river unnoticed.”

“ Ha ! ha ! ” interrupted the stranger, “ yon sentinel must strain his eyes to the utmost to see what we are doing, when the man in the moon himself can’t catch a glimpse of us through those dark walls.”

“ Silence, sirrah ! ” fiercely returned the Templar, “ meddle not with that which concerns you not—to your work.” The stranger submissively bowed his head, and immediately dragged the boat to a rude kind of landing-place, so that the knights could easily step in.

Swiftly over the waters the light bark sped. St. Pierre kept continually gazing at the castle, as if expecting some signal ; but all seemed wrapt in silence. At length a light gleamed forth ; “ Look,” exclaimed St. Pierre, in rather a loud tone of voice, “ it is ——”

“ Are you mad ? ” rejoined the Templar, in a whisper ; “ your voice will betray us, and then ’twould be no child’s play. Lance to lance, or sword to sword, I fear not mortal man ; but I desire not to be sitting here, whilst the arrows are flying around us, and each of those sleeping fools opens his drowsy eyes that he may launch his shafts at me, as though I were some ominous night-bird.”

The light was allowed to shine upon the waters but for a

few minutes, when a shade was placed before it; again it gleamed forth for a minute, and then disappeared.

So manfully had the stranger plied the oars, that the walls of the castle were now reached; but, to the astonishment of St. Pierre and his companion, a boat was moored against them.

“In case our plan fails, we must take away every chance of pursuit,” said the stranger; and, immediately gliding his bark against the other, pierced a large hole in her side, just above the surface of the water.

As soon as this was accomplished, he began to scale the walls; silently and stealthily he gradually ascended—the corner of some projecting stone affording him the only footing, and the separations between them the only parts by which he could hold.

Soon as he reached the top, his first concern was to master the sentinel; skulking behind a turret until the sentry passed, he sprang forward from his hiding-place, threw his arms round him, and wrested the weapon from his grasp, threatening to throw him headlong from the walls if he made the least resistance. The man finding all opposition useless, quietly submitted; and, suffering his hands to be bound, stood calmly looking on. A stone, with a string attached, was then thrown up from below, and a ladder of rope thus drawn up; and this, by means of hooks, was then made fast at the top. The knights ascended, and a ladder being secured in a similar way on the other side, means of ascent and descent were formed.

From the casement through which the light had been seen, a kerchief was now waved. St. Pierre answered the signal, and then it was withdrawn. Immediately afterwards St. Pierre descended into the moat, which he paced for a few moments with the utmost impatience. A secret door was then opened,

and a lady, dressed as if about to undertake a journey, issued forth.

Meanwhile the sentinel having released his hands, watched his opportunity for escape ; he made a bound forward, and gave the signal of alarm, but the knight's companion again arrested him. He attempted resistance, and struggled to obtain his freedom, at the same time calling out as loudly as he was able. A blow was struck—he staggered backwards, uttering a piercing cry, and fell from the walls. A loud splash followed—the waves opened to receive the body of the unfortunate man—circle succeeded circle, each growing larger and fainter—and then they rippled on as playfully as before.

The cry of alarm which the sentinel had made, awoke the sleeping inmates of the castle ; light shone from every loophole, and all appeared hurry and confusion.

“ Lower the drawbridge,” exclaimed a powerful voice, which, from its authoritative tone, might be easily distinguished as the baron's.

The order was obeyed in an instant, and forth rushed his retainers, some completely armed, others carrying bows, and the rest bearing torches.

“ Extinguish every light,” again commanded the same voice ; “ they serve but to show where we are, and conceal the enemy.”

Scarcely were the words uttered, when the order was obeyed, and then the flutter of a white dress was distinctly seen.

“ It is my niece ! she has escaped through the secret door ! launch an arrow at her—a thousand marks for him who hits her—better see her weltering at my feet, than that she should escape with her paramour.”

There was a pause—every eye was turned to the wall, from which St. Pierre was descending with the lady in his arms.

None of the attendants appeared willing to obey their lord's commands. At length one arm was raised—steady and deliberate aim was taken—to the very head was the arrow drawn—a twang followed, and swiftly through the air the winged messenger of death took its flight.

So true an aim had the archer taken, that it would have buried itself in the bosom of her against whom it was directed, had not the Templar interposed his person,—it struck his breastplate, and then fell harmlessly into the moat.

“Confound his steel case,” muttered the disappointed marksman; “but a thousand marks is worth another effort.”

As quickly as possible St. Pierre descended the ladder with his fair burden, whom he placed in safety in the boat, and then seated himself by her side.

The Templar now remained alone on the walls; he drew his sword, and waving it high above his head, shouted their well-known war-cry.

“She is in a Templar's power,” exclaimed the Baron. “I will double the reward for any one who takes him, alive or dead.”

Twenty bows were instantly raised, and twenty arrows launched against him. Like hail-drops they rattled on his steel armour, and then bounded harmlessly off.

“Try him with cold steel,” was again shouted by the Baron, and again all his retainers were on the alert.

The Templar laughed scornfully at the fruitless efforts of his assailants. He cut the ladder which led into the moat, and then deliberately descended the other side; and having seated himself in the stern of the skiff, the oars were splashed into the water, and the vessel bounded forward.

The moon had now risen above the castle, and threw her pale and silver beams around. Like a majestic queen she walked the azure path of heaven, gladdening by her smiles the

glistening waves, as they sported playfully along, and sparkling their crests with diamonds.

The light bark sped swiftly onward, but not a word was spoken by any one in her.

“Man the boat and pursue them!” ordered the Baron.

“Ha! ha!” said the rower of St. Pierre’s bark (who up to this time had unceasingly plied the oar with his utmost strength, so that at every stroke it quivered, and the boat darted forward); “get as many into her as you can—a cool bath will be very refreshing this fine morning.”

During this time St. Pierre and his fair companion had not exchanged words; the lady intently bent her eyes to the castle, and tears silently trickled down her cheeks.

“Why are you so sad?” inquired St. Pierre; “have you not quitted the place where nothing but unhappiness was in store for you?”

“True,” was the reply, “I have quitted the walls where, had I remained until another dawn, I should have been forced into a hateful union! True, I have quitted the habitation of an uncle who detested me! But it is also true, that within the circuit of those dark stones my happiest hours have been spent! Years have passed over me without a sorrow—summers without a cloud.”

“And may not such days return?” said St. Pierre.

“Ah!” replied the maiden, “hope would whisper, yes! But the feathered songster of the woods—which, that we may be gladdened by its wild melody, is so often made captive—beats wildly against its prison bars, and struggles to obtain its freedom; and, having gained it, finds that there are bleak winds and pitiless storms, which it knew not of before; and then, though too late, would gladly seek an asylum in its former home. Just this is my case;—like a liberated bird, I have soared above my prison walls, and have now the wide

world through which to roam ; but, oh ! the scenes are strange, and its customs foreign ; and in all the extent which yon blue arch encircles, I have but one on whom to rely ; and should that one leave me, then, like a stricken fawn, must I seek some unfrequented glen, and lay me down and die.

“ In a few hours,” replied St. Pierre, “ we shall reach the Abbey of St. Mary ; the Prior is my sworn friend, and at my request will link our hands with the indissoluble tie ; then will we quit this water-girdled isle, and, having the world for our home, will roam through all its lands, and see if there be not in other countries as sunny skies as those which canopy England.”

“ I know,” answered the lady, “ that you purpose joining the champions of the Cross, and will lead the Christian bands against the infidel host ; nor would I dissuade you from so noble an undertaking. But, ah ! their climate is unhealthy, their arrows are poisoned, and their scimetars are keen, and if you should fall—”

“ Then drop a tear over a warrior’s grave, and smile on as before.”

Further conversation was interrupted by the boat reaching the shore. The rower leaping out, drew it to a convenient landing-place, and St. Pierre and his companions having disembarked, it was again concealed.

In obedience to the Baron’s commands, and allured by the hope of obtaining the reward which was to follow the capture of the Templar, the boat belonging to the castle was instantly filled by his retainers ; but the precaution against pursuit taken by St. Pierre’s attendant, rendered it impossible for them to cross the river,—their weight sinking the boat so low, that the water immediately flowed through the hole which had been made.

This unexpected check filled the Baron with fury ; he

foamed with rage, and vowed that he would revenge himself on the Templar, though he should compass the kingdom in search of him. After some delay, however, the boat was repaired, and the Baron and his retainers soon reached the opposite shore.

The veil of night was now being taken away, and as fold after fold was withdrawn, the sun's glorious beams shone brighter and brighter. He came from his ocean bed, like an emperor from his palace — his own brilliant rays forming his diadem, the crimsoned sky his robe of royalty.

The marks of the hoofs of St. Pierre's horses were distinctly visible on the yet dewy grass, and the road the riders had taken was clearly marked out. Having no horses on this side of the river, it was immediately determined by the Baron, that his men should return to the castle, saddle their own, ford the river, and pursue the fugitives with the utmost speed.

"It is useless to follow them on foot," said he; "return to the castle, and afterwards pursue them."

The sun was now high in the heavens, and poured forth his golden rays over flood and field; not even a shadowy cloud rose to dim his lustre; but the deep blue vault of sky seemed to gaze with delight on its own loveliness, as the glassy waters reflected its bright image. He had roused from slumber the world's inhabitants; and bleating flocks, and warbling birds, and buzzing insects, seemed to join in a morning hymn to the monarch of day. So brilliant and smiling was all around, that nature seemed to have decked herself in her gayest robes, to celebrate some joyful holiday; and earth and air, to gather the beauteous things they contained, to form the procession in some magnificent pageant.

Such a day was it the Baron's intention to make it. He had fixed, that then his niece's marriage should take place;

and preparations for celebrating it with the utmost costliness and magnificence had been made.

The bridegroom was there, with his friends and retainers, gorgeously arrayed—but the bride whom he sought had fled. Numerous guests were assembled—but the welcome voice of the host was wanting. Minstrels with their harps were there, to celebrate the day in merry song—but the sunny eyes which were to wake the notes of melody beamed not on them; and, like the fabled statue, when not gilded by the morning sun, no music filled the air.

In vain the assembled multitude sought to know the cause of the commotion,—none were left to tell; and as one asked the other the reason, instead of answering, the questioned person shook his head, looked grave, and was silent.

The arrival of the boat was the signal for the numerous assemblage of guests to hasten to the bank. In brief words the Baron explained the reason of his absence, and expressed his determination to be revenged; and, in a short time, the ring of armour and the neighing of horses resounded, whilst the plumes of knights waved gaily in the breeze.

While these events were taking place, Adela de Montford, the cause of all the disturbance, was riding to the Abbey of St. Mary, between St. Pierre and the Templar. The dew-drops glistened beneath their horses' hoofs, and the rosy morn coloured the sky.

The depressed spirits of Adela revived as the distance between her and her uncle increased; and the freshness of the morning brought a bloom to her cheeks, which a sleepless night had rendered pallid,—as if the rose had kissed the lily, and left the tint of its ruddy lips.

As soon as the abbey appeared in the distance, the Templar prepared to return; and, after having exchanged a friendly farewell with St. Pierre, bent low and bid adieu to his fair

companion. The lady returned his salutation with equal courtesy ; she then thanked him for the protection afforded on the previous night, and also for the kindness shown in accompanying her so far, and expressed regret that he was about to depart.

“ We shall meet again in Palestine,” answered the Templar, “ but till then I shall not see you, for on a Templar the eye of beauty sparkles not, nor does the cheek of beauty smile ; this,” continued he, pointing to the cross on his shoulder, “ is a Templar’s bride, and until oaths may be broken and honour remain untarnished, he may not wed another.”

He again bowed low ; and, turning his horse’s head, proceeded onward in a contrary direction.

“ Ha !” mused he as he moved slowly along, “ happy St. Pierre ! destined, as thou seemst to be, to sail down the stream of time, linked with a kindred spirit ! For me how different a lot ! No kind looks are bent—no soothing words fall—no affectionate wife cheers my solitude, or ministers during sickness. But through life I must pursue my lonely course ; and when I fall, my brow may, perhaps, be crowned with the laurel wreath of honour—but the tear of affection falling on my grave would hallow it more.

“ Of what worth is it to me that I stand among the foremost of this valorous order, so that I may aspire to hold the baton of the Grand Master, when death wrests it from the puny hand which now grasps it ? What avails it that I have done such deeds that my name is trumpeted through all the courts of Europe ? With me my glory will expire, and in my grave my greatness lie buried.

“ A Templar is a slave in all but name : his goods, his strength, his free-will, are at another’s disposal. Oh ! what is such a life worth ? It is night while the sun is yet shining, and death while the life-blood yet flows.”

Excited by such thoughts, and apparently wishing to fly from them, he spurred his horse and urged him forward ; but immediately checking himself, continued—

“ Why, because disturbed myself, should I wreak vengeance on this noble animal ? No ! when the battle-tide rose high, he bore me nobly through ; and when danger hovered over me, proudly carried me away, and never flagged or failed his rider. Shall I requite such services thus ? ”

Down a gentle slope, which led to a thick forest, the Templar was descending, when he reined in his horse. It was a spot well adapted for reflection, for the thick foliage completely obscured the sun’s rays, and threw a dark and sombre hue around. As soon as he reached the entrance of the wood, he alighted, and seating himself beneath a wide-spreading oak—which stood out from the adjoining trees like the advance-guard of an army, and extended its giant arms afar, as if to challenge all intruders—sank into deep meditation.

“ Strange,” mused he, “ that the voice of yon fair lady should have thus awakened these thoughts. Peace, troubled spirit ! will you never rest ? Ah ! Isabel, Isabel ! thou art now indeed revenging thyself. Oh ! I cruelly repaid thy love ; and now the remembrance of thy kindness haunts me like a fiend. Thy eyes, once so bright and lovely, rise before me like mirrors to reflect my baseness ; and thy gentle voice, so sweet and musical as it was, thrills into my ear, branding me with the name of murderer. Oh, memory, memory ! shall I never blot out the record of deeds engraven on thee ? No ! thou art the harvest-field on which are sown man’s actions ; mine have produced the prickly thorn, which goads and lacerates its victim. Ah ! what avails it that I aim at greatness ? can it flourish from such a root ? How gladly would I exchange all the glittering hopes which ambition holds out, for a calm and tranquil mind ! ”

He buried his face in his hands, and sank into a deep reverie. At length the rattle of horses' hoofs, approaching through the wood, aroused him. He started up, and, dashing away a tear which had filled his eye, exclaimed,

"Shall a Templar be seen weeping, and those things be unveiled to other eyes, which himself dares scarcely look on?"

In a moment he was up, and all appearance of weakness vanished. His eye blanched not, nor did his nerve quiver; but, vaulting into his saddle, he closed his visor, and prepared for battle.

'Twas well he did so, for instantly afterwards an arrow struck the bars of his helmet. The hostile intention of the horsemen being now evident, without waiting for a further discharge of missiles, the Templar set his lance in the rest, and spurred his horse against his opponents.

The leader of the opposite party was equally anxious for the onset, and, urging his horse forward, hastened to the attack. Like maddened bulls, they met in furious conflict, and both lances were shivered to the grasp; but owing either to the greater power or skill on the part of the Templar, his adversary was hurled to the ground, and almost stunned by the fall.

The Templar had yet, however, fearful odds to contend with: his opponents still amounted to five in number; but danger was his delight, and war his pastime. He drew his sword, and rushed onward to a fresh attack.

With such impetuosity did the Templar charge his foes, that two more fell beneath his powerful arm, and lay gasping on the ground. Dismayed by the prodigies of valour which he performed, his adversaries were turning to fly, when the archer, galled at the ill-success of his former effort, again let fly an arrow—but in place of aiming at the Templar, directed

his shaft against the horse. It struck it in the face, and penetrated to the brain ; when the noble animal, stung with pain, and as if conscious from whose hand its death-blow came, bounded towards the archer, stopped a moment, and then sank down. As it fell, the Templar, dealing a furious blow upon the archer's head, cleft it asunder, and the horse and its slayer died on the same spot.

To extricate himself from the stirrup was, with the Templar, but the work of a minute ; but the hopes of obtaining victory were further removed. It might have been possible for him to have fled into the glades of the forest, and thus have escaped,—but “ When did a Templar fly ? ” rose upon his mind.

Placing his back against a tree, he prepared for mortal conflict,—and well did he sustain the reputation he had acquired of a valiant knight ; but his prior conquests had not been gained without wounds, which bleeding copiously, greatly weakened the force of his blows ; and victory, which had long hovered over, as if unable to decide to whom to adjudge the palm, would soon have declared against him, had not a stranger started from behind, and placed himself by the side of the Templar ; whilst his enemies, dismayed at the succour he had received, immediately fled.

The noise of the retreating horsemen quickly died away in the distance, leaving all as calm and unruffled as if the ring of armour and the clash of swords, engaged in mortal warfare, had never resounded in the leafy walls around.

The stranger who had thus turned the battle-tide when at its highest pitch, and rescued the Templar from imminent danger, hastened to catch one of the horses of the slain, which during the scuffle had fled to some distance.

Though dressed in the usual costume of a Norman vassal, there was something in his appearance which betokened better

birth. There was a nobleness of manner and a loftiness of bearing, which, in spite of all his endeavours to suppress, gave a dignity to his actions. He appeared to aim at concealment, shunning the Templar's glance, and preventing the thanks which were being called forth on account of the opportune assistance he had afforded, by quitting the spot, under pretence of securing one of the loose horses.

Disregarding his own wounds, though the blood oozed freely from them, the Templar advanced to the knight he had unhorsed, in whom the life-blood was fast ebbing away; for such had been the force with which he had been charged, that his adversary's lance had pierced through his shield and linked shirt of mail, and inflicted a deep wound in his breast.

Gently, as if the least roughness would sever soul from body, so loosely did they appear linked together, the Templar unlaced the helmet of the dying man; and which, as soon as removed, discovered the countenance of a young man of apparently five or six and twenty years of age. A profusion of curly auburn hair shaded his forehead; his features were regular and attractive; and which, had the ruddy glow of health mantled his cheek, would have been handsome; but the hand of death had been busy there, marring the might and withering the bloom of the young warrior.

"Why has this fierce attack been made upon me?" asked the Templar, as he bent over the body, endeavouring in vain to recognise the features. "What cause of offence have I given, that nothing but blood could wash it out?"

The dying man, turning his blue eyes upon the Templar—they were once bright and beamed with lustre, now pale and glassy,—said, "What! had I no cause? Through you have my best hopes been blasted. Impatient for the day which was to bind me to the lady Adela, I have counted months, and days, and hours, as they winged their tardy flight. At length, to-day

dawned. Gay, and with heart light as air—oh ! 'tis heavy now—I rose to meet my bride. My bride ! The only bride that I shall wed, will be that grim one, death ! And all this you have caused ; was not it enough to rouse to vengeance ? May the curses of a dying man——”

“Curse not,” interrupted the Templar: “curses are but words breathed to the winds; they fall harmlessly as feathers on the heads against which they are directed, but recoil like leaden weights on those who utter them.”

“Have I not cause,” replied the other, “to curse the hand which has thrown me here ? 'Tis not that I fear death, though 'tis hard to fall ere time has caused the leaf of life to wither or the evening shadows to lengthen. But my lips burn ; oh, for a draught of water to moisten them ! I have much to tell,” continued he, “much that deeply concerns you, but my parched lips” (they were indeed of a livid hue—that colour death delights in) “refuse utterance to my thoughts, even should this glimmering lamp of life flicker on during the recital.”

At a short distance from the spot there was a murmuring rill, whose clear and crystal-like waters wound through the wood their unobtrusive course, giving health to the grass and shrubs which grew upon its banks, and partly overshadowed it.

“But a cup,—I cannot fetch it in my palms,” muttered the Templar to himself as he glanced around, as if in search of some vessel in which it might be conveyed. The helmet of the dying man lay at his feet. “Ah !” said he, raising it from the ground, “this is a fit war-cup, most of all for a dying warrior.”

Impelled by the desire to ascertain what the dying man could have to relate concerning himself, the Templar hastened to the stream ; but whilst he was absent, the spirit winged its flight. Still and motionless the body lay upon the ground—

nought changed, save that death had stiffened the limbs. The features were calm and pale, as if chiselled on the marble, for no violent wrench had severed soul from body. No pain had been there to writhe and distort ; but so gently had life trickled out—pulse following pulse, each beating feebler ; and breath succeeding breath, each coming fainter—that when the heart's blood ceased to flow, life seemed not extinct, but only wrapped in slumber. And there that form which had lately been full of life and activity—that goodly structure, occupied as it had been by a godlike power, lay stark and stiff.

Within that house of flesh, Mind like a presiding deity had sat enthroned—lifting it, though destined to walk the earth, above the roll of stars, and bearing it on the wings of imagination through regions impenetrable by sight ; but spurning the chains of death, it soared to its invisible home, and left its frail and fickle frame to the tyrant's blasts and desolation.

But no voice was there to lament or wail over the dead ; no sorrowing eye graced his ashes with a tear. Unmoved, the mighty sun marched on in his never-ending course, though a nobler creation than himself lay wrecked and shattered in his view. The smiling skies surrounded him, and he sought not even a shadowy cloud, as if to veil a tear.

The varied tribes of warbling birds filled the trees with their melody ; but no note of sadness mingled in the strain.

The beauteous flowers which decked the green earth's breast closed not up their lovely colours. No sympathy was felt for the corpse which they surrounded ; and sorrow for the dead withered not their beauties. Nature changed not her wreath of roses for the cypress and the yew.

In the curious and wondrous machinery of the universe, all goes on as uninterruptedly as before, when the noblest of men are numbered with the dead. Sun and sky, smiling landscape

and sparkling waters, have no sympathy for them. Nature never puts on the garb of mourning, or ever drops a tear.

The Templar bent over the corpse, and sank into deep meditation. His reverie was broken by the stranger, who dismounted from his horse and urged him to fly. "Hasten to cover, Sir Knight," said he; "those knaves who have fled will soon procure assistance; and if a pack like this could gore the noble stag, how, when wounded, will he escape their fangs?"

The Templar steadily fixed his eyes upon the stranger, and for a moment started with surprise at discovering that the man to whom he was indebted for his life was the rower who had assisted in the escape of Lady de Montford. He quickly, however, recovered his composure, and mounted the horse the stranger held for him, but stopped for a moment to gaze upon the dead. He then rode away.

The preceptory of the Templars was situated in a picturesque spot; its lofty turrets rose from the midst of verdant and flowery fields, and commanded an extensive range of the surrounding country. It was strongly fortified according to the rules of defence then practised—a point never neglected by the knights of this order, and which from the disordered state of the kingdom (owing to the feudal system), and from the dislike which was entertained to the knights themselves, was extremely necessary. It might have been considered as almost impregnable; for in addition to that wall of iron, which, on the slightest summons, the knights' bodies presented, massive walls surrounded it, strong enough to have resisted any force the neighbouring barons could bring against it.

Upon a lofty watch-tower, sentinels were posted night and day, so as to guard it from surprise: whilst a deep moat, over which a ponderous drawbridge could be raised or lowered at pleasure, cut off all communication from the surrounding country.



Painted by J. Martin

ALEXANDER & DIODORUS.

Engraved by E. Finden.

If Alexander the Great had lived a few centuries later, he would have said—in place of “Were I not Alexander, I would be Diogenes”—“Were I not Alexander, I would be a Templar;” for both the knights and the philosopher were men without wants,—the only difference between them being, that in the one case the mind was contented, and therefore wished for nothing; and, in the other, everything was provided, and the mind could wish for nothing beyond. For if the Templars practised austerity and suffered privations, they had at least the luxury of being surrounded by bright and beautiful scenery—river, and forest, and field, adding their beauties to the landscape—all blending together to make one bright spot; and if Diogenes had but half as beautiful views to gaze upon as the Templars, the King of Macedon might have envied him his state.

It was to this knightly home the Templar was returning, though then in a mood little calculated to enjoy the beauties of scenery, for he was faint with loss of blood, jaded with excessive fatigue, and with his armour broken and covered with gore and dust. He had nearly reached the eminence which led to the barbican, when the rattle of advancing horsemen met his ears.

It required not a moment's consideration on his part to discover he was the object of pursuit; and though scarcely able to retain his seat, from weariness, he spurred his horse forward, in the hope of outstripping his enemies; but the sound gradually growing louder and louder, told that they gained fast upon him. Nearer they approach every minute. The Preceptory is but a short distance before him—forward he hurries, his enemies almost upon his heels. The walls are now gained and the signal given; in an instant the draw-bridge is lowered, and the Templar rides into the courtyard. Before it could be again drawn up, his enemies were

upon it. "Drop the portcullis!" shouted the Templar, in a voice of thunder; and then, overcome with exertion, he fell from his saddle, as if in uttering these words his remaining energies had been gathered, which glowed brightly for a moment, like a meteor ray, and then left all in darkness.

While the fallen Templar was being removed to his own apartment in the Preceptory, his pursuers, after some delay, were admitted within the walls, and at length, after repeated solicitations, were brought into the presence of the Grand Master.

The Grand Master was seated in a small apartment, or rather cell—and which, but for the air of cheerfulness given to it by the sun-beams which found their way through a narrow loop-hole, would have had more resemblance to a prisoner's dungeon, than the apartment of the Head of an order, whose chivalrous exploits were heard of throughout the whole of Europe—whose arms were strong enough to overthrow monarchies, and hurl kings from their thrones.

The occupier of this homely apartment was a man far advanced in life—the suns of threescore summers had wrinkled his brow and imprinted deep furrows on his cheeks; and the frost of threescore winters had silvered the few hairs which remained upon his head, and whitened the beard which fell upon his breast. A pair of shaggy eyebrows partly concealed his eyes, whose brightness time had dimmed but not quenched.

The Grand Master was seated at a low table, his head resting upon his hand, as he busily pondered over a parchment scroll—apparently the rules of the order—which lay before him. The heavy and rapid tread of mailed knights along a passage which led to this retired nook, aroused his attention—an unwonted sound at that time, for all the Templars were clad

in their robes of peace, and walked to and fro with noiseless tread and downcast looks. The intruders—for such they might be termed, as it was only on weighty occasions that the Grand Master allowed his privacy to be broken in upon—on entering, bent low in token of respect, and then advancing a few paces forward, the foremost thus addressed him :—

“Grand Master of the noble order of the Temple, though unknown to you, I have a claim to your attention. I have come to ask justice at your hands. I am Reginald de Montford——”

“Reginald de Montford,” interrupted the Grand Master, “he to whom I am indebted for the preservation of my life?”

“No; that was Edward, my brother; he has gone to his rest, and left me the protector of his children, and it is on account of those he held most dear that I have come hither. His daughter has been carried off by one of the knights of your order. By secret means her consent had been obtained, and in the stillness of night her lover scaled the walls of my castle, and bore her away. Where she is hidden I cannot tell, but her paramour I have pursued to the gates of your Preceptory. He entered a minute before us, and thus escaped, or my sword would have redressed my own wrongs. I now ask that my niece may be restored to my guardianship, and justice done on her paramour.”

The brow of the Grand Master darkened at the intelligence. His features, naturally stern and austere, became swollen with fury. He started from his seat, and pacing to and fro in his narrow room, exclaimed, “That such a thing should have happened in my very presence! What a character will posterity give me! for the head is blamed for the faults of the members. You have asked for justice; that shall be granted, though it were my dearest friend on whom I had to pass sentence. Whatever the vices of the order, it shall at least be said that the Grand Master himself holds the scales of justice with an even hand.”

The gust of passion which indignation had raised passed soon away, and his features quickly settled into their usually calm and dignified composure ; but not so his sense of justice—this was no evanescent feeling, bubbling and boiling for a moment, and then as quickly subsiding. He continued, in a milder tone —

“ I see it is the ewe lamb of the flock that has been stolen, and as David said to Nathan, ‘ As I live, the man who has done this thing shall surely die.’ ”

The Grand Master had joined the order of Templars from principle, and in all the stations he had filled in his ascent to the highest dignity, had ever conformed to the rules of the order ; nor did he in the least change when fortune placed him on the pinnacle of greatness. He still continued the rigid and austere habits, differing nothing from the rest of the knights, either in the richness of his apparel or the sumptuousness of his viands. His character was great and honourable on all points but one. He regarded with mistrustful and jealous eye those who held the higher posts and were likely on his decease to be elected in his room.

The Grand Master now summoned his attendant, Conrad de Leisle, a man of the utmost dissoluteness, but veiling it from other eyes under the mask of sanctity. He had ever a text of Scripture ready, and a mournful shrug of the shoulders, when he heard of the failings of the younger brethren. By such arts of dissimulation and hypocrisy, he gained the entire confidence of his superior.

With his arms folded across his breast, his eyes bent upon the ground, and his features twisted into the utmost primness, he awaited his superior’s commands.

“ Prepare the hall of the Preceptory immediately,” said the Grand Master ; “ let the great bell be instantly tolled, and all the brethren summoned to take their places before the sun shall

have crossed another line of the dial. Let no one be absent ; I have an affair of the utmost importance to unfold, one which must be discussed immediately : every day has its duties, and ere I sleep this work must be done ; to-morrow will bring its own cares. When all is ready, let me be informed."

True to the moment, the Grand Master was acquainted that everything was prepared, and Conrad leading the way, conducted him and Reginald de Montford to the hall.

A higher place was set apart for him ; whilst on benches, raised according to the several degrees, sat the knights—and the outer part was filled with squires and others whom curiosity had drawn together. The Grand Master glanced along the lines, but every seat, save one, was occupied—the vacant one was close to his own, belonging to one of the knights whom his mistrust accounted rivals.

The Grand Master then addressed the Assembly,—

"Knights of the noble order of the Temple," said he, "I have required your presence on an important occasion. One of our holy order is accused of carrying off and concealing the niece of the noble knight who stands by my side—a lady whose affections he had gained by means unknown to her lawful guardian, and in utter disregard of our ancient law, which holds 'that it is dangerous to all religions to gaze too much on the countenance of woman.' I have therefore summoned you, brethren of the same holy order, that means may be devised to 'put away the evil thing from us,' and that the knight who has broken our laws, and thus 'given occasion to the enemy to blaspheme' should receive a just punishment. But I perceive Sir Bertrand de Gramont's seat unoccupied ; he has a head for council as well as an arm for fight, and should not now be absent. Does any one know aught of him ?"

"He returned but a short time since, wounded and bleeding," answered a voice from the mass.

“If possible let him attend,” said the Grand Master; “his presence is needful; nor will we resume business till he appears.”

A silence deep and dead as the night followed, when, after a lapse of some minutes, the Grand Master whispered to Conrad, who stood by his side, “Where can Bertrand de Gramont have been?”

“I suppose, ‘walking up and down the earth, and moving to and fro in it, seeking whom he might devour,’ like our great adversary,” answered Conrad.

Bertrand de Gramont was disliked by both Conrad and his superior; the former was at enmity with him, and the Grand Master himself bore him no good will from the feeling that he would probably be his successor.

More words to the same effect might have passed between the Grand Master and his confident, when Sir Bertrand de Gramont himself entered the hall.

On entering the hall, Sir Bertrand de Gramont bent respectfully to the Grand Master, and then advanced slowly to his place.

“Would it not be advisable to have the armour of De Gramont brought into the hall?” whispered Conrad to the Grand Master; “appearances are strangely against him, and De Montford would at once determine if it were he whom they pursued.”

Without replying to the hint of Conrad, the Grand Master rose and thus spoke:

“Sir Bertrand de Gramont, the noble Baron by my side has accused one of our holy order of carrying off and concealing his niece,—a lady who since her father’s death has been under his guardianship. He further states, that the Knight who hath thus disgraced himself and our order entered the Preceptory scarcely a minute before him, bleeding and wounded. We do

not lay the guilt at your door ; but your absence when all were summoned, and your pale and haggard looks, tell greatly against you."

"I have often looked paler and been worse wounded when fighting for our order than now, when I have been defending my life," said De Gramont ; "but little notice was then taken."

"Thy deeds of arms are not unnoticed ; general consent has awarded to you the first place in the field and in the tournament—and oh ! sad pity is it, that the knight before whose puissant arm the stoutest foeman falls, should himself be conquered by the arts of female witchery. Say, for thine own sake, for the sake of the order to which thou belongest, say it was not thou."

The Grand Master paused for a moment, but De Gramont continued silent.

"Art thou dumb?" said the Grand Master angrily ; "is it truth, then ? and has shame sealed thy lips?"

Fire flashed from De Gramont's dark eyes—those lamps of the soul—at the taunt. "No," said he, starting up, "shame and De Gramont are as far removed as the world's centre from its circumference. Once only did I bring shame on myself ; that was when I painted the bull's head on my shield, and bound myself to this order. When I gave my wealth to satisfy its rapacity, and my strength to defend its usurpations,—when I forswore my fellows, and laid down my liberty,—then I brought shame upon myself. And this I did for an order universally hated. Men shun a Templar as they would a plague. He brings desolation wherever he approaches, and blights the rosy cheeks of beauty in gazing on them."

"Stop his mouth," shouted Conrad ; "suffer him not to blaspheme the Holy Order of Zion."

The hall was instantly in a state of commotion and uproar,

when the voice of the Grand Master was heard above the din, and the single word "peace," pronounced in a deep and solemn tone, calmed the tempest.

"De Gramont's words are too true," said the Grand Master; "our order has fallen off from its primitive simplicity, and become notorious for its profligacy; a Templar is a name for vice and folly, instead of virtue and holiness. But it is the fault of the members, and not of the order. Our laws are still strict, and if obeyed, our morality would be unimpeachable; but since riches have flowed in upon us, we have become reckless. Religion brings not men to our banner; but if the least misfortune happen, so that the world disgusts them, they fly hither; and thus, if one heart-string which binds them to their fellows be broken, they seek to repair it by severing the rest. They come moody and sad; but these feelings soon wear off. When Sir Bertrand first came to our Preceptory, grief sat heavy upon him; but this has now passed away."

"I had cause for sorrow then," said De Gramont, "nor has the remembrance of it vanished; but the mind has its changes, the same as the year. It has its dark time of trouble and care—that winter of gloom; but there likewise come blithe and happy hours, as summer's cheerfulness and brightness. I did come to your Preceptory a moody, melancholy man. By one fell stroke, every link which bound me to others was cleft in twain. I determined to renounce the world, which had cheated me by delusive hopes and shadowy expectations; I thought of a monastery, but the life of a recluse I could not endure; I then determined to enrol my name under the banner of Zion, and help to rescue the Holy Sepulchre from the dominion of the Saracens. In this cause I have fought and bled. But never have I broken my oaths.

"'Tis false," said Reginald de Montford, stepping forward.

"Here I brand you with treachery and perjury, disprove it if thou canst ! There lies my gage." And he threw down his heavy gauntlet.

"When I became a Templar," said De Gramont, as he picked up the iron glove, "I resigned all my riches but honour ; that is too precious a gem to be parted with. That is the heir-loom which has descended from sire to son ; and if I am the last to bear the ancient name of De Gramont, I will give it to the air as unsullied as I received it. Time and place fitting, I am ready to fight on foot or on horseback, with lance, sword, or mace ; and may God defend the right."

"Amen," said the Grand Master in a solemn tone, and the rest of the assembly echoed the word.

For a moment De Gramont looked attentively at the gauntlet he held, which had sustained some little injury from the stroke of a sword ; then addressing his adversary, he said in a sarcastic tone, "There is a flaw in your gage, Sir Knight ; you will find your cause equally faulty."

The Baron's cheeks instantly became flushed, partly from anger, and partly from the ill omen which had been drawn from the accident.

The keen eye of Conrad quickly read the thoughts which were passing in the Baron's mind, and wishing to relieve his embarrassment, he whispered to the Grand Master, "Would it not be well to name the time and place for the combat, which should take place at once?"

Acting upon the suggestion, the Grand Master then spoke : "We appoint noon to-morrow the hour, and the tilt-yard of our order the spot, for these knights to meet. See that all be prepared, as ourself shall witness the combat."

"I will not fight then," said De Gramont ; "my wounds will then have stiffened, so that I shall not have strength to strike fairly."

"A longer delay cannot be granted."

"Then I refuse to accept the challenge ; with odds so fearfully against me, I could not have success."

"Then thou shalt be put to death as a recreant, perjured knight," said the Grand Master. "Is it unjust or harsh?" continued he, appealing to the assembly.

The word "No" fell from every lip ; and Conrad rendered still more emphatic by repeating it.

"It will be death either way," said De Gramont ; "but if I fall in fight, I shall be dishonoured. You may invade the sanctuary of life if you will ; but it never shall be said that I gave you ingress. In what form shall my death come ? I trust I shall be doomed to one fitting a knight to suffer."

"No," said the Grand Master, "it shall be a felon's death. From yonder tree shalt thou hang in thine armour—the very armour you have degraded—your spurs being first cleft from your heels, and your helmet torn from your brow."

"And what shelter shall my bones have?" said the other.

"They shall bleach in the air, and hang, when thou art gone, a memorial of thy shame."

"Of my glory, rather," said De Gramont ; "for the same death which justice makes ignominious, tyranny makes martyrdom."

"And in every court in Europe I will proclaim thee to have been a false-hearted craven knight," said De Montford.

"The censure of fools is praise," tauntingly remarked De Gramont.

"De Gramont," said the Grand Master with deep solemnity of manner, "you stand upon the brink of death ; can you look down the deep abyss before you unmoved?"

"I knew that it would come to me, nor could I tell how long my thread of life would be spun," said De Gramont.

"The world is but a stage where we shuffle through a few brief

scenes—and from them I fled hither. Your sentence will but remove me farther still ; and often would I have made myself wings and left them far behind, but——” and he paused.

“ But what ? ” said the Grand Master.

“ No, ’twere better not said,” replied De Gramont.

“ Say what could have been the charm which bound you ? ” again asked the Grand Master.

“ Priests tell of Judgment and of Purgatory.”

The Grand Master instantly started up, and retiring to his own apartment, paced it with hasty steps : “ Can I be wrong in condemning that man to death ? I will consider again all I have heard, and judge accordingly.”

He then returned to the hall, and, after informing De Gramont that he would wait till noon the next day for his final decision, retired.

Night soon threw her sable mantle around and hushed the earth to slumber, but sleep failed to close the eyes of De Gramont ; he tossed to and fro on his uneasy couch ; he rose and walked about the room, and then returned to bed : but all his endeavours to woo slumber were ineffectual. His painful wounds and troubled mind prevented her approaches.

It was midnight ! all was calm, and still, and peaceful ; and nothing broke the calm and peaceful stillness. It was a season for reflection, and at that moment De Gramont’s mind was in a fit state to reflect. Memory all at once became wonderfully busy ; and days, and scenes, and actions, long since passed, were present to his view. He seemed to live life over again, and traced with wonderful accuracy the several stages from youth to manhood, from manhood to maturity. But as thought rapidly followed thought, they crowded and oppressed his mind, and he soon tried to banish reflection ; but it seemed to grow upon him as he endeavoured to drive it from his mind. He paced the room, but still the thoughts followed him, as though they had been the shadows of himself. He returned again to

bed, and nature at length growing outwearied, he sank into a short and fitful sleep.

But so strong a power was being exerted by memory, that even in sleep it could not rest ; it but changed its mode of action, and leaving the heart, assailed the imagination. There stood before him his own lordly home—his home of earlier and happier days ; and in one of the apartments of that massive castle, himself seemed to sit—himself, a younger, gayer, less care-worn man ; and by his side was a fair-haired, blue-eyed woman ; she looked timidly into his face, and quailed, and sank her pensive gaze when his dark and flashing eye rested upon her. So vivid was the scene, that it appeared more like the reality re-acted again, than the dim shadowings of a dream.

That scene—that hour—De Gramont remembered it well. It was to him the last of happiness. That fair and beautiful creature, who was then sitting by his side, was soon no more. For him she had given up “ her all on earth, and more than all in heaven—name, rank, reputation, all for him and his love, and he repaid it by desertion. Ambition, which deprived angels of happiness, took it from De Gramont. For the sake of an alliance which should bring wealth and titled honour, he left his first, his only love ; and she, “ at once above—beneath her sex,” who had braved contumely and scorn—who for De Gramont would freely have given up life, could not bear up against the withdrawal of his love. She never upbraided him, and to all appearance maintained the same calmness ; but her heart was struck with grief, and in a few short months Isabel Fitz Allen was a corpse.

But a retributive justice overtook De Gramont—in a little while he himself was betrayed, as he had been the betrayer. His wife became the avenger of his mistress. De Gramont had sown the wind to reap the whirlwind.

It was then, after having slain the paramour of his wife in mortal conflict, that De Gramont joined the order of the

Templars (a divorce from his wife having previously been procured), his fame as a warrior and his rich domains procuring that entrance, which would otherwise have been denied to a man once married. It was this—the last day that he ever saw his Isabel, till he saw her no longer conscious of his presence, that was now present to the sleeper's fancy. "Curse, curse," muttered he,—“a curse upon ambition.”

A sudden and violent movement awakened him from his uneasy slumber; he started up, and the next instant he felt the pressure of a hand against his own.

De Gramont was about to demand the business of the intruder, but the stranger checked him.

"Hush! hush!" said he; "the least noise will be the ruin of both: if I am discovered here, it will be death. At to-morrow's fight, demand a champion—that cannot be denied, and I will be there. I am not what I seem. Farewell."

In an instant the stranger had departed; but how he had contrived to appear there at all, was a mystery to De Gramont; though he felt no doubt from his voice and manner, that the stranger was the same person to whose timely assistance the day before he was indebted for life. He however determined to follow the advice then given, and to trust to fortune for the rest.

At length the noontide came; all the knights were assembled in the court-yard adjoining the Preceptory. De Montford was already mounted, and seemed impatient of delay.

After a few minutes, De Gramont appeared in a new suit of armour, and took his station at the other end of the lists opposite De Montford. As soon as all was quiet, the Grand Master took his seat midway between the combatants; but immediately afterwards De Gramont rode into the centre of the arena, and said—"I am here as a knight good and true; but, as I urged yesterday, I cannot fight; I therefore demand a champion. Who," continued he in a louder tone—"who will set a lance at rest for the honour of Bertrand de Gramont?"

“The request of our brother cannot be refused,” said the Grand Master. “If his champion be ready, let him appear.”

In an instant, a young though athletic man, clad in a plain suit of armour, came forth, and advancing to the place where the Grand Master was seated, said, “I am ready to take up his quarrel, the more so because I know him to be innocent.”

“But how know we that you are of knightly order?” said the Grand Master.

“I am of as noble birth as him I shall oppose,” said the stranger; “and that, if I live out this tilt, I will prove.”

“Then nothing more is needed; let all proceed as though De Gramont himself fought in his own cause.”

In a few minutes the knights were ready, man opposite to man—their visors were drawn down, and their lances set at rest; when the Grand Master, rising from his seat, said in a solemn tone, “May God defend the right!” then striking the railing in front of him as a signal, the trumpets sounded, the knights put spurs to their horses, and dashed furiously along.

At the first onset the lances of both were shivered to the grasp, and the horse of the stranger thrown upon his haunches by the Baron’s shock. But neither man nor horse went down; and in a moment the animal regained his feet, and in the next the rider had drawn his sword, and was prepared to renew the conflict. In the fight with swords, skill and activity avail more than mere animal strength, and of this the stranger seemed fully sensible: he therefore, for some time, contented himself with acting upon the defensive, till having, by a skilful feint, thrown the Baron off his guard, he suddenly became the assailant, and raising himself in his saddle to give full force to the blow, brought it down upon the head of his opponent. The blow was fatal. The sword cleft his helmet, and penetrated to his brain, and the body of Reginald de Montford fell lifeless to the ground.

“God, by giving the victory to De Gramont, has proclaimed

his innocence," said the Grand Master, rising; "let no man even in thought reverse that decree. But it now becomes us to know the name of that knight who has fought so nobly."

"I am," said the stranger, raising his visor, "the son of Edward de Montford, the son of a murdered man, murdered by his brother, and now the avenger of his death."

"That is a heavy charge," said the Grand Master with surprise; "it should not be made without good proof."

"It is, alas! too true," replied the young De Montfort; "nor was that all, for when he slew he took possession. I, indeed, contrived to escape, and have for some time been an exile from the home of my father; but he kept my sister in his power, using the utmost severity to compel her to marry against her own wishes, that he might strengthen his interest by a powerful alliance. It was to save from such a fate, and to give her to one she loved, and to whom she had been betrothed by her father, that the noble De Gramont lent assistance as powerful as disinterested."

"De Gramont," said the Grand Master, turning to that knight, "we have to entreat your forgiveness, for having too hastily and unadvisedly passed judgment upon you. On you it has however but thrown additional lustre; to me it will act as a warning: for of what use is the past, if we improve not for the future? As for your enemy, another than a murderer's death has been assigned to him—that doom cannot be reversed; but let his body hang as a memorial of his ignominy, till his bones be whitened by the rains of heaven; and would that his soul could be so purified!"

"Nay," replied the young De Montford, "by the laws of tourney, the vanquished becomes the property of the conqueror; let me then have the disposal of his corpse.¹ He shall be buried in the tomb of his ancestors; and as the earth closes over his remains, may it cover his ignominy also."

THE TOWER OF LONDON.

THE Tower of London is so entwined with the history of this country, that anything relating to it must be interesting to an Englishman. It forms, perhaps, the best history of the nation—the best commentary upon the characters of the monarchs who have, during successive centuries, swayed the sceptre of these realms.

It is also remarkable as having, at one and the same time, formed a palace, a prison, and a fortress. Who can tell the varied and conflicting feelings which must have agitated the breasts of its tenants? hope, and mirth, and misery, strangely blended, and almost joined together—the utmost repletion and the most acute hunger, a monarch's pleasures and a captive's privations, might have been witnessed within a dozen yards of each other. There have risen simultaneously from within its dark walls, the mirthful and joyous voices of the rich, the beautiful, the happy; the wail and the shriek of the anguished and agonized—the height of mirth and the depth of misery: whilst mingling with these two opposite cries, there resounded the clash and clang of armour and of arms—the rattle of drums and the trumpet's shrill blast, and all those varied sounds which give pomp and circumstance to war, and “make ambition virtue.” But it is as a prison, rather than either as a palace or a fortress, that the Tower will by us be regarded; for perhaps it is under this point of view it is best entitled to distinction.

The oppression and misery which its walls have witnessed—the cruelties which have been practised—the strength and security of its outward defences—the nobles who have been confined in its dungeons—its walls, at once the palace and prison of kings, lead one to wish to penetrate its secret chambers, where every stone proclaims a murder, and every echo rings a death-knell.

This celebrated fortress stands on the northern banks of the Thames, at the eastern extremity of the city. Various are the opinions among antiquaries as to the origin of this venerable pile. Not the least credit, however, is due to the report of the White Tower having been founded by Julius Cæsar, who never advanced to this capital in either of his bravely-contested invasions; but that the Romans had a fortress here in a subsequent age, is highly probable. The earliest and principal portion of the White Tower, or Keep, was built by order of William the Conqueror, about 1080, to overawe the citizens. In the reign of his son, it was surrounded with walls, and fortified by a deep ditch. Reign after reign saw continual improvements, till the time of Edward I., who, soon after his accession, greatly enlarged the ditch and moat, and repaired and strengthened the White Tower; he also strengthened the entrance towards the west, by fresh out-works. These may be regarded as the last military improvements prior to the invention of cannon; but it would be too tedious to enumerate these in chronological order—we shall therefore content ourselves with giving some of the most remarkable occurrences.

The first prisoner recorded to have been confined in the Tower was Ralph Flanhard, Bishop of Durham, in the reign of Henry I.—this prelate having been the minister and adviser of William Rufus. The celebrated Hubert de Burgh, Earl of Kent, who had been entrusted with its keeping by Henry III.,

was disgraced and imprisoned here about 1232. In 1244, Griffin, son of Llewelin, Prince of Wales, was killed by a fall from the Tower, while endeavouring to escape with his son and other Welsh prisoners. In the reign of Edward I., 600 Jews were confined here at one time, charged with clipping and adulterating the coin ; and various nobles of Scotland and Wales were at different times sent there—prisoners taken during the English monarch's invasion of these countries. In 1305, the famous William Wallace was incarcerated here previous to his execution, which has fixed an indelible stain on the memory of Edward. It is no hero's action to trample on the vanquished ; and it would have reflected brighter lustre on the arms of the monarch, had he spared the life of this champion of freedom, in place of leading him to execution like the vilest of criminals. The conquerors of old, who led their prisoners at the wheels of their chariots, would have achieved a nobler triumph had they received them like friends—though unfortunate—in place of exposing them to the gaze and insults of innumerable spectators. The disquietude of Richard II.'s reign again brought the Tower into notice. In 1377, the king, with the royal family and many of the nobles and prelates, were besieged within its walls by the mob headed by Wat Tyler. In 1378 he was again besieged by his uncle, the Duke of Gloucester ; and on this occasion, after an apparent reconciliation, many of the king's ministers and others were executed by the duke's order, and among them Sir Simon Burley, who was beheaded on Tower Hill. This was the first person who suffered decapitation on that place, a spot which, during a long course of years afterwards, was destined to drink in the blood of the most noble and wealthy of the land. Here, too, in 1397, the unfortunate Richard was forced to resign his crown to Henry, Duke of Hereford ; and here, shortly afterwards, lay the body of the monarch for one night

previous to its interment. So true is it of deposed monarchs, that the moment they step from the throne, they put their foot upon the grave.

In the reign of Henry IV., James, Prince of Scotland, who was driven on shore in the North while on his way to France, was kept in the Tower. His father dying during his captivity, he became king of Scotland, and thus was the third monarch of that country who had been confined here within a century. After a period of eighteen years, he obtained his freedom, on condition of paying a ransom of £40,000—for the performance of which he was compelled to give hostages. In the following reign, Sir John Oldcastle was imprisoned here on the charge of heresy, and for which he was condemned to be burnt; but, managing to escape the night before his sentence was to be executed, he was not taken till four years after, when, as if his enemies had spent their time in devising how they might inflict the greatest torments, he was hung over a slow fire, and thus roasted alive.

In the reign of Henry VI., the Tower was in continual use. In the first part of his reign, the Dukes of Orleans and Bourbon, and many other nobles of France, were confined here,—prisoners taken during the wars for the maintenance of our authority in France at that time. In 1450, the Tower was besieged by the army of rebels headed by Jack Cade, when Lord Say and his son-in-law fell victims to the hatred and violence of the people. This rebellion was but the forerunner of still greater strife; the civil wars called the Wars of the Roses soon followed, during which time the Tower frequently changed masters. After the battle of Hexham, in 1464, the King himself was sent here a prisoner, while his successful rival, Edward IV., occupied it as a royal residence more frequently than had been done for many years previously. Strange were the vicissitudes which occurred in Henry's life.

In his infancy he was proclaimed monarch of England and France, and, before his tongue could lisp his name, received the homage of the nobles of the two most powerful countries in Europe ; and now he was languishing in one of the prisons in a tower where he had reigned as king, while the walls resounded with the notes of revelry which proclaimed the triumph of his conqueror. By a sudden revolution in his favour, he was taken from his dungeon and placed upon the throne ; but Fortune, which had cheated him by a smile, soon turned her back upon him, and he was quickly sent to his former cell, where shortly after he breathed his last, probably by the assassin's hand ; for though no proof exists of his having been murdered, yet the suddenness of his death, and the known characters of the reigning monarch and his brother, give room for suspicion. Here Edward V. and his brother the Duke of York are supposed to have been murdered by order of their uncle. Various are the opinions with regard to this point, but it is clear that they must have met their death by unfair means. History brings them to the Tower to prepare for young Edward's coronation, but beyond this it is silent ; there is, however, something ominous in this silence. Had the young princes only been imprisoned, there would at one time or another have been heard a voice to tell where they were hid, and therefore is that silence the stillness of death. In Richard's reign, Lords Hastings and Stanley, and the Bishop of Ely, were arrested in the Tower, and the former immediately beheaded. This monarch kept in close confinement his nephew Edward Plantagenet, who had a prior title to the crown, and the unfortunate youth was executed in the following reign, on account of the jealousy of Henry VII. In the reign of Henry VIII. imprisonment followed imprisonment in quick succession. In 1534, Sir Thomas More, and Fisher, bishop of Rochester, were confined here for

denying the king's supremacy, and the following year executed on Tower Hill. In 1536, the beauteous but ill-fated Anne Boleyn suffered in consequence of her husband's fickleness. Lords Thomas Howard, Dacey, and Montague were sent here on the charge of treason, and soon after ended their career on the block. In 1540, Cromwell, Earl of Essex, suffered decapitation, and soon after Queen Catherine Howard and Lady Rochford. The following reign saw the execution of Seymour, Lord Sudley, and the Protector the Duke of Somerset. The stake and the scaffold were in constant use during the short reign of Queen Mary. Among the most distinguished victims may be reckoned Lady Jane Grey and her husband, the Duke of Northumberland, the Duke of Suffolk, the eminent prelates Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley, the Earl of Warwick, the Marquis of Northampton, the Earl of Devonshire, and Lord Cobham; and the insurrection of Sir Thomas Wyatt filled this prison-house with inmates. The greatest blot in the reign of Elizabeth is, that during her government its walls were crowded with prisoners—the Archbishop of York, six Bishops, an Abbot of Westminster, and other divines, two Earls, Lady Catherine Grey, and several private individuals. To this may be added Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk; his son the Earl of Arundel, the Earl of Northumberland, Sir Walter Raleigh, the Queen's favourite the Earl of Essex, the Earls of Southampton, Richmond, &c.

At the commencement of the reign of James I., these prison-doors were again opened. The brave, the highly-gifted Sir Walter Raleigh, with Lords Grey and Cobham, were confined here, on the charge of attempting to place Lady Arabella Stuart on the throne. This unfortunate lady, who, from her relationship to Mary, Queen of Scots, was regarded with a jealous eye by both James and his predecessor, was also imprisoned here. Being taken in an attempt to escape, her

intellect became disordered, and she died in confinement in this miserable state. In 1640, the Earl of Strafford and Archbishop Laud, the ministers and advisers of Charles I., were committed to the Tower, and soon after executed.

It would be tedious to relate all the imprisonments which took place during the reign of the Charleses and the intermediate Commonwealth. If in times of comparative peace, when there were no feuds to excite, this fortress was thronged with prisoners, it cannot be supposed but that during a civil war, when hatred and violence rise to the highest pitch, those who, by their station or learning, become obnoxious to the ruling party, would be silenced. That "dead men tell no tales," is a common saying—but princes, dreading the opprobrium attached to an execution, take as sure a method of quieting restless tongues; within a dungeon's walls they are as still as in the grave—the bitterest lamentation would bring no sympathy, and the wildest shriek never wring a heart. We must not, however, omit to mention the names of Algernon Sidney and Lord William Russell, both of whom were imprisoned here in Charles the Second's reign, and shortly after beheaded, at the instigation of James, Duke of York, who, on his accession to the throne, executed his unfortunate nephew the Duke of Monmouth, after a confinement of only two days in the Tower. On the eve of the Revolution, the Archbishop of Canterbury and six bishops were sent to this prison by a warrant signed by the infamous Lord Chancellor, better known by the name of Judge Jefferys, who himself shortly after died a prisoner in this fortress.

During the reign of William III. numerous Jacobites and other conspirators against the king were imprisoned here, many of whom were executed on the fatal hill. During the government of Anne, few persons were committed here; but the rebellions in favour of the Pretender in the reigns of the First and Second Georges caused it to be again filled. The

last person executed on Tower Hill was Lord Lovat, in 1747, who was beheaded for the attempt to place the Pretender on the throne. During the reign of George III. many persons were imprisoned here on charges of high treason, and other political offences.

The last were the accomplices in an atrocious plot (called the Cato Conspiracy) to subvert the government by assassinating his Majesty's ministers while at a cabinet dinner at Lord Harrowby's, in Grosvenor Square. The principal conspirators were committed to the Tower, March, 1820, and executed in front of Newgate the May following. These close the annals of this fortress as a state prison.

Thus have we briefly mentioned the principal persons who have been confined in this fortress. Could we make the dumb walls vocal, what tales would they not tell! Oh! how would the recital of the piercing shrieks that have rent them, and the foul deeds they have witnessed, "harrow up the soul!"—the prayers they have heard—the ravings of remorse—the wild cries of anguish—the heart-breaking sighs of innocence, which the walls have echoed,—the crimes which have been perpetrated—the cruelties that have been practised—the wrongs that have been inflicted,—form so large a catalogue, that the poet, as he looked upon its massive walls and lofty turrets, desecrated and stained as they are, might well term it "London's lasting shame."

Of all the dungeons in the world, the Tower of London has the most affecting stories to relate. In the dens of the Inquisition more cruelties may have been practised. The Bastille of France may have had more victims; but it is not the recital of the intenseness of the suffering or the number of the sufferers which produces a tear. It is over the patience and resignation displayed by the victims doomed unjustly to the fire, the axe, or the rack, that men mostly weep. The same

individual who, comparatively unmoved, hears of the taking of cities, and the wholesale slaughter of their inhabitants, will burst into a flood of tears over the misery of a single individual.

Mighty structure ! years have passed away since a prisoner's heart was wrung within thy dungeons ;—may thy chains never more be riveted on free-born man—may thy ponderous doors never again shut him out from the glorious light of heaven, but in silent majesty mayst thou still look on this overflowing city as the guardian of its rights ; and then in after ages, when another Gray shall appear, as he looks upon thy massive walls on which the rain-drops have so often fallen, that the blood of former days has been washed out, and contemplates thy venerable pile reposing in silence, with the olive branch of peace waving from thy summit—again shalt thou be the theme of verse, but in place of being branded as a “ shame,” thou shalt henceforth be praised as “ London's lasting glory.”

SYMPATHY.

Ah, why is heaved that mournful sigh ?

Why starts so oft the pearly tear ?

Thine is the claim, sweet Sympathy !

Thou soft partaker of our care !

E'en as the woods concordant mourn,

When Philomela pours her strain ;

So e'en canst thou our sighs return,

In grateful echoes to our pain.

Or as the morning's blissful ray

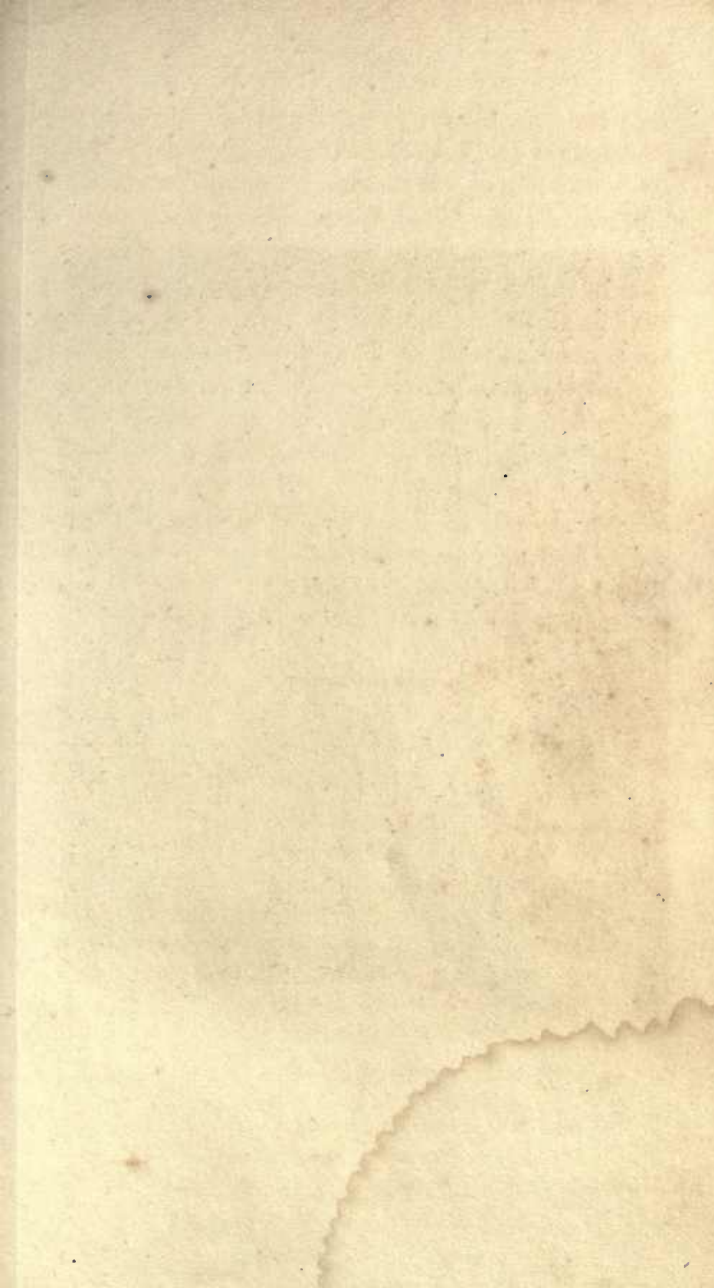
Dispels the filmy clouds to light ;

So thou canst cheer the mind to-day,

And lock our cares in ten-fold night.

Here then, sweet Sympathy, thy power bestow,

And mould this heart to feel another's woe.





Painted by F. P. Stepanoff.

Engraved by J. Mitchell

George of Aspen.

GEORGE OF ASPEN.

“ OH George ! Oh, that—”

It was all that was uttered—the sentence was abruptly broken off ; but volumes were expressed in those few words. The plaintive tone, the bitter exclamation, the sudden ending—these told but too plainly that the heart of the speaker was riven and wrung.

These words were uttered by a young and beautiful woman to her husband ; they seemed but the finish of a conversation, but she seemed unable to give utterance to her feelings—the agitation of the mind overcame the power of speech, and turning away, she pressed one hand to her heart, while with the other she seemed to endeavour to hide the emotion which the face too plainly showed was agitating her.

The person addressed was in the height of passion ; the right hand was clenched, while the left had seemed almost mechanically to grasp the scabbard of his sword, and had brought it round so that the brand might be easier drawn.

His hair streamed wildly, and his fine dark eyes rolled with malignant passion, as if a demon had kindled them with fire from hell ; but his lips were compressed, and his teeth ground against each other, as if to keep the storm of passion which raged so furiously from bursting forth.

But the passion was not of words alone—he had used his hand and struck his wife ; struck her as she was gazing like an

angel of love upon his face, which was changed from its usual calm and manly beauty to the fierce air of a demon.

It was this blow which had produced those plaintive words from the speaker as she turned away—it was not of pain ; the blow had not been hard enough for that, but it had inflicted a pang keener, more intense, and more acute, than that of mere corporal suffering ; it had struck the heart and wounded the keenest sensibilities.

“ Ah, turn and weep !” replied George, in the tone of suppressed passion, as he gazed upon his wife, seeming to wish to find a subject upon which to vent his rage. “ Ah, weep on ! but think not to move me by your tears. By the soul of my father, the traitor shall die a traitor’s death, and were an ocean made from woman’s tears, as I live they should not save him. There, take that for answer, and rest contented ; now urge further if you dare. Ah, cry away,” continued he, mockingly, as he paced to and fro with measured tread, “ but tears will avail nothing with me !”

The Lady of Aspen had sunk into a chair, but it was not to weep. Her grief was too poignant, too bitter for tears ; it had dried up the fountain from whence tears flow : and that sorrow is the bitterest which can wring tears from the eyes of man, and forbid them to flow from the eyes of woman.

At the time of this tale, Stephen, the fourth of the Norman princes, was swaying the sceptre of England ; but that which he had gained by an artifice, he could hardly keep by force of arms : he was, indeed, at that time, a prisoner in the hands of his enemies, though his liberation was destined soon to take place. The memorable siege of Winchester had just then happened—a siege which compelled Matilda to fly for her life, and gave up her brother, the Earl of Gloucester, into the hands of his enemies. The Saxons, who had been much oppressed

by the Norman conquerors, gladly availed themselves of the disquietude of the times to endeavour to recover their ancient independence. Stephen was himself too much a Norman to attempt to conciliate the affections of a race held in such contempt by their conquerors, and he had besides, in order to conciliate the affections of the Norman Barons, allowed them to oppress to a great degree the conquered Saxons. So that though all had sworn fealty to him when first he seized upon the crown, many joined the ranks of his enemies, and lent their aid to pull down the usurper, and to throw a tyrant and oppressor from the throne. Among those who had joined the army of Matilda, was the father of the Lady of Aspen.

During the reigns of the earlier of the Norman princes few were the intermarriages which took place between the conquerors and the conquered. In general, the Saxons were held in too much contempt, for the haughty Norman to think to wed one of the fair daughters of that race; and as their riches and possessions had been wrested from them by their conquerors, avarice, which, in other instances, might have brought about alliances, was but little tempted.

Some few instances to the contrary however took place, and one among them was that of the Lord of Aspen.

Hereward was one of the few Saxon barons who still possessed any power. The river still ran through the broad lands which owned him for lord, as it had done through those of his illustrious sire; and at the hall of Hereward as many feasted as there had done when the Saxons held rule over England, and freely offered to any their rude and boisterous hospitality. Then, when the wine-cup had passed freely, the hall rang with shouts, until the very roof echoed and seemed to applaud again, as the deeds of the great Hereward were recorded by his successor, whose valour he admired, and whose deeds of daring he longed to imitate. Had a Norman been

present at any of these revels, he would have had but little difficulty in making out a charge of treason against the owner, for the invectives thrown out and the hopes of revenge indulged in by the assembled guests were loudly spoken when the wine had opened the heart to deliver its sentiments freely. Though the Saxons held but little power, and during the time of peace could be contemptuously treated with impunity, they became formidable in war, and during a civil war particularly so ; they were still a numerous body, and though possessing individually but little power, when united they formed a powerful auxiliary to the party whose cause they espoused.

Stephen was fully conscious that after the inroads his followers had committed upon the possessions of the Saxons, he could never hope to conciliate their affections ; he therefore took the other course, and attempted to awe them into submission through fear. Accordingly, wherever stood the hall of the Saxon thane, there rose, as adjacent as could be, the castle of the Norman baron.

It was thus that George of Aspen became the neighbour of Hereward the Saxon. Aspen Castle and the fief adjoining were conferred upon him that he might act as a check upon Hereward, and awe the Saxon thane into submission. However, soon after he came into possession of his castle, the Baron of Aspen found another employment for his thoughts, than that of devising the best means of crippling his neighbour's influence ; and instead of getting the thane into his power, it was himself who became the captive—a captive not indeed through the sword and battle-axe, but through bright eyes and lovely features.

Edith of Hereward had indeed a beauty which could have riveted the eyes and charmed the heart of one less prone to love than the Lord of Aspen. Her figure was tall and commanding, though gracefully elegant ; her features were of the

true Saxon mould ; her hair was light, and hung loosely over a neck than which the down of a swan was scarcely less fair ; her eyes were blue—that deep, beautiful blue, to which there seems affixed a peculiar spell—so that while they want the deep penetrating glance which a dark eye commands, they seem to have a still greater power of riveting the attention and binding the heart.

And those eyes !—it were a marvellous thing if the Baron of Aspen could have gazed upon them and not have been spell-bound. Talk of the power of the basilisk to fascinate, there is not half the power in the serpent's eye as in the deep, full, lustrous blue, which sometimes beams from the eyes of woman. They seem to be melted into tears by the tenderness of the heart, yet never to be dissolved ; and the light which shines from them—the flashings of the soul, where dwell love, pity, tenderness—has the power of penetrating another's heart, and kindling there some of the same generous sentiments.

The character of the daughter of Hereward might be read in her eyes. Her voice was low, soft, musical ; her manner, timid, reserved, and gentle : but the light which shone from her eyes told too well what the spirit was within—a soul of noble and generous sentiments, patient under trials and sufferings, and which, if incapable of resenting an injury, felt in all its bitterness the poignant insult ; a soul which death could not intimidate, but a word cut to the quick ; a soul which would never upbraid for unkindness, but would pine in silent sorrow over the deed ; a soul which the smile of love could lead, and the power of hatred kill.

Such was the lady whom the Baron of Aspen loved ; and having loved, wooed ; and having wooed, won. The very opposition of their feelings, their tempers, their persons, may have contributed in a great degree to fix the affections of both.

The dark fiery mien of the Norman contrasted no more

strongly with the fair features of the Saxon maiden, than did the bold, passionate daring of his mind, with her gentle, affectionate, and unassuming manner. For a time indeed the Baron of Aspen felt that the possession of a wife had brought him happiness. When wearied with the toil of ambition and the pomp of power—when moody, discontented, melancholy—then, when the stern associates, his companions in the tented field, in the gallant tournament, that mimic of war, or in the exciting pleasures of the chase, could afford him no delight, there was still a fond and affectionate heart to which he could turn—a heart which seemed to grow fonder and more affectionate as the demand for the exercise of kindness became more frequent.

There was, however, one check upon the happiness of the Baron. His wife, tender, affectionate, kind—to whom himself seemed all—loving as she was, yet to his eyes had one dark, deforming spot, which detracted from her virtues, as it marred her loveliness.—She was a Saxon.

When the heart was open to love—when the beauties of Edith captivated the eyes and her gentleness won the affections of the Baron, he then thought but little of the marriage with a Saxon. Her family was of ancient line, claiming descent from the kindred of the immortal Alfred. Her father was a man known to fame; her grandsire, yet more so—the Conqueror himself had acknowledged, yea and honoured the valour of Hereward of Ely: but still she was a Saxon, and though at first George of Aspen felt so much affection for his wife that it engrossed every other feeling, he could not but perceive that himself was held in a sort of contempt by the proud and haughty Norman Barons, for having wedded the daughter of a Saxon. And even to such an extent was the contempt carried, that the very retainers and vassals of the Baron of Aspen could hardly be brought to acknowledge the Saxon Edith for their mistress; and occasionally a rude jest fell upon the

Baron's ears—a jest levelled at the expense of his wife. There is no quicker way of diminishing the power of love than to bring the object upon which it is placed into contempt. The effect thereof is first to cool, then to make indifferent, and then to hate. It was to the first of these three points that the heart of George reached, when the civil war broke out between Stephen and Matilda. The conduct of the Baron to his lady up to that period seemed but little changed. To all appearance, he still kept up the same affectionate manner; but changed it was—it was but the outside show of that which before had emanated from the heart; it was the body without the soul—the same in feature and in form, but deathless and still. But that war soon brought the feelings George of Aspen entertained towards his wife to indifference. Her father and himself took opposite sides in that internal strife. The Baron espoused the cause of Stephen—the Thane embraced the side of Matilda. The memory of her father contributed much to make the Saxons join her standard. The crown had been gained by Henry principally through the means of the Saxons; and, in return, through the whole of his reign he treated them with a kindness seldom received from their conquerors. And though the subsequent acts of Matilda showed that she followed but little in the footsteps of her father, yet as her adversary was a Norman both in heart and action, the Saxons almost to a man flocked to the standard of Matilda—and first and foremost of them all was Hereward of Ely. The love of kindred impelled this warrior to join in the quarrel; and while joining in the strife, and apparently supporting the cause of the Queen, there rose in more than one breast the hope of restoring one of the Saxon line to the throne in the general confusion that would ensue during the civil strife. Their hope was, that when the contending sovereigns had worn away and crippled their strength in the contentions with each other,

they, like the fox in the fable, should be able to carry off the prize.

It then became a hard trial for the Lady of Aspen. A father and a husband led on troops which were destined to meet in martial strife, each endeavouring to compass the death of the other. To wish success for the one was to wish injury for the other, and thus the mind of the lady was wrung with anxious thoughts; now for a parent to whom every tie bound her, then for a husband for whom her heart still retained all its fondness, notwithstanding the checks put upon love by the harsh conduct of the Baron.

At first fortune declared in favour of the Queen; hers was the conquering army, and her opponent a prisoner in her power. The cause of Stephen then seemed lost for ever, and his dispersed followers mostly again returned to their castles, and prepared to sustain a siege should their enemies endeavour to obtain their possessions. Among them was George of Aspen, but the defeat had soured his temper, and he treated his wife with constant unkindness—even with harshness. It was soon after that the Lady of Aspen received a message from her father, entreating her to return to the hall of Hereward, as the Queen was resolutely bent upon laying siege to and reducing the Castle of Aspen. The answer the lady returned was noble and in every way worthy herself: “Tell my father,” said she to the messenger he had sent, “that duty and honour alike forbid me to comply with his request. The fates and fortunes of my husband shall be shared, were they ten times as dark and twenty times as desperate. The grief I entertain at my husband’s loss forbids the joy I should otherwise feel at my father’s success. Return with such messages no more, since nothing which does not include the good of the Baron of Aspen shall be thought of by his lady. My father must address his future messages to the Baron, not

to me,—his thoughts are mine.” When the Baron heard of the message, he became stirred with passion; and though he could not but feel the affectionate conduct of his wife, yet his indignation burst forth, and his words showed too plainly the contempt which had long reigned in his heart towards his Saxon neighbour. “The Saxon porker,” cried he, “carries it mighty bravely; but victory is so new a thing, that he may well triumph. I suppose he thinks that he can as easily drive us from this castle as he does his pigs from the field, and will bring the same weapons doubtless. The insolent churl! to think that he can overpower a Norman baron! But a few good strokes of Norman steel will soon teach such paltry knaves better.”

Many and more bitter would have been the taunts the angry Baron would have uttered, had not his lady gently laid her hand upon his arm and said mildly, “If not for his sake, at least for mine, spare your invectives.”

“For your sake!” said the Baron with a contemptuous look, and apparently glad to find an occasion to give vent to his passion. “For your sake I have done too much already; but for you, the insolent churl your father had been but little able to utter his insolent threats: I could have crushed him as I would an adder in my path, and added his possessions to mine. And but for you, it had been done; but for you, I had been now the first amongst the leaders in the King’s army, instead of an object of contempt.”

“Oh! George,” said his lady, “I have never given cause for this: the Saxons are oppressed, but not contemptible.”

“Oh no!” retorted the Baron with a sneer: “a noble—a very noble race! at the wine-cup, I believe one could beat a dozen Normans; but as for valour, why a score would flee from the stroke of a Norman axe. True, they are valorous in words—at least the women, and that I know to my sorrow.

O that I had ever wedded! or, having done so, were mated to one who had a soul like my own!"

"Am I then so soon an object of aversion?" said the Lady of Aspen with a deep sigh. As she spoke, she looked full in the face of her husband—a look full of love, one that recalled former days to his remembrance—that for a moment his passion was checked. She was continuing, but he stopped her.

"Tut, tut," said he, but his voice was milder, "I cannot listen to you now, but must prepare my castle to receive your noble father in a way suitable to his rank and dignity; and if he carries his carcass to his own hall, place no faith in the words or valour of a Norman."

The Baron then proceeded to give the necessary directions to furnish the garrison with provisions, and to prepare to sustain the threatened siege; whilst his lady retired to her own apartment, to indulge in melancholy feelings and to mourn over blighted hopes.

But the fortunes of war are varying and uncertain, and the Queen, in her turn, became the fugitive. The people, irritated by her imperious bearing towards them, joined the ranks of her enemies, and the partisans of Stephen were soon able to make head against the Queen.

Hereward of Ely still, however, adhered to the cause he had at first espoused, and, with the Queen's brother-in-law, Robert of Gloucester, was taken prisoner at the siege of Winchester.

The Normans exulted in the capture of a man whose name was held in veneration by the Saxons, and determined to revenge the frequent defeats they had suffered from his father by dooming his son to death.

The same messenger who brought the news of the success of Stephen's party to the Castle of Aspen, told also of the capture and probable fate which awaited the Saxon Thane.

It was on the morrow after these tidings reached the Baron, that the scene with which this tale opens took place. The Baron was standing and looking from the battlements of his own lordly home, and dreams and thoughts of ambition passed through his mind. At his feet lay wooded park and grassy field; beyond, and yet more extensive and richer, lay the possessions of the Saxon; and the Baron seemed to be indulging in the hope that the possession of both would soon be his.

It was while thus ruminating upon the future, that he was joined by his lady. Her thoughts were widely different from those of her lord: her errand was to entreat her husband to use his power to save her father's life. It was perhaps the sudden check such a request gave to his golden hopes, which irritated the Baron. He rudely refused. The suppliant entreated yet more, when, infuriated, he raised his arm and struck her.

Timid, mild, and gentle as was the Saxon lady, she had a soul as proud as the Norman Baron. She had borne the taunts of her husband without reply; but in that she displayed a nobleness and dignity of character, since it is far easier to resent than to suffer. But when the assistance of her husband was refused, then was it that her mind rose to activity and to power,—the timid gave place to the resolute, and the dignity of command succeeded to the gentle and yielding disposition.

When evening closed in, the Baron of Aspen set out to join the now triumphant followers of Stephen; and, before the night had darkened the earth, the lady was bound for the same destination as her lord, though for a very different motive.

That day had wrought a vast change in the heart of the Lady Edith. The morning saw her a gentle suppliant for the liberation of a beloved father; the evening saw her at the head of a few resolute men, determined to effect that liberation by force.

Within an hour after the Baron had quitted his castle, the lady was once again in the halls of Hereward. Everything was just as when she quitted it; the spoils of war and of the chase hung in their respective places; and, as she stood in the great hall, surrounded by well-remembered faces, it seemed as if her absence had been but a night, in place of years. One thing alone was different, and that gave reality to what else might have seemed but a dream. Her father—the hale, though grey-headed chieftain—his form met not her eye; his loud and joyous voice fell not upon her ear; his seat was vacant.

The plan of the Lady of Aspen was soon matured. No sooner was the visit and its occasion known, then all were eager to lend their aid to bring about the liberation of their noble chieftain. A score were selected from those who presented themselves, as the intention was to take by surprise the castle in which the Thane was imprisoned. She determined to be the general in this attack, and though earnestly dissuaded from hazarding her own person in the attempt, she would not consent.

“I am still Edith of Hereward,” said she, “and as such can look upon danger and difficulty without dismay. We are branded as slaves, taunted as cowards, by our conquerors; but to-night shall show the proud Normans that the daughter of a Saxon chieftain can brave a danger their own would shrink from encountering.”

A loud shout followed this speech, the echo of which reached the Castle of Aspen; and the followers of the fair Saxon felt their courage raised, and their desire to try a blow with the enemy increase.

The object of the lady was to arrive at Winchester before her lord, and accordingly the night was broken in upon, and the time of sleep abridged, in order to accelerate the journey. The

bell of the Abbey of Winchester tolled the hour of midnight, when the attack was to commence, in order to liberate the Saxon Hereward. Reposing securely after their recent victory, the Normans had but little suspicion of their enemies' design, and without alarming any, the Saxons mastered the sentinels upon the outer walls and entered the city. Stimulated to exertion by their first success, the Saxons boldly set to work to liberate the prisoner. With loud shouts, they attacked the castle in which Hereward was held a captive; and such was the consternation spread by the suddenness of the attack, that the sentinels fled in the utmost fear, fancying that the army of Matilda had rallied, and was endeavouring to retake the city.

The prison of Hereward was reached—the captive set at liberty, but the time which had been consumed was fatal to the assailants. Finding themselves unattacked, the Normans soon recovered their presence of mind, and assembled in numbers to oppose their foes.

Darkness favoured the Saxons, or else they had been cut off to a man; but the smallness of their numbers and the obscurity of the night formed their security.

The object of the Saxons was to gain the gate through which they had entered, well knowing that that point was unguarded. They therefore pushed boldly forward and reached it in safety. Hereward himself, armed with a ponderous mace, was prepared to keep the liberty which had been so unexpectedly given him, and was the last to leave the city.

The smallness of their numbers then became apparent to the Normans, who, maddened at having been outwitted, resolved to make up for their first fears and inaptitude. They accordingly sallied forth in large numbers after the small body of Saxons.

Nothing remained for the Saxons but flight; but Hereward seemed determined to make a stand, and calling his fol-

lowers around, fiercely attacked the Normans who were without the walls. It was, however, but a brief struggle; overpowered by numbers, the Saxons sank one by one upon the earth. Hereward himself fought like a demon; his ponderous mace dealt death at every stroke, till the foe shrunk from him dismayed as though he were invulnerable to their weapons and bore a charmed life.

For every Saxon that was slain, there fell at least a dozen Normans; but as the latter still pressed on, Hereward perceived that hope of victory was over, when calling upon the half-dozen that remained to follow him, he dashed furiously forward. Dealing his blows right and left, he cleared a passage through the Norman host, followed by the few who remained of that faithful band who had hazarded their lives for his.

The fugitives hastened forward to a little clump of trees where they had left their horses, and where the Lady of Aspen was waiting the arrival of her father with anxious hopes and a troubled heart.

Closely followed by their enemies, only three lived to reach it; the others were cut down ere far advanced. Among the former was Hereward himself.

“My father, my father!” was all that was spoken by one; “My daughter! my own dear child!” the only words that fell from the other; when the Thane snatched the reins of one of the horses, and vaulting in a moment upon his back, pressed forward, accompanied by his child, from the scene of slaughter.

Their enemies, however, were not far behind, and perceiving that the fugitives were likely to escape, prepared their bows. A flight of arrows was sent after the Saxon and his daughter, who, from the hilly ground they were riding over, were fully exposed to their enemies. Hundreds of missiles fell around them,

but they passed unhurt. They were nearly out of danger, when suddenly one came whizzing on, launched by a stouter arm and with a truer aim. A piercing shriek, the shriek of a female, rent the air,—the arrow had struck the Lady of Aspen in the back, and had penetrated her heart. Her father caught the sinking form of his daughter; then, checking his own horse, he raised her from her saddle and placed her before himself; he struck his heel against his own steed's side, and the animal advanced with greater speed up the hill, bearing upon its back the living and the dead.

The cry of the old man was very sad when he found that his daughter was a lifeless corpse in his arms. Bitter were the lamentations he uttered—tender and endearing were the epithets he used, as if the cold clay could hear his expressions of regard, and be sensible of his endearments. For a time he was insensible to all around, and the horse took what course he pleased, unchecked by his rider. But rest and repose were necessary for both the rider and his steed; yet even then the childless old man still held his daughter in his arms—still clung round her with affectionate concern—and then, bearing the corpse of his daughter in his arms, resumed his journey.

Thus it was he entered his own domains. The strange and sad spectacle caused many inquiries, but the Thane was deaf to all. "To-morrow ask, and I will tell," he muttered, and passed on. He carried the body of his child to the room she had called her own, and laid her upon the bed on which she had so often slept. He bent over her in agony—he paced round her with uneven tread; but at length nature burst the trammels of restraint, and the old man wept long and bitterly. The livelong night he passed in that chamber with the dead, and none dared venture to disturb him.

His heavy tread was heard for hours, but at length all grew quiet, and not a sound came forth. After waiting long and

anxiously for their master, the vassals ventured to enter the apartment; the morning sun shed its beams full into the room, and illumined the pale features of the deceased, making death beautiful. They likewise gilded the grey hairs of the old man, as, kneeling down by the bedside, he leant over the body of his daughter, with her hand clasped in his. His attendants spoke to him, but he neither moved nor gave answer. The old man was dead, and cold as the corpse his face hung over.

The melancholy tidings were not long in finding their way to the Castle of Aspen; and when the Baron heard thereof, the colour fled from his cheek, and his lip turned pale as ashes. Sorrow took possession of his heart. He lived as though life were valueless—in the world, but not of it; and from that day forth a smile of pleasure never rose upon the cheek of George of Aspen.

YORK CATHEDRAL.

THIS magnificent cathedral is so surrounded with houses, that it is difficult, or even impossible, to find a station from whence a full and distinct view of it can be taken. The level situation of the country, also, renders the prospect from the tops of the steeple somewhat unpicturesque. The edges of the Woulds and of Hamilton Moors, distinctly seen to the east and the north, give some variety to the prospect ; and to the south, at the distance of fifteen miles, the spires of Selby and Hamilton Haugh, covered with trees, in the middle of an extensive plain, are conspicuous objects. However, the author of a recent description thinks that the best station for a visitor to take a general survey around, will be underneath the central tower, or lantern steeple, the loftiest part of the edifice, where the various enrichments of sculpture, observed in the statuary screen, the rich tracery and painting in the windows, and the numerous clusters of columns in the different aisles, all combine to show a scene of splendour and solemnity which probably no other cathedral but this of York can boast of.

The interior of the cathedral is, in every respect, answerable to the magnificence of its exterior. The cross aisle displays a superb specimen. The circular arch, not quite laid aside in Henry the Third's time, still appears in the upper part, enclosing others of a pointed form. The pillars that support the larger arches are of an angular shape, and all the columns have rich leafy capitals. The windows are long, narrow, and

pointed, consisting of one light, or divided into several by unramified mullions. The windows in the south end are arranged in three tiers; the uppermost, composed of two concentric circles of small arches, is looked upon as a fine piece of masonry. In these windows are the representations of Archbishop St. William, St. Peter, St. Paul, and St. Wilfred; but the four figures of Abraham, Solomon, Moses, and Peter, in the lower tiers, are the work of a native artist, Mr. Peckitt. The north and south transepts display the same style of architecture; but in the lowermost tier of light, one window of exquisite beauty is divided into five, separated by stone mullions concealed from the eye, placed at a distance by clusters of elegant shafts, attached at intervals, and supporting arches richly ornamented with a kind of chevron work, a relic of the Saxon style.

Among the more ancient of the tombs, that of Archbishop Scrope merits particular notice; but neither this, nor those of Archbishops Rogers and Savage, display much ornament. The monument of Archbishop Greenfield, however, is a fine piece of architecture, enriched with tracery and pinnacles, and supported by arches and buttresses.

York Cathedral is only one of the buildings which tell us that England is the glory of the whole earth—the princess of nations; before the prowess of whose arm, tyranny and oppression have quailed; and before the flood of whose glorious illumination, ignorance has trembled, and sought her native shades. And when we walk her interior—when we see from some projecting heights her vessels reposing on their shadows, waiting only the occasion to be stirred by instinctive life—her cities, her towns, her cathedrals, her hamlets, and her villages—we cannot but claim it as our proudest boast, that such a land is ours; and not only the sweep of her present empire, but the high antiquity, and the bright renown cherished from

sire to son, and perpetuated through many a long age—the spell of chivalry is upon her ; the brilliant illusions of that time, when the pomp of the tourney and the masque were amongst Europe's first glories. She possesses the proudest abbey piles—buildings where the spirit of antiquity yet lingers ; and round whose cloisters, and cells, and ruined shrines, the shades of old monks and abbots yet walk the low castellated remains—

Whose turrets gleam i' the sun ;

frowning towers, which have often rung with the clang of the siegement, and where the shock of war and the stern voice of battle have often been heard : all these remind us of her by-gone days, for they are hers—may they be hers for ever !

THE SKYLARK.

SWEET bird of happiness,
Thou 'st left thy clover nest,
To soar to bright lands which the eye cannot see.
 O! for an angel's wing,
 That I might rise and sing
Blithely and sweetly, and purely as thee!

Sweet is thy matin lay,
Hymn'd to the God of Day—
Joyous the strain as joyous can be :
 Emblem of happiness,
 Emblem of gentleness,
O! that my hours were alway with thee!

Nothing of sadd'ning strain,
No lament over pain—
These thou hast left for mortals like me :
 On thy light, buoyant wing,
 Thou risest carolling—
Earth's cheating phantoms are nothing to thee!

THE BRIDESMAID.

It is somewhat remarkable, that while the Bride has formed so often a subject for the pen and pencil, the Bridesmaid should, with few exceptions, have been unnoticed. For the Bride minstrels have swept the harp-strings, and poets conjured up their loftiest thoughts; and the fairy-wand of romance has woven around her a mystic web, so that her every action has been traced, and her every thought conjectured. The painter's skill has been called forth to depict her in all the charms of her loveliness, as she stood before the altar, and bound herself to another, till death severed the silken cords—her before pale cheeks, whose paleness rivalled the rose-wreath which formed the chaplet for her brow, mantled with the crimson blush of modesty; and the bridal-day, with its merry peal and joyous hours—have all been painted in the gorgeous colouring with which fancy tints.

Yet is there another in that group which surrounds the altar, on whom the poet might bestow a lay—the limner, a picture;—the part she is performing is not ignoble; there is that in the office she is filling, which can scarcely be done without feelings of deep emotion, if envy tincture not her heart with gall.

She is oftentimes the sister, perhaps the only one, of the bride, endeared to her by the ties of relationship, yet more so by the band of affection: they may have learned the same lessons, played the same tunes, loved the same studies—in

a word, followed the same pursuits, and, like Juno's swans, sailed down the stream of time inseparable companions.

But the time is now come which is to dissolve these closely-knit ties. Can she then look upon an act, which, if it dry not up the fountain of affection towards herself, turns its bright streams to another channel, with indifference? Is there not, therefore, a generous devotedness on her part, as she arrays her sister for the wedding? when every merry peal which tuneful bells may ring will be as the death-knell of her own happy hours; she must think of the solitariness in store for herself, and though her countenance be lit up with smiles, and she strives to look cheerful and merry, yet they only enliven her heart, as the moonbeams the waters; their face becoming all brightness, their depths all coldness; and when the marriage ceremony is over, and her sister has left the home of her childhood, how great a change will she find wrought in the domestic circle!—a change dread and solemn as that felt when death calls one of a family to his own dark home. There will be a void which she feels cannot be filled up—the very walls seem to burn with the name of sister—everything around calls her to mind; the plants they have tended—the favourite birds they have fed—the walks they have trodden together—the music they have played—all with one accord recal the lost one to her remembrance—and lost in thought, she well might seek some solitary chamber, and recal the images of the past—of earlier and happier years, before sorrow had laid a finger upon the heart, or suspicion entered the mind. And as this the glorious past floats through the mind, and is contrasted with the dark uncertain future, the heart of the sister may well harbour some feelings of despondency, and entertain the thought that the world is not so fair as fancy may have painted; but that sorrow, sickness, disappointment will have to be endured by her she loves so well.

TINTERN ABBEY, MONMOUTHSHIRE.*

WHAT ruins are those I survey,
And which strike with such rev'rence my eye?
The towers of old Tintern are they,
The towers on the banks of the Wye.

The abbey once flourishing stood,
And with Monmouthshire's proudest might vie,
When high it o'ershadow'd the flood
Which laves the green banks of the Wye.

But Tintern's now mould'ring away,
Her prosperous days are past by;
And fallen in utter decay
Are the towers on the banks of the Wye.

Yet still as the trav'lers advance,
And the abbey's grey ruins descry,
They cast many a wandering glance
At the towers on the banks of the Wye.

But the fortunes of Tintern are gone,
No more rises its head to the sky;
And the Ivy stands witness alone,
To the towers on the banks of the Wye—

* These lines were written at the request of a young lady, who in her journey into Wales, on admiring the beauties of Tintern, was induced to take a slip of its ivy growing on the walls, and plant it in her father's grounds.

The Ivy which grew on its wall,
When Tintern was flourishing high ;
The Ivy which grew at its fall,
On the towers by the banks of the Wye.

A slip of that Ivy remains,
Nor, with tenderness propt, shall it die.
But stand witness for ages again
To the towers by the banks of the Wye.

To reflection and memory dear
The Ivy shall be in my eye ;
When I see it, I think with a tear
Of the towers by the banks of the Wye.



Painted by A. Cooper R.A.

Engraved by J. Goodyear

The Faithful Servant.

THE FAITHFUL SERVANT.

SEARCH, search, in records past and gone, and find a man more brave,
Than he who died a fearful death another's life to save.
No crowds were there to witness it, t' applaud the noble deed,
Which, while it saved from fearful death, gave his own life to bleed.

The sun was sunk, the woods were thick, a madd'ning roar was heard,
The woods resounded with the cry, the tangled thicket stirr'd,
And springing forth, with mane erect, a lion in his pride
Fasten'd upon the passing horse, and tore its heaving side.
In vain the servant, undismay'd, spurr'd on the frighten'd steed,
The courser heeded not the heel, nor quicken'd he his speed;
Death was at hand for one or both, the servant saw and gave
His body to the ravenous beast, his mistress he might save.

Who is the bravest? he who dares, death 'midst a thousand foes?
When love of country, thirst for fame, within his bosom glows,
With passions kindled, blood on fire, how can a man feel fear?
For though fell death is near at hand, he cannot tell *how* near;
He fights, he fights, and death o'ertakes, he dies a glorious death,
And Fame and Honour crown his brow, as heaves his parting breath:
And friends shall tell his noble deeds, he dared the foeman's power,
To build a name might well repay one dark and painful hour.
—Or he who threw his life away when none but God was near—
None but the God who gave him life, and she his soul held dear?
He loved her as a serf may love, he died and show'd its power—
Death, Death, wert thou the conqueror in that dark, fearful hour?
Ah, no! the soul thou conquer'd not—that spurn'd thy puny sway,
And left the frail and fickle frame, and soar'd from earth away,
Where all is light, and peace, and joy: the slave and noble there,
If true on earth, its glorious fruits alike may freely share.

THE JUST FOR THE UNJUST.

I PITY the widow who has children looking to her for support. Widowhood may be a light and a gay time for those who have no such claims, and who, through being left in competency, if not in affluent circumstances, can indulge in pleasure and gaiety unchecked and unrestrained by the thraldoms of marriage : it is different—very different—to those who, unblessed by fortune, have to provide for the wants and guide the footsteps of the young. Let the gay young widow be a subject for the mirthful and the merry to point their witty observations at : she who, with scanty means, has to provide for the wants of her children, is entitled to be regarded with far other feelings than those of mirth and merriment. There is superadded to a mother's assiduity and tenderness, all the anxious cares of a father. The hopes, the fears, the duties which nature intended should be borne by two, have to be sustained and performed single-handed and alone. Oh ! if it be a sight calculated to awaken the highest feelings of pleasure, to watch a young and fond mother playing with and caressing her children, it must arouse feelings of admiration—of pity, to note a young widow, in the first days of her bereavement, gazing with a fond but earnest look upon her offspring. That look, so earnest, so intense, so painfully ardent, conveys too truly the workings of the spirit within. Alone, unaided, with nothing to trust to but God and a firm rectitude of purpose, she has to curb the wayward spirits of youth—to lead, to

teach, to guide, to warn,—and yet more, to labour for the sustenance of those who, too young to know care or to have thought, are ever assailing with childish troubles and petty grievances.

If a picture of true heroism were to be required, it would be amongst the widowed daughters of humanity that the search would be carried on with the fairest prospect of success. The patient endurance, the quiet submission to duty—duty involving alike toil and privation,—the continued watchfulness, the constrained appearance of calmness when the heart is often bursting—the frequently-endured privation,—and these, too, suffered and performed under the hardest and most trying circumstances—in silence and solitude, without sympathy to cheer or encouragement to stimulate—unknown save to God, and unspoken save in prayer,—afford such a picture of patience, disinterestedness, and nobleness, that if the frivolities of widowhood afford a theme for ridicule, its toils and heart-wearings afford a subject, if for nothing higher, at least for respect.

The summer's sun was rising brightly over the pretty little village of Elmsdale;—the seven tall and stately elm trees from which it derived its name seemed spangled with bright jewels, as their dew-bespangled leaves glistened in the beams of the morning sun;—the old grey towers of the princely and noble castle of Windsor, which rose near the little village, seemed to lose their ruggedness and sternness, as though even their time-worn stones were gladdened by the coming of day. Its lofty towers and tessellated terraces, and towering battlements seemed to feel the influence of the sun, and rejoice that

his bright beams once more shone upon them. There it stood, in the midst of woody and wide-extending parks—the same proud and princely pile it had ever been—rich in the recollection of by-gone years—bearing back the mind to days of war and chivalry, when the proud and almost princely barons held powerful sway, the king himself being but little more than the most potent of many who exercised an almost kingly power.

Yes! there it stood! a deserted yet wonderful relic—a giant of other days, which though conveying the idea of feudal grandeur and magnificence, seemed but ill adapted for the taste of modern times.

The glorious days of the noble structure seemed over—the deer browsed undisturbed in the park, undismayed by the whoop of the hunter,—the bird built its nest in the thick foliage of the trees undisturbed and unmolested, save from the hand of the wandering school-boy.

There, listening to the belling of the deer, the song of the bird, the caw of the rook, the splashing of the ducks as they dived in the lakes,

“The saddest heart might pleasure take
To see all nature gay.”

And now all was waking into life and activity under the bright beams which the morning sun was shedding over the varied landscape;—the bird left its nest, the cattle grazed in the meadows, the hind led forth her young to feed in the noble park, and the sheep became eager to leave their fold. All was life and beauty, as if the spell which darkness threw over nature had been broken, and the charm which lulled to sleep been dissolved, by the beams of the morning. But the dew

still hung upon leaf and flower, and fruit, as if they shed tears over the silence they had lost, though called to brightness and beauty ; as daughters leaving their mother's home to embark on the wide and troublous sea of life shed tears—yet not all of sorrow, for hope makes them radiant.

The village consisted of about twenty cottages—some of the prettiest and neatest cottages ever seen. The honeysuckle, the rose, and the jessamine covered their walls, forming at once a beautiful sight, and shedding a rich perfume. And within were contented spirits—happy parents and healthy children ; and the merry peal of laughter which every now and then broke the quietness, proclaimed alike the absence of trouble and of thought. It is true, few—perhaps very few—of the luxuries of life found their way to these humble homes ; but what of that?—these happy villagers had never known their want, and therefore never felt their loss.

One cottage, and one alone of all the cluster, was an exception. The plants which climbed the walls and clustered over the latticed porch grew unrestrained and wild, betokening that the family within were either engrossed by care, or were extremely negligent.

The family consisted of four individuals—two children and their parents ; but as yet there were no signs of life. The blinds of the little chambers were drawn, and all was hushed as death.—Hushed as death!—it was a silence and solemnity fitted for the time, for the hand of death was busy.

Upon the bed was lying a young man apparently of about thirty, whose livid lip and glassy eye proclaimed that he was hastening fast to that last sleep of mortals, the sleep of death. The mind of the dying man was disquieted and troubled ; but the thoughts which agitated him were anxious ones for others rather than for himself. A pale yet youthful and beautiful woman was bending over the dying man, watching with an-

xious look his flushed cheek and thick-coming breath, and ministering that comfort which kind words and deep solicitude can always afford.

“ Oh God ! that I might live !” exclaimed the dying man. “ Not for myself I ask it, but for your sake, Ellen, and for the sake of my children. To leave you friendless, and them orphans, to the world’s cold, biting scorn—Oh ! Heaven, Heaven !”

His wife kindly urged him to think not of it. “ There is,” said she, “ a God above us who provides for the widow, and becomes a father to the fatherless ; and if the ravens are fed from his bounty, shall not we ?”

“ Oh ! Ellen, Ellen ! you know not what poverty is. You cannot think what it is to be exposed to the cold chilliness of penury—to meet with proud contempt and haughty scorn—to wear away the body’s strength and the soul’s thoughts in toil, incessant toil. And you, that have known comforts, luxuries, wealth, to come to this—and through me !—Oh ! Ellen, does not your heart curse me ?”

“ No !” exclaimed his wife. “ May Heaven bless you, as I do ! The fault does not rest with you ; and that which has now been taken, Heaven in its own good time will return, if such be the pleasure of the Almighty.”

There was a pause ; the eyes of the wife were turned with a fixed and earnest gaze upon her husband’s face, who soon after added—

“ The pain is passing away. It cannot last long. You were always good, and kind, and gentle, Ellen ; God and religion were not often forgotten by you. If not for yourself, at least for me, as the last request of a dying man—a man you have loved—let our children be instructed in the ways of religion and virtue. Wealth will not be their portion ; but they may have a nobler gift than riches, a heart at peace with od.”

His wife bent over him in tearful agony, and, pressing her lips to his fevered brow, kissed it fervently. While tears fell fast from her eyes, she said in a broken and tremulous voice—"I will, my Herbert, I will."

"None," said the husband, "can tell what religion is, till they lie as I now do. I should have died happier had I thought more of God."

His children—a boy of about seven, and a girl of five years old—were brought to the bedside. The dying father took their hands and kissed them; but his feelings overcame him, and he soon desired them to leave the room. Immediately afterwards he turned his eyes upon his wife—faintly uttered, "It is all over!" then, with a feeble struggle—during which were uttered the words "wife, children, God!"—and the spirit left the clay.

For a long time the afflicted wife hung over the senseless form of what had once been her husband. Loud and deep were her lamentations, and she pressed her face to that which was fast assuming the coldness of death, as if its warmth could bring back the life which had fled. But, however deep the grief, there are duties which the dead require. The body was therefore left, that these might be performed, whilst the living went to weep.

* * * * *

Years rolled on. The once young Ellen Stanley has grown to a matronly woman. But her face, though it has lost some of its beauty, still wears that mild, pale, pensive look it wore in youth. Her eyes, though not so bright as once they were, still retain their expression of benevolence and love. But if the years which have passed have taken these charms from her, they have, like the descending mantle of Elijah, given a double portion to her children. Her son had grown up to a fine lad of nineteen, and, by those who look but slightly

into the features, would have been regarded as handsome. His hair was light, and clustered in small curls round his forehead, which, though not high, was far from being contracted. His eyes were bright and blue; but they were small, and there was an expression about them of haughty and determined resolution, for they were somewhat sunk beneath his eyebrows, which either nature or habit had contracted into a perpetual furrow. His nose was finely moulded; but about his mouth there was a sinister and malicious expression.

His sister's countenance, while more beautiful, was, at the same time, more pleasing than her brother's. No evil passions contracted her brow; and the expression of her mouth, in place of being a malicious one, was one of good-natured mirth; whilst the playfulness which lurked about her eye, told of a light-hearted and thoughtless disposition—full of high spirits, determined to be pleased with the pleasures of life, and ignorant as yet of its snares.

It was Sunday evening, in the middle of summer, and in that little cottage the mother and her two children were assembled. The window opened to the west, and the setting sun threw its bright rays into the room. The Bible lay open before the parent, and, in a low and musical tone which well accorded with the beauty of the hour, she was reading of "the way, the truth, and the life." But the attention of her son was far otherwise occupied; and, if he heard at all the words which were spoken, they were only heard with the ear, without being understood. Presently a loud whistle was heard.

"Ah! there," cried Herbert, interrupting the chapter his mother was reading,—“Ah! there is James Wildbran; I knew he would be back to-night. I must hear the news.”

Perhaps, however, the consciousness of the wrongness of his action crossed his mind, for in the next instant his face

was crimsoned with a blush of shame ; but, immediately afterwards, he turned to leave the room.

“ Herbert,” said his mother as she closed the book, “ I had better speak now than later. Respect for a mother might have taught you better than to make such an interruption. But it matters little about that ; the insult has been offered to a higher Being than myself—to Him who made us both. To slight His Word is to offer insult to the Author, and from disrespect direct opposition proceeds. Of late you are strangely changed. You have grown idle in your habits, and neglectful of your God. The calm kindness of your former manner has gone. You are now capricious, wayward, and ill-natured. In your sleep you cannot rest, but start, and mutter, and clench your fist. Oh, Herbert, Herbert ! you have some dreadful secret at your heart, either just committed or about to be performed. Oh ! if we are poor, let us be honest ; let us not bring the curse of God and man alike upon us. If you will not work, I will toil for you—toil while strength lasts ; but rather, far rather would I see my child shrouded for the grave, than have him live to disobey God, dishonour his parent, and destroy himself. Whatever it be, this new-found friend, this Wildbran, has a hand in it. Oh, Herbert ! as you value my blessing, go not to him. By the pains, the watchings, the yearnings of a mother, abstain from his company ; for if you rush to vice and ruin, then will you bring down your mother with sorrow to the grave.”

It was true, as his mother had said, a change had come over the spirit of her son. He was scarcely to be known as the same individual to whom, a few months before, his mother and sister were all in all.

James Wildbran was a gay, reckless young man—a wild, careless, jovial companion, who could laugh, and sing, and tell merry tales, and while away the time so pleasantly, that his

companions wondered at the swiftness with which the hours flew when they were in his company. Why he had come into that part of the country, nobody could tell. It was not for employment, for he had no ostensible means of livelihood; and yet he always seemed to have money at command—if not in great quantities, at least sufficient to keep him.

But there was such an air of mystery about him! Where he came from, nobody could tell; and he was frequently absent whole days together, no one could surmise where. His cottage, too, no one had ever been inside—except Herbert. His appointments were at the alehouse, the green, but never at his own house; and yet,—for such was the curiosity of the villagers, that one or two had, at sundry times, peeped in at the lower window,—nothing could be seen there to justify suspicion. The furniture was but scanty; but that excited no surprise in a village where all were poor. An oaken table, and two or three chairs of the same material, made up the whole.

Certain it is, that poaching had been lately carried on in the neighbourhood to a greater extent than had ever been known before; but then there was nothing which could bring such deeds home to Wildbran.

Such was the young man with whom Herbert had formed a companionship—a companionship the most dangerous to religious principles and high integrity, since Wildbran, though not openly despising, secretly laughed alike at religion and morality. “It does for greybeards,” he would say, “to be so strict and cautious; but youth and pleasure were made for one another—and, for my own part, I see no ill in gaiety and jollity, and I never found any one who thought so except those who are too old to partake of them—and then they find out how exceedingly sinful they are, for the benefit of the young. I wonder now, Herbert Stanley, you let your mother keep you so hard at work. There you are, slaving, slaving all the week,

and then moped to church on a Sunday, and then drenched with prayers and sermons all the evening. Why, such work as that is enough to blunt every energy; whereas after a little pleasure you would go to work a new man."

This ever has been, and ever will be, the surest method for the vicious to seduce the virtuous from their good resolutions and principled morality.

Vice truly is

"A monster of so frightful mien,"

that if the full form were presented at first, horror and disgust would only ensue: but when once habits of idleness are instilled, the rest soon follows, and we

"First endure, then pity, then embrace."

The mind of Herbert was not yet ripe for open rebellion; the principles in which he had been brought up yet assumed a mastery,—the natural respect he bore to his mother—the respect not alone such as is due to a parent, but added thereunto the respect which follows worth and virtue.

He sat down again in moody silence. His mother spoke to him a few minutes afterwards, but he returned no answer; and his sister, rising from her seat, placed her hand upon his arm, and gently looking into his face, said,

"Herbert, my brother, think upon the time of our childhood and the days of our youth. Through those days happy were we; we worked and played together—we tended the same flowers, reared the same birds, shared each other's sorrow and partook of each other's joy. Then all was gladness—we shared each other's secrets, and knew each other's thoughts; then each had firm confidence in the other, and we were happy. But now it is far otherwise: you are grown silent and love solitude—your hopes and fears are kept entirely to yourself. Is it that I have become no longer worthy of your confidence?

or are your secrets such that you dare not reveal them? But since this estrangement has taken place, are you happier than you were? You cannot say you are: now you seldom smile; and when you do, it is such a smile, that I would sooner see you cry—it has in it so much more of sadness than of mirth.”

He looked upon her with a malignant expression, in which concentrated anger and a hidden resolve were strangely mingled with a wild ferocity. She quailed beneath the glance, and with a heart bursting sat down. This was the first interruption to the harmony which had always had a home in that humble cottage—a herald of the misery which afterwards befel them.

For an hour Herbert thus sat, without his features returning to their wonted calmness. It would seem that to him, as to the traitor Judas, the devil then took possession of his spirit, prompting to the deeds he afterwards wrought. Alas! what demon is there stronger than a man's bad passions, unrestrained and unchecked by religion and virtue?

But the expression of his countenance was so changed within that hour, that it was afterwards remembered and commented on by his relatives; the rumour of which going abroad, probably gave rise to the notion, that his after actions were wrought through the immediate agency of the foe of humanity. The evening meal was spread by the mother; but the food was left untasted by Herbert, who suddenly started up and exclaimed,

“I am going to bed—good night!”

“But have your supper first, Herbert,” said his mother.

“Do now, Herbert, that is a good lad,” rejoined his sister.

“I want no supper,” returned he sullenly; “I have had lecture enough to spoil a better appetite than mine.” And, without another word, he left the room.

The village clock struck nine, and to the mother and daughter it seemed to have partaken of the melancholy feeling which

reigned in their own hearts, so heavily and solemnly the sound fell. The hour passed on slowly and sadly ; the hearts of both were too full to speak, and they sat in silence, though now and then each turned an anxious gaze upon the other.

Ten o'clock struck, and they retired to bed—the daughter with a sad spirit, and the mother with an aching heart. It was too evident that her son had forsaken the path of virtue, and that he was entangled in the meshes of vice. The coil of the serpent was around him, but with how many folds ? Was it only now that it was beginning to be wreathed round him ? or was he already wound—so deeply wound, that rescue seemed impossible ? Oh ! she felt that her heart would burst if she saw him pursuing a career of recklessness and vice ; and she felt that she rather—much rather—would see him laid in the green churchyard, than have him live to be forsaken by his God, and—except indeed by those who shared alike his infamy and guilt—by man also. She threw herself on her knees at the bedside, and prayed long and fervently, that that evil might be averted ; she prayed for strength to withstand, and knowledge how to act under such trying circumstances. Let the infidel scoff at prayer—let him sneer at the thought of the fiats of the Omniscent being swayed or swerved one jot by the prayers of a mortal, who is but dust ; still must it be, that the fervent prayer of the righteous availeth much. If not to alter the ordering of Deity, it availeth to soothe a disquieted spirit, to calm the agitated mind, to bring the heart to rest on higher things than earth ; and when the spirit is harassed, worn down and troubled, then prayer, as powerful as when breathed from the lips of the Lawgiver of Israel, brings as it were water from the stony rock—for bright thoughts succeed to sad, hope takes the place of despondency, and faith bids to exertion, to patience, to zeal.

The mother arose calm and serene—all angry feelings were

lost, and going to the door of her son's room, she said, "Herbert, Herbert." But no voice answered in reply.

"Herbert," again said his mother, "I cannot sleep in unkindness." But still no answer came.

"Come, come," said his mother, "it is alike unmanly and unkind to bear anger in malice. Come, Herbert, speak." Still all was silence.

She took the handle in her hand, and tried to open the door: the inside was locked. "Herbert, Herbert," cried the mother, "speak, speak!" Still all was silent.

Her daughter now came to her side, in anxious alarm.

* * * * *

The door was forced open, but no Herbert was there. The bed was unpressed, the room empty; but the open window gave the idea that it was from thence he had gone out.

A sleepless night was passed by both mother and daughter. Anxiety, and that distraction of the spirit which anxiety brings, drove away sleep from the senses.

Thus anxious—thus assailed with fears, the mother resolved to wait till her son should return. Eleven—twelve passed, and yet he came not home. One—two—three rolled heavily along, yet all was calm and still; there was not heard a sound, save the rustling of the leaves as the wind gently passed. The day began to dawn—the dull grey of the morning soon gave place to the bright streaks of glorious sunlight, but still the absent son had not returned. The sun rose upon the earth brightly and majestically, diffusing light and gladness, and making everything joyous save the hearts of the watchers, and yet no tidings of young Stanley had been heard. The hour of noon drew rapidly on, and then was it the mother gained the first intelligence of the manner in which the night had been passed by her son; and to that was added the yet more painful information, that he at that moment was before

the country Justice, charged with being implicated in the crime of poaching.

No sooner was this direful news heard by the mother, than all a mother's love returned. She thought not of her son as a guilty and hard-hearted youth; his unkindness, his degradation were forgotten in a moment; and, alive only to the peril and danger of his situation, she instantly resolved to set forth and plead for his liberation.

"A mother's pleadings!—to that they will surely listen," said she to herself. "This must be his first offence; and, being so, I may procure his pardon."

With these feelings, and with this hope, she arrived at the Manor-house. Her errand was soon told; and, in a few minutes after, she found herself in the parlour of the Justice, in which, at the foot of the table, in company with another young man, stood her son.

At the sight of his mother, Herbert Stanley turned suddenly pale; but he soon recovered his self-possession, and met the gaze of the Justice with a look of composure, and even of haughtiness.

Mr. Justice Marshall, of Elmsdale House, was a cold-hearted, selfish man; his very generosity was selfishness, and his gifts were always rendered unwelcome by the manner in which they were bestowed. He always exacted such a tribute of thanks from the recipient, as rendered the favour far from acceptable; or else he so magnified his own munificence, that all sense of obligation was lost to the party receiving the favour.

Such was the man before whom Mrs. Stanley appeared to plead the cause of a guilty son. But all the eloquence of a mother's pleadings were not likely to avail much with a man whose heart was cold as stone, and whose sense of justice was entirely derived from what the law held right. Yet such was

the known respectability and uniform good conduct of the mother, that the Justice, notwithstanding the sternness of his disposition, felt some uneasiness at the sentence he was about to pass on her son.

The character of Mrs. Stanley was well known in the village. The gentle sympathised with the loss of riches she was known to have sustained. She was pointed out as a pattern of maternal love,—so absorbed seemed her feelings in the welfare of her children.

“I am sorry, madam,” said the Justice to her, in a cold-hearted tone,—“I am sorry to see you here on such an occasion. But you must be aware that the law was made for the protection of property, and that those who break through its injunctions become liable to its penalties. Though I am the injured party, I will not allow private feeling to influence my mind in the least degree. Your son shall have justice—strict, impartial justice—from my hands; though I cannot help expressing my regret that a son of yours should have exposed himself to the law’s penalties.”

These words, spoken in an indifferent tone, chilled the heart of the mother; but the fervency of a mother’s love urged her to make an effort to enlist on her side the sympathies of the Justice, and procure the liberation of her son.

“Sir,” said she, in a tone of bitter entreaty, “this once pardon him,—this once let your clemency be extended. Forgive, forgive, and the prayers of a widowed heart shall rise to Heaven to entreat the same mercy when you shall be summoned to the tribunal of God!”

“It may not be,” returned the stern man. “It is the law, and not I, which inflicts justice upon your son. You greatly mistake, madam: I have not the power, consistent with my duty, to liberate that young man. The world would say that I, Justice Marshall, pandered to the faults of criminals, and

suffered the Park of Elmsdale to be little else than a rendezvous for poachers."

"The world's opinion, sir," said Mrs. Stanley in reply, "is at best but poor: the heart is the best judge of the motives which influence the actions; and I cannot think that yours would ever upbraid you for having shown an act of clemency—for having yielded to a mother's prayers, and set free her child. If—but you cannot know! how should you?—if you but knew what a mother's feelings are! if you but knew what it is to watch the helplessness of infancy—to guard during the days of childhood—to bear with the waywardness of youth—you would not turn a deaf ear to my entreaty! By the memory of her to whom you yourself owe life, I entreat that your pardon may be extended!"

Though somewhat moved, the stern man shook his head and muttered, "It may not be."

"It may be, sir!" exclaimed the mother. "Yourself, and you alone, order it otherwise. Oh! say that it may be, and the gratitude of a widowed heart shall be yours."

"You plead to stone, mother!" exclaimed Herbert, now speaking for the first time since his mother had entered the room. "The trouble you have taken is more than the favour you ask."

"Silence, young man!" said the Justice sternly; then, turning to the mother, he continued—"The law allows a term of three months' imprisonment: I shall, at your request, abridge the period one-half. Though his probable appearance on my grounds last night was to carry on the nefarious practice of poaching, yet, as he had neither trap nor gun in his possession, he is only guilty in the eye of the law of trespassing. That young man by his side, who was taken in a different part of the wood, is guilty of the heavier charge, the implements necessary for his purpose being found upon him.

Your son and he are known to be companions ; but it is not shown that they acted in concert last night ; and as this seems to be your son's first offence, I shall not endeavour to substantiate proof sufficient to convict both, but, giving your son the benefit of the same, shall only inflict a term of six weeks' imprisonment upon him. As for the other—Wildbran, I think his name is—he will have to take his trial at the next Assizes."

At the mention of the name of Wildbran, the eyes of the mother and her son instinctively met. The recollection of the last evening's scene probably rose simultaneously in both minds, though it gave birth to very different feelings. In one, the sense of shame held full force: the other was filled with the most anxious thoughts. The companion of her son was before her, a degraded man and a criminal. She knew not what, from his association, might have been acquired over the mind of her son. Some of the fruits she saw ; but were these the first fruits, or had his insidious counsels and baneful example exercised such a hold that reformation was next to impossible? She saw that her son had acquired habits of idleness, and had become irreligious. Was the chain of idleness so thick, and bound round him with so many links, that nothing save a giant's strength could free from the fetters? And was the irreligion the effect of immorality—the change necessary to make the feelings of the heart agree with the actions of the life, since the avowal of disbelief is necessary to calm the remonstrances of conscience and to get rid of the disturbances of fear—belief and disquietude being inseparably connected? The angels believe and obey—the “devils believe and tremble”—man may disbelieve, and be undisturbed in his sins.

After the Justice had ceased speaking, there was a pause for a few moments. The mother was the first to break the si-

lence. She had, it is true, partly gained her object, in that the duration of her son's imprisonment had been shortened at her entreaty; and perhaps, under other circumstances, she would have expressed her thanks, and remained contented. But the feelings which agitated her breast during that pause were rapidly followed by others, though very different ones; and these urged her to attempt to make an effort to effect the immediate liberation of her son.

"If," thought she, "he be but just acquiring habits of idleness, will not the indolence he will be subjected to confirm and strengthen them? If he be but just tainted with vice, will not the associates he then will have to mingle and mix with harden and confirm? And if otherwise—if he were deeper read in villany, would not the companionship of the lawless and the desperate teach new ways in which villany might be perpetrated? She felt—she knew they would; and so feeling, so knowing, she made another effort.

She painted in vivid colours the dangers—she portrayed as forcibly as she could the probable consequences of an imprisonment upon her son. She urged her reasons with all the eloquence she could command. Dwelling upon the Justice's own words, she commented upon its being the first offence, and ended by saying that, actuated by the spirit of gratitude, she was sure that never again would her son do anything to the injury of his benefactor, and that she herself would venture to assert that this offence should be at once the first and last.

She pleaded in vain—the stern Justice was inexorable, and, irritated at the earnestness of the appeal, he answered bitterly,

"I have already limited the demand due to justice, and now any further attempt to lessen the duration of the period of your son's imprisonment will only be to increase it."

If the speech had finished thus, all might have been well; but the Justice, fond of ostentation, and of enlarging upon his own goodness, continued—

“I think, madam, that you and your son are both deeply indebted to me, in that I have forgotten every feeling of private animosity—put out of sight the loss my property sustains and the injury done to my domains, and merely given such a term of imprisonment as may serve for the youth’s wholesome correction. I have learned already that nothing like gratitude is to be expected from the poor, or else I should have thought that enough had been done for your son to prevent any further injuries from being inflicted by him. But in place of this, you tell me that if I let him freely off—take no notice of his misdeeds, then only shall my property be spared; though I do not see that if the education you have given your son cannot restrain him from commencing poaching, how your authority is to hinder him for the future. Of what worth, then, is your promise, or what dependence is to be placed upon your words?”

That which the Justice said might be but too true; but it was an insult, and, keenly alive to the taunt, the mother turned pale as ashes, and timidly shrunk back. Not so her son: the blood mounted to his cheeks, his form was drawn up erect, and, breaking the silence he had hitherto maintained, he said in a haughty tone,

“If I am placed in your power, you have nothing to urge against my mother. For what I have done, I alone am responsible; her counsels, her entreaties, were never wanting to urge me to follow the path of rectitude. You ask what her words are worth. They are words of truth, and her promise is as binding as though her soul were fettered by the obligation her lips uttered; and, as such, had you granted her request, it would have been held by me. But now I owe you no thanks;

I despise your niggardly gift—I care not if you do your worst, and pass the full sentence upon me.”

“Herbert,” exclaimed his mother, in a tone of entreaty, “for my sake, peace!”

“Very well, young man,” said the Justice. “A very modest attempt, upon my word! Another time I shall know how to act. Constable, remove the prisoners.”

As Herbert was being removed, he turned upon the Justice a scowl of mingled hatred and revenge, and pronounced, in a tone which thrilled the heart, the word “Remember!”

Not when Charles uttered that single word upon the scaffold, was a deeper sensation produced than now when it was spoken by an obscure youth, about to undergo an imprisonment as a penalty for his misdeeds. The word lived long afterwards in the minds of those who heard it, and in the village it at length became a byword, and, “like the Remember of Herbert Stanley” was used to denote the power of impressing upon the mind to the utmost degree.

* * * * *

From that day forth Mrs. Stanley became an altered person. She now no longer mingled with the villagers,—alternately caressing and teaching their children; she shrunk from observation, and, indulging in melancholy feelings, became a prey to grief. She felt that she was a woman marked out for observation and remark; that the ban of obloquy and shame was upon her; that the finger of scorn was raised at her; and that she was pointed at as the mother of a poacher. Her good name—that which she had cherished when property crumbled away and left her poor—where was it now? Should she become the teacher of others’ children, when presence, precept, example, had been ineffectual with her own? All sense of gladness was lost. She breathed, she moved, she

lived ; but how ? it was death in life, light without heat, the sun without brightness.

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It is a strange and unwise law which punishes all crimes of a similar nature alike, without regard to the circumstances under which they were committed, or to the feelings which prompted the perpetrators to commit them. Independent of the manifest injustice of such a course, it is fraught with the most direful consequences. The association of those hardened in crime, and who ran a long career of guilt before the arm of the law arrested them, with others who have but just commenced such a career, is productive of the worst results. The prison thus becomes a school in which the tyro in crime is taught lessons in villany and hardihood ; and the season of confinement, instead of leading back the heart to virtue and religion, plunges it yet deeper in infidelity and vice. Then, too, after such an imprisonment as is now inflicted, there is an almost impossibility of the criminal's returning to the path of rectitude. The very fact of an imprisonment having been undergone, at once shuts the door against any return. The bitterest hunger may have prompted to a theft ; the wringing of the heart—wrung as the hearts of the poor can only be—may have excited to deeds of revenge ; the frenzy of despair—the despair caused by destitution—may have maddened and fired ere guilt began : the perpetrator is detected and punished—punished in the same manner as he would have been if he had been a desperate villain, deeply versed in crime.

The term of imprisonment at length expires, and, with the cause of crime, the desire of its commission passes away. The criminal may have learned that vice is unhappiness, and be anxious to return to the right path ; but he finds himself an

object of suspicion ; his punishment is remembered, but not the motives which led to the deed entailing that punishment. Who will trust the man who has once been the inmate of a prison ? where shall he procure employment ? and, that wanting, where shall he get bread ? He finds that he is regarded with mingled suspicion and contempt. Turn where he will, he meets with distrust and disbelief ; and there seems to go before him, as there went before the leprous Jew, a voice which exclaims, "Unclean, unclean !"

No wonder, then, that a man thus circumstanced should plunge yet deeper into crime—not ended until the hulks receive another outcast, or the scaffold another wretch.

It was thus with Herbert Stanley. He was, when committed to prison, but a dabbler in guilt ; at that time early education and religious instruction had not lost all their force. But when he became the inmate of a prison, mingling with those who had run a long career of guilt, he soon learned to become as bad as any of his associates, and wanted but the opportunity for the feeling to be displayed in action. He went into prison bursting with the desire of revenge ; he quitted that prison fully instructed in the means best fitted for its execution. Such is prison discipline.

The first gleam of a December sun was shed over the earth when Herbert was released from his imprisonment. The feelings of his heart accorded well with the season—both were cold, dark, desolate.

He was liberated a far different person from what he was when first confined. His thoughts were then but slightly tinctured with guilt ; but now he was grown callous and hardened—fit for deeds of violence, and willing to become the leader in any act which had for its end the injury of Mr. Marshall.

A man bent upon committing deeds of violence is not long

in finding accomplices. There are always lurking about a set of persons who are ready to join in any scheme which procures the means of livelihood without the steady application which honest industry requires, and two or three of this character now formed the constant companions of Herbert. His home he seldom visited—that was not a place suited to his taste ; how should it ?—there all was calm and gentle—his heart was agitated by stormy and violent passions.

It is possibly true, that heaven itself would be a hell to fiends—the objects presented being so little suited to the desires, that misery, instead of happiness, would be felt. It was thus with Herbert Stanley : the quiet of his mother's cottage was ill suited to his turbulent spirit ; the prayers which rose morning and night accorded but little with a heart which indulged in infidelity as a sort of screen for immorality, and mocked at all religion. He found far more congenial spirits at the alehouse, and the oath and the curse more frequently fell from his lips than prayer or praise. One feeling, and one alone, took possession of his mind—one purpose alone engrossed his thoughts—and this one was Revenge.

The dark and stormy nights of December were just suited to carry out this rancorous feeling ; and, in combination with his new-found companions, Herbert again renewed his attacks upon the property of the Justice. But as the object in view was revenge, the game which was destroyed was immense ; and when the spoilers were sufficiently laden, they left the rest on the spots where it was killed, or hung it upon trees in places where the gamekeeper was sure to pass.

Mr. Marshall was indignant ; he resolved to bring the offenders to justice. The gamekeepers were doubled, and, urged by the promise of reward, they exercised the utmost vigilance. But these precautions were of no avail ; and, as if to mark their sense of security, on that very night a pheasant



Drawn by P. Decore.

WINDSOR CASTLE.

Engraved by Chas. Heath.



was nailed against the gamekeeper's door, and several of the windows broken by having stones thrown against them.

As soon as the next evening closed in, the gamekeepers were all at their posts. It was a cold, dark night; a dense black mass of cloud hung heavily around, from which a drizzling rain was falling. For several hours the keepers proceeded through every part of the plantation, but not a sound was heard, except, indeed, the wailing of the wind as it swept through the trees, and the patter of the rain-drops as they fell from the leafless branches. But though unseen and unheard, the poachers were carrying on their unlawful work.

In order to insure fidelity and watchfulness on the part of his men, Mr. Marshall resolved upon visiting in person the different posts, in order to see that they were at their places. Armed with a gun, he was proceeding from one part to another, when he fancied he heard a slight rustling behind him. He was turning round to ascertain the cause, when a bullet whizzed past, and the next instant a man started from his lurking-place, and diving into the thickest part of the wood, was soon lost to view.

The report resounded in the calm night air, and before the echo had died away, it was followed by the loud shouting of the word "Remember," from different parts of the plantation.

The strangeness and suddenness of the attack deprived the Justice of all presence of mind for a few minutes, while the several voices misled his keepers, so that each advanced to that part of the plantation from whence to him the nearest sound proceeded, instead of uniting in the capture of a single individual. After a little time, however, several joined together and renewed the search, though it turned out a fruitless one, which at length was given up out of sheer fatigue.

On the morning after this attack, four or five persons were

seated together in the back room of a small alehouse a few miles from Elmsdale. Piled upon a table before them was a quantity of game, which was being portioned out and allotted to the several individuals there assembled, the greater part of which soon after became the property of the innkeeper, either as a payment for old debts or in exchange for spirits and beer ; and thus that which life and liberty had been perilled to obtain was in a few hours wasted for the means of enjoying the degrading pleasures of intoxication.

There was, however, one person in that group who was actuated by far other feelings than that of a desire for drink. The share which fell to him was immediately paid for in money, of which but little was afterwards spent. But as he looked upon the loaded table upon which the hare, the pheasant, and partridge lay confusedly together upon the reeking carcass of a deer, a triumphant pleasure was depicted in his countenance—the pleasure of gratified revenge.

The manner in which the attack had been made, and the retreat so easily effected, was by means of the river which ran round the plantations of Mr. Marshall. The innkeeper to whom the game had been sold had long been suspected of secret intercourse with poachers, but hitherto he had escaped detection, and no suspicion of his keeping a little boat, by which it became so easy to enter the Justice's grounds, had ever entered into the minds of any. The gently-running waters of the little river which wound round the grounds left no trace upon their bosom of the burden they had borne.

In the provision the Justice had made for the protection of his property, he entirely overlooked the side most open to attack ; so that while the side towards the village was carefully guarded, that towards the river was entirely neglected. Availing themselves therefore of this inattention, the poachers

entered on the unguarded side, which at the same time afforded them the greatest facilities for carrying off their spoil.

"And when, Mr. Stanley," said one of the group, as the party was about separating,—“when do you intend to lead us on to the next attack? This has turned out so successfully, that I care not how soon it is repeated.”

“Never,” was the reply.

“You but jest,” said several voices in an earnest tone.

“I never was more serious,” was the answer. “When we part company now, we part for ever.”

“It is to turn tell-tale that you split from us now,” said a ruffian-looking fellow in a taunting tone. “If I but thought so, ———” and an unintelligible curse passed his lips.

“It is for a far different purpose,” said Stanley. “I am not aware that I entered into any engagement with you, which did not leave me at liberty to withdraw when I pleased; and as for turning evidence against the set, I am too deeply in myself for that to be feared.”

“Then if you mean to leave, what made you join us at all?” asked another.

“Revenge,” was the reply.

“And is that yet gratified?”

“No,—not half yet; but in that you cannot aid me further; what next I do, will be done alone.” So saying, Herbert wished his companions good day, and departed.

It seemed, indeed, as if that had been intended as the grand and final attack, and consequently for several successive nights afterwards no sound of an intruding foot was heard. It was generally thought that the reward which the Justice had offered to any one, not actually an offender, who would give such necessary information as would lead to the conviction of the rest, had caused the perpetrators of that night's ravages to abscond. Of course the suspicion fell naturally upon

Herbert Stanley ; but what then was the surprise of the villagers, when he, after a day or two's absence, again appeared in Elmsdale ! He seemed to be totally ignorant of the affair which had created such a sensation in the village, and listened with a well-feigned air of astonishment to the tales told of the adventure, which of course had greatly increased in marvel and wonder in their round through the village. He however laughed heartily at the news, and expressed the hope that the Justice would lose every head of game, as a reward for his inhumanity towards himself.

It was only at the village alehouse, or amongst low and profligate companions, that these tidings were told to Herbert ; for there was it only that he met with any who would form anything like a companionship with him. For since his imprisonment the villagers with one accord shunned him, and while they pitied his relatives, they abhorred the presence of one who in his own person had wrought such deeds, and whose influence was likely to lead others into the same course of crime he had himself chosen.

The hope that was expressed by young Stanley seemed, however, likely to remain unaccomplished. Night followed night, and yet no fresh attack had been made, and nothing served to give surprise of any other being intended ; so that the gamekeepers themselves at length began to think that all was safe, and to relax in their vigilance.

But while thus apparently only venting his spleen upon the Justice in wishes of evil, he was at heart deeply engaged in projecting a plan by which this evil might be most effectually wrought.

It was midnight. The lights which had glimmered through the cottages and shone through the windows of the Manor-house of Elmsdale were extinguished ; the sound of mirth had ceased—the Christmas festivities were ended, the rich and

the poor were sunk in sleep, and silence and darkness reigned over the earth.

As the attacks upon Mr. Marshall's grounds had been for some time discontinued, the gamekeepers were all allowed to join in and partake of the Christmas festivities, and for that night the plantations were unguarded. On such a night, it was not thought any fresh outrage would be attempted, and all retired to rest, as they thought in perfect security.

* * * * *

Finding that counsel and remonstrance were alike vain, and failed to produce any impression, Mrs. Stanley had ceased to interfere in her son's pursuits, thinking wisely, that admonition which had not the power of softening made the heart yet more indifferent, and steeled it yet more against reproof. But though apparently negligent, she felt all a mother's yearnings and all a mother's love, and her prayers rose frequently, that the heart of her son might be changed, and that he might have feeling enough to feel for himself.

She tried, however, to lead her son back by kindness. Whenever he entered, he was received affectionately by both mother and sister, who seemed to be endeavouring to make home happy to him, and thus win him back to love its calm quiet, in place of the turbulent and boisterous pleasures he now delighted in.

Thus left to himself, Herbert's goings-out and comings-in—his frequent departures and his protracted absence, were never commented upon. No remark was made as to how he employed his time. But while acting thus, his mother felt his strange alienation of heart and his waywardness of conduct : it was bitterness and misery to her spirit.

Accordingly, on Christmas night, it was past twelve before he returned. All within was peaceful and quiet. After lifting the latch of the cottage door, he paused a moment, and

fixed a long and penetrating look in the direction of Elmsdale Lodge.

Nothing appearing to be visible, he immediately afterwards entered, and retired quietly and stealthily to his own room.

He sought his chamber, but not to sleep. The window looked out upon the Manor-house, and there it was that Herbert stationed himself, and looked intently in that direction.

The night was fine and starlight, though frosty and cold ; and the wind swept on with a piercing blast.

At first nothing was visible save the bright stars, which the frost seemed to make twinkle with unwonted lustre ; presently afterwards a small clear light became visible in the direction of Elmsdale Lodge, as if one of the stars had fallen from its sphere, and was shining upon the earth.

“ It burns, I am satisfied ! ” exclaimed Herbert. He then proceeded to undress for bed. Before retiring, however, he looked once again : the light had increased—it looked no longer like a star, but was a large lurid glare, as if a fire had been there kindled.

Fanned by the wind, the light increased into a blaze, which soon spread farther and grew brighter, till the heavens were irradiated. The red lurid light rose up to the skies, mingled with dark and dense columns of smoke, which curled and rolled upwards in one huge mass, until the wind dispersed them, and then for a few minutes the cause of the fire was discernible. Stacks of hay and barns of wheat were fuel for the flames, which, as they increased in strength, seemed to threaten the Manor-house itself.

When too late to stop the work of destruction, the fire was discovered, and the villagers hastened to the spot in order to render all the assistance in their power ; but all their exertions

were unavailing—the wind spread the flames from stack to stack, and from barn to barn, until they finally reached the house, destroying in their progress all the stabling and out-buildings.

If the sight was pitiable to the eye, the sound was still more appalling to the ear. Horses were tied to the manger, cattle fastened in the stall, and all attempts to liberate them from the flames were ineffectual.

Their cries of agony rent the air ; their moanings, in the midst of that pain from which they were unable to extricate themselves, were piteous to hear.

Thus, as the work of destruction went on, were the rich gifts of nature destroyed without benefit to any. The corn which the labourer had produced from mother earth as the food for her children, was now serving but the place of fuel ; and then those noble animals which man has bound to his service, these were doomed to cruel torture—to expire in the midst of agonies the most severe and pains the most poignant ; and not because any good could result from such a sacrifice of life and property. Nor was this brought about by any of those untoward events which characterise the career of mortals ; the bolt from heaven had not fallen to kindle the flame—the vivid lightning, in its wayward track, had not caused the fire—neither was it the work of accident. The deed was pre-meditated, dwelt upon for days and weeks, and prompted by the darkest and foulest passion which holds sway in the human heart—the thirst for revenge. In the still and quiet hour of night, when darkness throws a veil over actions, the work had been performed—the match had been applied to the rick, and Herbert Stanley added to his other crimes the darker one of an incendiary.

And now, while his foul deed was working destruction and pain, he, the incendiary, was asleep. Worn-out and wearied

nature required repose ; the agitation the mind had undergone, though the agitation of evil thoughts, required rest to recruit its strength.

If angels watch over the couch of the good, what spirit must have been the guardian of his slumber on that night ? Some dark-boding spectre must have flitted to and fro before him, and during the hours of sleep injected yet darker thoughts and yet more fiendish desires of revenge.

But with such a deed fresh upon the memory, how could sleep be calm and tranquil ? Accordingly, fearful dreams haunted the sleep of Herbert—dreams which exerted so powerful a mastery, that in his sleep he muttered out his thoughts. And before morning his secret was so far revealed, that his mother knew she had to mourn over a son ; his sister, that she might weep over a brother, who, by this deed, had become an object of such hatred, that even the desperate in crime would repel him from their society as being worse than themselves. A son, a brother, but an incendiary !

* * * * *

Six months rolled away. The summer had again returned to gladden the heart with its bright and joyous sunshine, its beauteous flowers, and its prospect of abundance of wheat and fruits ; all nature was beautiful—sky and water, forest and field, meadow and garden. It was the 20th of July. A strange kind of hum and bustle was heard in the county town of S——— ; an unusual excitement prevailed, foreign to the quiet which usually reigned in C———. And this excitement and din was caused by the Assize which was now being held there.

There is always great excitement in a county town during the time of an Assize ; but on this particular day the feeling was even stronger than ordinary, and crowds of people were thronging to the Town-hall to hear the trial which would that

day take place. Eleven o'clock came—the hall was thronged, every avenue was crowded, and yet, though so full of people, a strange silence prevailed, so absorbed were the thoughts of all in the trial which was to commence, and to listen to which they had assembled.

The Judge took his seat, the barristers were ranged in their respective places, the jury were in their box, and then the prisoner was called to the bar.

Every eye was turned there, every attention rivetted by the appearance of that individual. She came on—yes, *she* came, for it was a woman who was then to be tried. And her crime? She was charged with incendiarism!

A few months had worked a vast change in the appearance of Mrs. Stanley, for she it was who stood there as a criminal! Her hair had become venerably grey, not by time, but by anxiety. Her cheeks were furrowed and wrinkled; the finger of care and the hand of misery had traced those lines there. But as she stood, with hundreds of eyes turned upon her, and hundreds of ears eager to catch the first words she should utter, there was a calm dignity of manner and a serenity of countenance which prepossessed every one in her favour.

The trial went on. The expectation was, that the proof of her innocence was easy, though from all that had been said abroad it was imagined that far different would be the result had the son stood in the mother's place. What then was the surprise when, being asked to plead, she pronounced, in a firm, clear tone, the single word "Guilty!"

"A thrill of surprise mingled with horror ran through the assembled group at the utterance of those two syllables; and the old Judge himself, who might have been unmoved by his familiarity with such scenes, was actuated by the same feelings. He urged her to reconsider—to take

counsel of her legal adviser, and at least to plead "Not guilty," in order to have the benefit of a trial.

She declined following that counsel, and persisted in her plea of guilt.

"My lord," said one of the counsel, addressing the Judge, "I have reason to believe that the woman before you is not of sane mind. From the evidence I can adduce, it is certain that a man was engaged in that work. A man's footsteps have been traced distinctly from the place of the fire to her door, and there are good grounds for believing that her son was an accomplice, if the guilt be not entirely his own."

"I am not mad," said Mrs. Stanley, "though I have had to sustain enough to make me so. One individual, and one alone, was engaged in causing the fire at the Manor-house."

"And that one yourself?"

"I have said so."

"Then how came the footprints I have alluded to there?"

"The ground was wet, and over my own shoes I wore the boots of my son."

The answer was given clear, full and distinct, and, in the silence which reigned, was audible in the remotest parts of the building, and conveyed to the hearts of most, painful sensations, while in more than one eye, a tear of pity glistened.

But she who was the principal actor in the scene neither swerved nor flinched. Her countenance was pale but calm, and though after her words were spoken every eye was fixed upon her, it changed not in the least degree. Her lips indeed moved for a moment afterwards, but no sound fell from them: it seemed like an inward prayer.

There remained nothing, therefore, but to pass the sentence of the law upon her.

When asked if she had anything to say why such should not be done, Mrs. Stanley replied in a firm tone, "Nothing."

But when the Judge came to that fearful part where, taking for a time the prerogatives of Deity, he condemns to death, her firmness gave way, and she fainted.

She partially recovered, and the Judge proceeded to pronounce her doom. But fit succeeded fit in rapid succession, and she was borne senseless from the court.

* * * * *

A fortnight passed—the city of C——— was, if possible, yet more excited than it had been during the Assize. That had passed over, but had left as its fruits an execution.

What a taste pervades mankind, that an execution should be sought for as a spectacle worth witnessing! To find a pleasure in seeing the agony of a despairing wretch, from whom life is about to be withdrawn before the lease has run out, while the fire of the eye is unquenched or the strength of the limbs unabated; to rejoice over the heaves and throes of convulsive nature, as death and life are struggling; to watch with pleasure the motions of the limbs, as they quiver in the agonies of death, just before the heart heaves its last throb;—if such a spectacle as this suits the taste of humanity, one may well blush as belonging to such a species—one would hate the race of human beings, were it not that those who find pleasure in such sights are too contemptible even to hate.

But on that morning an execution was expected to take place, and crowds upon crowds assembled to witness it. The rich hired the windows which commanded a view; the poorer jostled one another in the streets, in their eagerness to obtain a sight. From every street and lane and alley, numbers poured forth; some had come for miles, and others had stood the whole of the previous night before the place of execution. That it was a female who was thus to undergo the law's most fearful doom, gave additional zest to the spectacle. Many were trampled on by the crowd, but still they pressed on. Thousands

were assembled there to witness the sad sight, and many signs of impatience were shown for the time to pass more quickly, though every minute was bringing death to one poor wretch whose remaining term of life might be counted by minutes.

The time at length came ; it wanted but five minutes,—four—three—two—one,—it was the hour itself—the cathedral clock announced it so, first with its light and tuneful chimes, like the merry way in which youth counts the fleeting hours—then with its heavy strike, like the reckoning of staid and thinking age.

The crowd pressed forward eagerly—impatiently ; there was not a breath heard in that vast multitude, though so many hearts were throbbing, so eager was every one to catch a glimpse. But in this instance the sight-seers were disappointed—the doom of the law had been forestalled, and the prisoner was already dead !

Amongst the kinder part of those who had any power, it was wished that the indignities put upon the dead of hanging the clay should in this instance be spared. But the manifestation of such good feeling was overruled by Mr. Marshall, who had himself come to witness what he called the final defeat of his enemies, and “the law’s last vengeance was wreaked upon a corpse.”

She was buried with ignominy and shame, and, with but a few solitary exceptions, the world hated her memory and linked her name with villainy.

Years passed away—the dust had returned to its kindred dust, the bones of others who had died by the law’s decree lay around and above hers. Her memory was almost forgotten, and lived but as an event to be chronicled for its strangeness, though not for its sadness.

But then was revealed the heroic part which she had sustained. The clergyman, the ordinary of the prison, was fast

hastening on to death. He had, as a part of his duty, visited Mrs. Stanley when she lay under sentence of death. To him, the night previous to the day fixed for her execution, she had made him her confidant, first binding him to a solemn promise that he would not divulge it till on his deathbed. This promise had been rigidly kept, and though the worthy man had been frequently desirous of divulging the secret, in order that he might rescue her name from scorn and obloquy, still regarding his promise as binding, he had hitherto refrained.

The time at length arrived when the promise was no longer to be regarded, and he accordingly gave the following account:—

The smattering and disjointed sentences muttered by her son during sleep first revealed to his mother his fearful crime. Her first thought was to deny and disown her son; the second and nobler, to save. She well knew that life alone would expiate the crime. She resolved that that life should be her own,—that the innocent should suffer, and by suffering avert the blow from the guilty head. But she also knew that suspicion would rest upon her son; she therefore boldly determined to anticipate suspicion by declaring herself the criminal.

Upon this she acted, alleging that the Justice's refusal to set free her son at her earnest entreaty had prompted her to the desperate deed; and as her son appeared no more in the village, it seemed to the Justice but the work of supererogation to hunt after the supposed criminal, when he had, according to her own confession, the real one in his power.

One thing alone gave her trouble, and that was the falsehoods she should be called upon to utter. Her life she counted but a small sacrifice. "This," she urged, "is well-nigh over; the heart is broken, the mind bewildered, and death or madness is sure to be the result.—It is better mine than this," said she, when urged to the contrary course of action;

“his death would be mine also—my death may be his life ; it will give him time to repent—time to repair by the goodness of later days the evils of the earlier.”

She then commended her daughter to the care of the pastor, entreating him to befriend her as much as should lie in his power—a part which was afterwards most carefully performed.

Her mind, however, could not longer sustain the weight of cares and anxieties which had been pressed upon it—death came to her relief; but it came in a mild and a gentle form, ushered in by sleep. But her actions had borne out, in its most full and perfect sense, the strength of a mother's love, in that “greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend.”

It was not likely that such noble conduct should fail to meet with a blessing and a reward. Though her lessons and her precepts had failed to produce any impression upon the obdurate heart of her son when they were breathed from living lips, in death they acquired a pathos and a power not to be resisted, and Herbert Stanley became at length as noted for his goodness and virtues, as he had ever been for his guilt and vice.

The waves of the ocean roll between the land of England and that where died the once-guilty Herbert Stanley. There, where the stain which rested upon his character was unknown, he lived in happiness, except that his hours were embittered by the knowledge of that fearful, yet heroic act, which saved him at once from ignominy and death.

The name and memory of the actors in this sad story are no more : the one lies buried within a prison's walls—the other found a grave in the far-distant land of America. And thus men and things pass away, as it were “a tale that is told.”

THE BELOVED.

How sad is the strain which now breathes from my lute !
The notes that swell'd gaily are silent and mute ;
My harp and my heart ! ah, strange unison there,
For the notes which sound sadly are breathed by despair ;
The lute which so lately swell'd gaily, no more
Shall gladden the heart as it cheer'd it of yore—
For the heart which by sadness and care is o'ercome,
Gives no voice to the lute, and its music is dumb.

Oh yet breathe a strain ! though a sad one it be,
It shall yet find an echo, my soul, within thee ;
For that strain is the saddest, which, telling of mirth,
Falls on ears in whose bosom no gladness has birth.
But the strain which you breathe shall accord with my own,
And give hope to the heart from which pleasure has flown.
Then sound yet a lay for the noble, the brave ;
The young and the ardent thy sympathies crave.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF KOSCIUSKO.

THERE is in all minds a desire to inquire into the facts of former days ; men love to trace the rise and progress of nations — how, from small beginnings, kingdoms have reached a towering height, till, overbalanced by the weight of their own greatness, they tottered and fell. But the scenes which excite the liveliest interest are the struggles for liberty. All desire the sweets of freedom—let the chains of servitude be ever so light, they are galling. Who has not marched with a patriot warrior as with a handful of troops he coped with innumerable squadrons ? Who has not felt the heart beat, and the cheek glow with emotion, as the echo rang in fancy's ear of “ Liberty or death ? ”

November 8th, 1794, saw Warsaw, the capital of Poland, taken by the Russians, and the iron fetters of slavery rivetted on her sons. It is in the most critical times that the genius of an individual is displayed ; and many instances are on record, of men who, in times of quiet, would have passed through life comparatively unnoticed, and sunk peaceably to their graves, who in the storm stood foremost the champions of liberty, and defended their country from its tyrannizing foes. The Poles, determining to resist the encroachments of Russia, rose in insurrection, and raised Kosciusko to the dignity of General. This patriot was born a gentleman ; but his family not being in affluent circumstances, he was sent to the school of cadets to

be educated for the army. It was usual for the kings of Poland to send annually four youths to foreign countries, to perfect themselves in the art of war. He studied four years at Versailles, and returned to Poland with the reputation of being a skilful engineer.

About this time he captivated the affections of a young lady of the first family and fortune in Poland; but her parents deemed it degrading to form an alliance with Kosciusko. Being unable to obtain the consent of the lady's friends, he formed the resolution of carrying her off; but the carriage breaking down while on their way to France, gave an opportunity for the enraged father to overtake them. In a fierce rencontre which ensued, Kosciusko was reduced to the dilemma of being obliged to kill the father, or give up the daughter. Humanity prevailed; he returned his sword to its scabbard, and resigned his fair prize.

As this event was greatly talked of in the upper circles, Kosciusko obtained leave of absence from his sovereign, and went to America.

At that period the war between England and her colonies was carried on, and Kosciusko, on offering himself as a volunteer in the service of Washington, was honoured with a considerable post in the army. On his return to his native land, he fomented an insurrection amongst the Poles, to attempt to throw off the Russian yoke; and taking the command of the army, first attacked the Prussian forces, amounting to about 40,000 men, headed by Frederick II. in person. The action was long and obstinate, but the resolution of the insurgents triumphed over the valour of the Russians and Prussians, and compelled them to retire.

Hearing that the Russian general Fersen meditated a junction with the forces of Suwarrow, Kosciusko immediately

marched against him. A battle ensued, and though the Russians were thrice the number of the Poles, the victory was disputed during the whole day. Twice did the valiant Kosciusko repulse the enemy, and display in this action the talents of the general, united with the bravery of the soldier. The prodigies of valour which he performed, rendered victory a long time doubtful—but he fell, pierced with wounds, and with him the hopes of his country. He was taken prisoner by the Cossacks, who no sooner knew that he was Kosciusko, than they testified their admiration of his courage and their pity for his misfortunes. The Russians treated him with the respect due to his character, and as soon as he could endure the fatigues of the journey, sent him to St. Petersburg, where Catherine, too much irritated to be generous, confined him in a dungeon, from which he was not liberated till after her death.

But though the courage of the Poles was not daunted by the victory of Fersen, their operations were not directed by the same genius. Defeat followed defeat, till at length the remains of the Polish army retired within the fortification of the suburbs of Prague, separated from Warsaw by the river Vistula. Suwarrow attacked the place, and, after a bloody assault, made himself master of the city; but the carnage which succeeded must for ever disgrace the Russian general. Neither rank, sex, nor age was spared, but in one indiscriminate slaughter were they all mowed down. The laurels which are honourable when gathered in the battle-field, are a disgrace when dyed with the blood of the helpless and the aged. The inhabitants, destitute of all means of defence, were obliged to capitulate; but the troops refusing to submit, quitted the city. Being attacked by the Russian and Prussian soldiers, some were killed, and the rest delivered up their arms to the conquerors. The courts of Vienna, Berlin, and Petersburg, now quietly di-

vided their prey ; seeming to wish to blot out the name of Poland from the world. But history shall tell how she struggled for her freedom, though she struggled in vain ; and the history which tells of her noble actions will fix a stain on the memory of her conquerors—a stain so deeply dyed that it will never be obliterated.

A singular monument has been raised to the memory of the great and gifted Kosciusko in the city of Cracow. It consists of an artificial hill, formed of earth, with a spiral walk of considerable breadth laid out upon it. The earth employed in forming this mound has been collected, not only from every Woywodship in Poland, but from various parts of the world. A portion was sent from America, the probatory school of Kosciusko's heroism. Switzerland also, that country having been the last asylum of the wounded general, sent a contribution of earth from Solothurn. The ceremony of laying the basis of the mound took place on the 16th of October, 1820. Earth from the battle-field at Raclawice, mingled with the bones of some of the Poles who so valiantly fell there, was first laid down to form a foundation, or nucleus, for this curious monument. It was at the battle of Raclawice (fought on the 4th of April, 1749), that the cry of " Kosciusko and Freedom !" was first raised. The next supply of earth was from Macieiowice, and was sent in two large chests, by the Princess Czartoryska, the noble friend of the hero. Macieiowice may be regarded as the grave of Polish liberty ; for there Kosciusko fell into the hands of the Russians. The three Polish heroes, John Sobieski, Poniatowski, and Kosciusko, lie entombed beside each other, in the cathedral of Cracow.

Alas, for unhappy Poland ! Her name is now obliterated from the list of nations ; her sons are exiles in foreign

lands, subsisting on the generosity of foreigners, and especially on the bounty of England—that land which never yet turned a deaf-ear to the cry of the oppressed and the fugitive. The state of Poland is pitiable in the extreme, for the sceptre which is swayed over her is the sword of the warrior, and the diadem the monarch wears, the iron crown of the victor,—a victor whose heart is as cold as the clime in which he dwells ; so that he doomed the unhappy daughters of Poland to the scourge, and her sons to an exile worse than death.

Oh ! that some mighty mind could arise—some master-spirit come forth—who could rescue his land from the conquerors, and wrest the spoil from the oppressor, and Poland be once more the free and the happy !

THE BATTLE OF CORUNNA.

CORUNNA, though only a small seaport of Spain, is a spot well remembered as the scene of one of the fiercest contests between the armies of England and France, and hallowed as the grave of one of the most noble generals who fell in the late war. The armies of Napoleon had almost swept the extent of Europe—crown after crown had been given away by this proud emperor to his favourites. Then Britain arose, like a giant from slumber, and taught the proud Gaul that his troops were not invincible; when her banner was unfurled, victory crowned it; and in a few years the mighty Napoleon fell from his greatness, and ended his days as a prisoner.

The battle commenced by a furious cannonade from a masked battery, which mounted eleven guns, placed upon a height commanding nearly half the British lines. But, notwithstanding this galling fire, the British troops fell into their respective ranks with calm intrepidity, though their brave comrades were falling thickly around them; and they were soon ready to meet the French, who, rushing impetuously from the opposite heights, drove back in disorder the British picquets who had been posted there.

As soon as Sir John Moore saw the enemy advancing, he despatched his staff-officers with orders to the different generals. Fraser was hastened up, and Paget commanded to support the right wing, against which Soult had pointed his

choicest troops. The two armies at length became so intermingled, that the fire from the battery could no longer be directed against the British with any certainty, they being incapable of distinguishing friends from foes. The 50th regiment, under the command of Napier and Stanhope, drove the French from the village of Elvina, with great slaughter ; but Napier advancing too far, was wounded and taken prisoner.

In the mean time, the French having brought up some reserves, the fight raged more fiercely than before ; and every inch of ground was disputed with the greatest obstinacy. It was about this time, the battle being at its greatest height, that Sir John Moore, who had placed himself in the thickest of the fight, was struck from his horse by a cannon-ball, which lacerating his left shoulder and chest, inflicted a wound which, though not instantly fatal, placed him at once far beyond the reach of human aid. Whilst lying bleeding on the ground, he partly raised himself, and, unmindful of his fearful condition, gazed intently on the Highlanders, who at that time were hotly engaged with the enemy.

Colonel Graham (who had signalised himself in many previous engagements under Moore) now came up. At first he supposed, from the composure of the general, that he had only fallen from his horse, until he saw blood issuing from the wounds. Perceiving the sad state in which he lay, he immediately rode off for assistance ; whilst Captain Hardinge remained beside the general, and tried in vain to stop the blood, which now flowed in torrents. Seeing that his sword encumbered him, he endeavoured to unbuckle it ; but the dying hero, with soldierly feeling, exclaimed, " It is as well as it is—I had rather it should go out of the field with me." His calmness was so great, that Hardinge expressed a hope that the wound would not prove mortal ; but Moore, turning

his head, cast his eyes upon the wounded part, and then replied, "No, Hardinge, I feel *that* to be impossible : you need not go with me ; report to General Hope that I am wounded, and carried to the rear." He was then placed in a blanket and raised from the ground by four soldiers, who slowly conveyed him towards the town of Corunna. On their way thither he frequently ordered his bearers to stop, that he might catch a parting glimpse of the field of battle.

The fight in the mean time continued to rage with unabated fury. Soult, perceiving the failure of the attack on the British right wing, made a last endeavour to penetrate the centre ; but he was foiled in his attempt, for some cannon being judiciously planted against his columns, they were thinned before they could meet the British, and then driven back in the greatest disorder. On every point the British forces were victorious ; and the French, defeated on all sides, sought refuge from their pursuers, on the ridge of hills from whence they had descended.

In the mean time, Moore, who had been placed on a mattress, and supported by Anderson (who had formerly saved his life), took a last farewell of all his friends. He asked them, as they entered one by one, whether the enemy were completely routed, and being answered in the affirmative, said, "It is a great satisfaction for me to know that we have beaten the French."

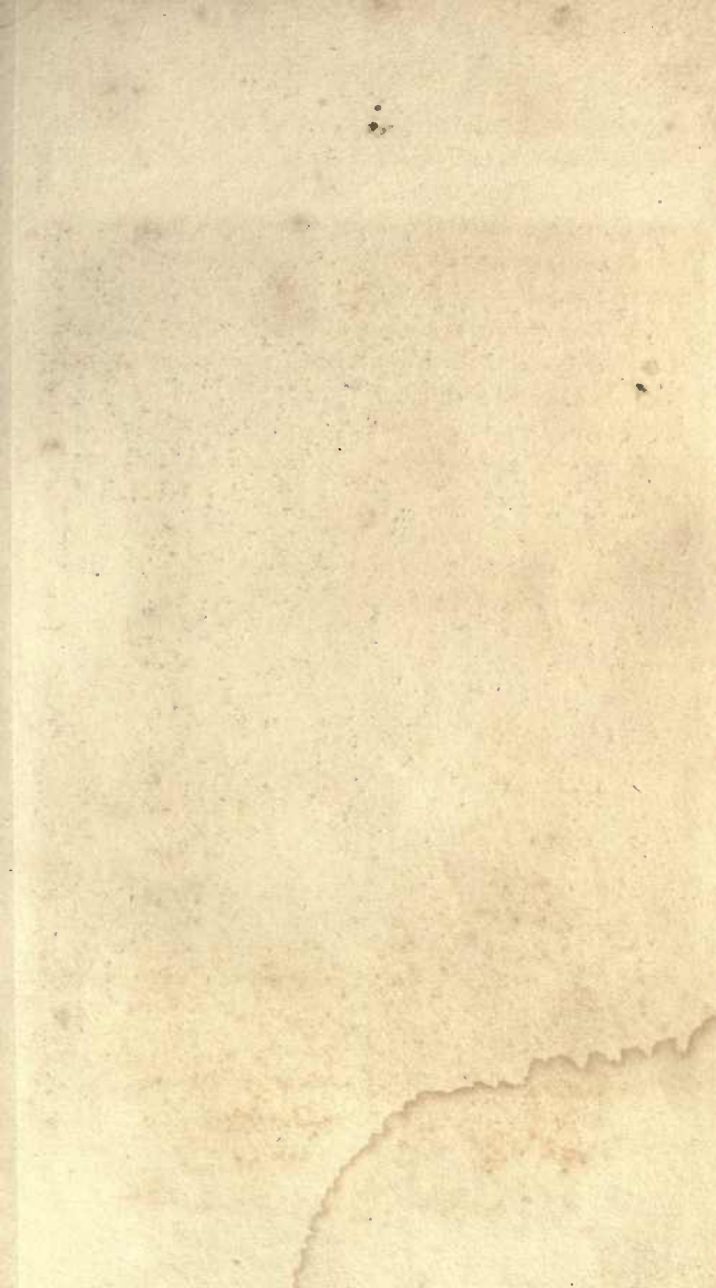
Though visibly sinking, he added, "I feel myself so strong, I fear I shall be long dying—it's great uneasiness, it's great pain."

After a pause, Stanhope caught his eye, to whom he said, "Stanhope, remember me to your sister." After this, he became silent—the icy hand of death sealed his lips, and the spirit of Moore winged its flight to that land which mortal

eye never saw. He breathed his last in the arms of victory, and with that breath departed one of the noblest souls that ever tenanted a human frame. When night's dark mantle had overspread the earth, the corpse of the victor was borne beyond the ramparts, for interment. The warriors who had served under him prepared his cold bed, and gently pillowed his head for his last long slumber. The night-star glimmered forth to light him to his tomb, and the moaning billows of the beach chanted his requiem.

So hurried was the burial of Sir John Moore, that his soldiers had not time to raise even a mound of earth to his memory, but

“ Slowly and sadly they laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;
They carved not a line—they raised not a stone,
But they left him alone with his glory.”





Engraved by J. R. Herbert.

Engraved by L. Stocks.

The Reprieve.

THE REPRIEVE.

"I TELL thee, maiden, 'tis in vain his hopeless case to plead—
No tear that woman ever shed can cleanse so foul a deed.
His doom is fix'd beyond recal—thy prayer is urged in vain;
Too great the crime—nought, nought but blood can wash away the
stain!

Justice forbids that he should live, thy prayer I may not hear;
Its stern decree must be fulfill'd, though pity wring a tear.
He who would justly judge on earth, nor prayer nor tear may heed,
Tho' while the hand the sentence writes, the inmost soul may bleed."

"'Tis mercy, mercy that I crave—'tis justice that you give;
Did mercy temper justice now, my Alp, my all should live!
He who in actions would be just—as just as mortal can,
Should show the gentle love that God has ever shown to man:
Justice had seen him die the death, but mercy came between,
And there was hope, and peace, and joy, where pain and death had
been.

Then imitate the righteous act, and snatch from death and bane
The soul most unprepared to die, when crime has left its stain."

"Thou prayest in the name of One who life or death can give—
Thou prayest in the name of One who thought man fit to live;
Tho' stain'd with crime, He found a means, to save; then why should I
Cut off all hope of bliss and heaven, and give that man to die?
He lives, and let repentance take possession of his heart;
Let virtue rule his every act, nor from his side depart.
So shall he live till death shall come, but not in fearful form,
For he who in the calm's been just will little heed the storm."

NETLEY ABBEY.

THE ruins of Netley Abbey are situated on an acclivity of the eastern bank of Southampton Water. They are so embosomed in the rich foliage of the old hereditary trees, as to elude observation from the shore, till you come suddenly upon them, when a gently-rising hill conducts you to the first range of walls, where you command a beautiful rural prospect, as well as of the sea. Rich ivy mantles the mouldering door and archways, and thick-veiling brushwood and wild plants of various kinds fill up the interior of the chapel, where the ashes repose of "names once known," but obliterated now from the fading records of time.

Relics of broken pillars and arches, enough to show the grandeur and elegance of the splendored fabric to which they once lent support and beauty, lie scattered in profusion around. Of its history, numerous writers have treated, besides Leland and Tanner in his "Notitia Monastica." According to the former, the name has been corrupted from *Letteley*, which has been derived from *Læto Loco* (a pleasant place), so that the amenity of the spot was lost sight of by two unlucky derivations. Its founder, Peter Roche, bishop of Winchester, died in 1238. The monks were of the Cistercians, and a branch from the adjacent Beaulieu. Its early historical associations are few; and the most agreeable, perhaps, (to the parties therein concerned,) was the amount of revenue, not less, according to Speed, than £160. 2s. 9d. Their library was less

rich, consisting, says Leland, of only one book—a copy of Cicero's Treatise on Rhetoric. In 1537, Netley Abbey, with all its buildings, was granted to Sir William Paulet, afterwards Marquis of Winchester. It next fell to the Earl of Hertford; for the entire property of the then Church of England was most unceremoniously put up to auction, by that prince of spoilers and woman-killers, the worst of England's tyrants, Henry VIII. No church property ever more frequently changed hands than Netley Abbey, and was last purchased by Thomas Chamberlayne, Esq., though now little more than the bare walls of a chapel, a kitchen, and a refectory, remain. The original site is very extensive, presenting a quadrangular court or square, 200 feet in length by 60 broad, crossed by a transept of 120. The entire roof gave way about forty years ago. Armorial bearings, and other feudal devices, happily strew the ground. Great architectural beauty was the distinguishing feature of the edifice, as appears from the elegant classic character of the relics of columns, arches, and windows; the east end in particular has a solemn awe-inspiring aspect, in perfect unison with the wild loneliness and silence of the scene :

“ Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
Or drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;
Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain,
Of such as wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.”

It is peculiarly too the chosen abode, for its ample wooded recesses, of the time-privileged rooks, squirrels, and eaves-hunting martlet, which invariably affect this southern region and adjacent islands, preferably to other parts of the empire, and give fresh charm to the sweetly calm and hermit-like

seclusion pervading the general scene, more deep than we remember elsewhere. It called to mind the lines of a favourite poet:

“ Here let Time’s creeping winter shed
His hoary snow about my head;
And while I feel, by slow degrees,
My sluggard blood wax chill and freeze,
Let thought unveil to my fix’d eye
The scenes of deep eternity;
Till life dissolving at the view,
I wake and find the vision true.”

This grand fabric, when entire, seems to have been completely encompassed by a moat; and two large ponds at a convenient distance remain, to attest that the pious inmates were not unobservant of the period of Lent. They now look mournful and deserted as the ruins they shroud, and the willows overhanging their banks seem to join the dirge of the night-birds flocking to their favourite haunts in the recesses once brilliant with life, and the grand imposing ceremonies that lent splendour to religious retreat.

On the shore, in the immediate vicinity, is a fort or small castle, originally, perhaps, designed as a defence for the Abbey, and repaired, if not erected, by Henry VIII., at the period of fortifying the southern coast; and more recently, a modern antique tower was erected by the owner of the ruins.

A graphic sketch of the Abbey and its vicinity was transmitted to his friend Bentley by Horace Walpole. “ The ruins are vast, and retain fragments of beautiful fretted roofs, pendant in the air, with all variety of Gothic patterns; of windows topped round and round with ivy. Many trees have sprouted up among the walls, and only want to be increased by cypresses. A hill rises above the Abbey enriched with wood. The fort in which we would build a tower for habitation re-

mains, with two small platforms. This little castle is buried from the Abbey in a wood, in the very centre, on the edge of a hill. On each side breaks in the view of the Southampton sea, deep blue, glittering with silver and vessels ; on one side terminated by Southampton, on the other by Calshot Castle ; and the Isle of Wight rises above the opposite hills. In short, they are not the ruins of Netley Abbey, but of Paradise. Oh! the purpled abbots ! what a spot had they chosen to slumber in ! The scene is so beautifully tranquil, yet so lively, that they seem to have retired into the world."

FRIENDSHIP.

THE wish of all hearts, the delight of each age,
The wealth of the grief-worn, the god of the sage,
'Tis heavenly Friendship each joy can increase —
The life-giving spirit of pardon and peace !

THE DYING INDIAN GIRL TO HER COMPANIONS.

A LITTLE while and on my brow
Shall rest the kindly hand of death ;
The soul that speaks within me now,
Shall pass, but like some passing breath,
When soft winds fold to their repose
The Lotus-flowers at even-close.

Why do you weep to see me fade ?
Spring shall return when I am cold ;
The sun through yonder forest glade
Shall light your pathway, as of old,
And trees that round your dwelling grow,
Will bloom, sweet friends, when I am low !

I know not whither I depart,
But love is greater than decay,
And ye will live within my heart,
When its last pulse hath pass'd away ;
And beautiful in death will be
The memory of your love to me.

And when the shadows downward fall,
And bounding feet the dance prolong—
And when your soft tones one and all
Are mingling in the even-song,
Like a lost echo lingering near,
My voice shall fall upon your ear.

By some cold stream I'll make my home ;
My step shall move around ye still,
When through untrodden paths ye come
Your pitcher with sweet waves to fill ;
And ye shall welcome as your guide,
The Spirit of the Fountain-side.

It is not painful so to steal
From life, when all we love are near ;
It is not sad,—save thus to feel
The anguish of your farewell tear ; —
In vain ye hide them from mine eye,
All warm upon my cheek they lie.

The arrow from the warrior's bow
May send a pang we cannot deem,
But the mild doom which lays us low,
Comes o'er us like a pleasant dream ;
Calm as the death-time of a flower,
Is the Indian girl's departing hour.

SKETCH OF INDIAN LIFE.

THE Indians (as is known) hold particular portions of the forests as hunting grounds, each portion exclusively appertaining to a particular tribe, and as these spots generally abound in game, the owners of them are jealous in the extreme, allowing no one of another nation to trespass on them. But unfortunately this right is often infringed, a foray is the consequence, and the lives of the offending party generally pay the forfeit; it also frequently leads to a war of extermination between the tribes, and many of the once noble nations of warrior Indians have ceased to exist, from the apparent trifling circumstance of an infringement of ground. Many years ago the Iroquois were very powerful, beating the Hurons in almost every battle that took place; by this means the latter lost some of their best territories on the borders of Lakes Huron and St. Clair, which were ceded to the victorious Iroquois. On this ground we now found ourselves. For some time we hesitated whether we should venture to stop and hunt, or go forward without the boundaries; no one ventured to utter the first—no! or dared say—ay! At last, as if by general consent, we all sat down, threw off our packets, and made a fire. This was a tacit determination of remaining till we were either inclined to advance, or forced away by the appearance of Iroquois. After we concluded our repast, Pierre gave us a caution, that since we had determined to hunt here at any risk, we must not venture to separate, but keep toge-

ther in a body, make as little noise as possible ; not waste a grain of gunpowder uselessly, by firing, unless our aim was certain, and by this means bring our enemies (should any be at hand) upon us ; keep our eyes watchful and our ears open, not exhaust our strength by using any great exertion, “ for in case you have to fly,” he said, “ you will need every nerve well strung.” The first day and night passed very pleasantly, for the very excitement was a pleasure ; no sound disturbed us, and I began to fancy myself secure. “ Sed diis aliter visum ;” in the afternoon we were startled at hearing the whoop of Indians, driving deer into a defile. We instantly paused, held council in a low whisper, and then retreated to our caban, sent Eloi out to reconnoitre, packed up our bundles, tightened our belts, examined our rifles, slipped the small silver chain that fastened our long knives in their sheaths, laced our mocassins firmly, and having completed our preparations for flight, awaited patiently the return of Eloi. He made his appearance an hour before sun-set in a lamentable plight, mud and filth from head to foot, with leaves, rushes, and dried grass sticking to his capote, having been obliged to crawl on all-fours the whole time he was hanging on the trail, and brought the *pleasing* information that about twenty Iroquois were advancing gradually in the direction of our caban, that there was no doubt of our retreat being discovered, and unless we instantly fled it would be too late. Down went the caban, we hurriedly extinguished the fire ; everything was thrown into confusion, as if some days had elapsed since the party had been there, and away we went, as carefully avoiding leaving foot-marks as possible. We reached a river, wide but shallow, the water reaching not far above our ankles, but so rapid that I could scarcely keep my legs. We waded up it as far as the depth would allow us, then crossed to the opposite side, and commenced ascending a

mountain. We could not have surmounted above one-third of its height, when a whoop, followed after the lapse of a few minutes by a yell, came borne upon the wind. "Now," said Pierre, "we must quicken our march, they have discovered the embers of the fire; we have either left a little still burning, or else the ground is not yet cold." Hearing this, our flight quickened, a burst of whoops every now and then acting on one like the spur to a jaded horse. About day-break we arrived on the banks of a wide and deep river, but sluggish in its course. We had no time to construct a raft, but had to swim with one hand, holding our powder and rifles out of the water with the other; this we effected, but the worst was to return for our provisions and clothes. I cannot depict the extraordinary sensation I experienced in returning, expecting every moment to hear the whistle of a bullet, or be brained by the tomahawk of a hidden enemy, whilst clambering up the river's bank. We soon had our packets and clothes placed on the nape of our necks and again swam across; you may rely on it I swam for the bare life. How I congratulated myself on being born on the sea-coast, and that I had been able to swim from a child!

We soon placed the river between us and our enemies, dressed, and were again ready to move forward. By this time I began to flag, and the inclination of flying was wearing away fast; having our enemies at an advantage, I expressed a desire to remain where we were, for while swimming we could materially thin their numbers, and perhaps put an end to the pursuit. "No," Pierre replied, "we have the advantage, let us keep it, for when they arrive on the opposite bank, they will hesitate to cross from the very fear of an ambush, and when they do cross, it will be at two or three different points, so we should have them back and front; we shall soon be on the possessions of the Delawares, and then the pursuit will cease; there-

fore let us keep our hands free from blood as long as possible, for we were the aggressors." Upon this we continued our retreat; the music of our march being the whoops and yells of our pursuers; who pretty well knew our numbers and strength by measuring the width of our caban; this, believe me, had great effect on the precision of my quick step. Day wore on, the pursuit relaxed not, and what with wading streams, swimming rivers, &c. (we had been flying now nearly twenty-four hours) I had become so exhausted that I begged to stop and fight it out, as by an ambush we should be enabled each to pick off a man, which would materially check the rest. But the Indians were too noble, too generous to desert me; they took it in turns to carry me, though it materially impeded their escape, and a certain and horrid death was fast following on their heels. We soon after reached a small lake; there among the grass we found a bark canoe; into it we got, and paddled across in about an hour, fastened the canoe to the bank—retreated a short time longer, when Pierre said we might now halt in safety, as the hostile ground was past, and we were now on the territory of the Delawares. To me this information was more gratifying than a peep at my own fireside would have been, in one of those fabled magic mirrors of the ancients. I threw myself down on the bare ground, and was instantly asleep.

Shortly after we recommenced our march. On the following morning we came unexpectedly in sight of several moose, but they almost as instantaneously discovered us, and snuffing the air went off at a quick trot, leaving us not the remotest hope of getting even a chance shot at them. The best time for hunting this species of deer, is when the winter is well set in, and the snow lies deep on the ground; the animal instinctively knowing the difficulty of proceeding in search of food through the forest, in consequence of its size

and weight, locates itself on some hill where there is abundance of low spruce or birch ; round this hill it forms a path, which in the course of the season widens excessively, as it gradually diverges either to the right or left to crop the branches. The Indians, on discovering an elk track (for sometimes they are several miles round), take different spots, and in their snow shoes boldly attack it ; for they can run easily as well as lightly on the snow, while the enraged animal flounders into it at every plunge up to its shoulders, and thus falls an easy victim. An accident now and then happens, for sometimes these moose-walks are at no great distance in the forest, and then a party of young men (on hearing from an Indian who has been well paid to give them notice of the circumstance) form an expedition to hunt him. It was only a twelvemonth before my arrival that a Mr. Bruce was shot, the ball passing through him. His agonised companions had to drag him on an Indian sleigh over the frozen snow to the city of Quebec, nearly ninety miles from the place where he had received his wound, and wonderful to relate, he recovered.

For a day or two we had experienced a difficulty in breathing, evidently occasioned by the smoke of damp wood and vegetables burning. This made the Indians very uneasy, as a fire in the forest is a dreadful calamity to them, for should the wind set the fire in your direction, you have little or no chance of escape, being either burnt to death, or suffocated by the volumes of smoke. This was the case with us ; the wind was very light but blew towards us, the fire was at a great distance, yet the smoke became thicker and denser. The Indians began to look serious ; but it fell calm, and when the breeze again sprung up, it had changed, which relieved us of our unpleasant companion the smoke, and also from the idea of being broiled alive.

After some days we arrived at the spot where the fire had raged, and there, for miles, were smouldering trees, the ground covered with charcoal, and the tall pines standing black and leafless; the larger branches yet unconsumed gave them the appearance of gigantic directing posts, while here and there small columns of white smoke curled slowly upwards, or suddenly altering its shape, swept along the ground as the breeze affected it. The occasion of these spontaneous fires has been endeavoured to be accounted for by different philosophers in a variety of ways. Now as it is certain I cannot aspire to so lofty a title, I shall offer no opinion of my own, but borrow one or two from the note-books of the more learned. First, it is said to be occasioned by lightning striking a tree, and igniting the moss with which its trunk and branches are covered; second, by a hurricane, which, rocking the trees violently backwards and forwards, causes combustion by the friction; and third, from ignition by the heating of the vegetable matter collected at the roots of the trees.

Now, reader, these are philosophical opinions, therefore do not suppose me guilty of propagating them as my own. There is another theory I may add, which I think is the most likely, viz. that Indians may have left their fires burning, and which may have crept along smouldering amidst the leaves and brush-wood, till gaining strength, it at last bursts out, devouring whole acres—whole square miles of timber, that it will take centuries to replace. After passing this desolate spot, we arrived at a grove of maple trees: here we paused to collect that species of spongy timber, called in this country German tinder or punk; this we found by striking our tomahawks against the trunk, and by the sound emitted we judged whether they contained the article we were in search of or not; if they did, we cut them, split them open, and took the tinder from the heart; for, like the ivy on the ruin, it slowly yet

surely destroys the substance it clings to, and is sustained by. Our object being attained, we moved onward, passed a small savannah, and entered a long, wide, and romantic glen where solitude reposed and silence reigned, broken only by the whispering of the wind, "creeping from leaf to leaf," and the murmuring of numerous rivulets. Continuing our route through this glen for some time, we came to a rudely-shaped tomb, on which was laid a large roughly-hewn crucifix. The Indians instantly threw off their packets, doffed their hunting caps, crossed themselves, and for a few minutes knelt on the ground, their heads bowed in prayer for the repose of the soul of the dead. After this they arose, cleaned away the weeds, and having renovated it, left it for the next comers to follow their example. Pierre had been here before, and related to me the history of the tomb, with the fate of the "young and brave" who was mouldering beneath. It was as follows :—

The Indian's Grave.

Years have rolled on, and those who once remembered the two principal characters of the story have long since returned to dust ; yet their memory lives in the hearts of their descendants, the one held up as an example to be imitated, the other as an object of detestation. They were brothers by the same father, an old Delaware chief. The mother of the eldest (Elk-foot) was also a Delaware woman ; she died shortly after the birth of a son, and before he had attained his third year, his father had again married—a young captive he had taken in a skirmish with the Pawnees, and his brother, Lynx-heart was born. The two boys grew up together, but the diversity of their dispositions, even from infancy, was apparent to the whole tribe ; the eldest, open-hearted, brave, and generous ; the other, treacherous, cowardly, and cunning.

Years swept by, and found them men. Elk-foot knew well

his brother's evil heart, but shielded him from the animadversion of the old warriors; he had given way to him even from a child, and what his brother wished for, if he had it in his power, he instantly gave up to please him.

In the tribe there also lived an old warrior and daughter, on whom both had fixed their earliest affections, but she always favoured the eldest. Still Lynx-heart pressed his suit till the affection the Indian girl entertained for him for his brother's sake turned to fixed aversion; he saw the change, and from that moment his blood was turned to wormwood — he fixed an "Evil eye" upon his brother and marked him out for vengeance. But Elk-heart's open soul suspected not his brother's hate, but pitied him. One day his brother broke forth in a sudden rage before him, and cursed him as the embitterer of his future life. "Come, then, with me," said Elk-heart, "let us seek the flower we cherish; if she will turn to thee, my love for her I will sacrifice, I will be to her only as a brother; but if she still refuse to link her chain with thine, then give the maiden up, thy love is fruitless, even should I leave her." They went: Elk-heart vainly strove to change the current of her love; he told her of his brother's anguish, how dark would be his life should she not return his love; he besought her pity, then said how much she would show her devotedness for him if she would only take his brother at his earnest prayer. The maiden's blood mantled on her cheek, and rearing her slender form proudly up, she replied, "Elk-heart, I am a warrior's child, my mother was also the daughter of a chief whose wigwam was black with the scalps of his foes; I have drunk her courage in her milk; 'tis vain to ask me to love, he is thy brother, yet I will not dissemble, my tongue has never known to lie, I will not marry with — with a coward!"

There was a pause — Lynx-heart quailed from the stern glance the maiden fixed on him, his dark face even blanched,

and his lips moved, but the sound died in its birth ; then with a sudden start he tore his knife from its sheath, and with a desperate bound was at the maiden's side. The knife glittered above her head, but Elk-heart had seen the motion, and quick as thought arrested his brother's lifted arm, then calmly said, "Go, my brother, go to thy wigwam, thou art not thyself ; calm thee—'tis vain to force a woman's love. This night we will mourn together, and on the morrow go forth to hunt. I will not take the maiden to my wigwam till thou hast ceased to love." He led him gently to the skin that was suspended before the entrance, lifted it, and bade him depart. Lynx-heart, still trembling with his rage, replaced the knife in its sheath, uttered a sullen adieu to the girl, and passed from out the hut.

When he had departed, the maiden vainly strove to induce Elk-heart to forego the hunt: she told him all her forebodings, but still he refused. "No, no," he said, "it is better to heal a wound than let it rankle ; I have spoken."

"Go then," she replied, "I cannot weep ; the Indian girl's tears are dry."

A long parting embrace followed, and she stood alone in her hut. When she recovered herself, she summoned her younger brother, and tutored him to follow the brothers on the morrow, to mark everything he saw, and hang well on the trail, so that they should not know they had a spy.

The morrow came, and they went forth together, the young child cautiously following. Lynx-heart appeared to have forgotten the occurrence of yesterday ; he was gay and treacherous, like the gleam of sunshine that plays on the white canvass of the fated vessel the moment before the squall comes, and it is engulfed in the ocean's foam.

However, I must be concise with my tale. They reached this glen, and, in an unsuspecting moment, Elk-heart fell by

a bullet from the rifle of his brother ;—the murderer turned and fled, his cowardly heart would not allow him to look on his victim's countenance. The young child had seen the deed, and bore the tale to his sister, who rushed to the hut of the father of the brothers, and loudly called for vengeance.

The old man heard the tale without a groan ; not even a muscle of his countenance quivered, and for a moment after she had ceased to speak, sat still, as if yet listening to her voice ; then, without a word, he slowly rose, unslung his rifle, and stood in the door of his hut.

The moment his son appeared, with a curse—a father's curse—he sent the bullet to his heart. But the old man's vengeance was not yet complete ; he bore the body to the spot where lay his eldest-born—prepared a grave for each, but far apart ; over the one he placed a rude Indian sculptured tomb, while nothing but a dark mound denoted where the other lay. He then knelt down, and thanked the Great Spirit who had nerved him to do an act of justice, and turned and left the spot for ever.

There, side by side, repose the murderer and his victim ; the same shower waters the graves of both, the same wind breathes among the grass that grows above them, the same bird's song thrills above their resting-place, the same sun's ray illumines the gloom that is shed around. There is one thing alone fearfully marks the difference : the wandering Indian pauses by the murdered brother's tomb as if it were hallowed ground, and kneeling there breathes forth a prayer to the Most High for the soul's repose ;—but he turns with a shudder and a curse from the dark mound that marks the resting-place of the FRATRICIDE.

By the time the legend was finished, we had passed the glen, and were once more on open ground ; towards evening we

came to a small moor, where we halted ; the whip-poor-will chaunted his hymn all night, but nevertheless I contrived to get quite sufficient sleep.—The next day we suddenly came to a deep and perpendicular ravine, or more properly speaking chasm, through which rushed, boiling along, a rapid river. The ravine was not above thirty or forty feet in width, and across it was thrown a pine tree cut some time since by a party in the same route as ourselves ; across this we had to go, though the bridge had quite a spring with it. Pierre went first ; when about half-way across, his foot slipped ; in a moment he must have been dashed to atoms, but providentially a broken branch arrested his descent by sticking into his belt ; thus he hung suspended over the frightful abyss with his heavy packet on his shoulders ; but he uttered no cry, not even for help ; he made no motion to recover his footing, but hung as steadily as he could. The other Indians threw off their bundles, and tying the cords that bound them together, gently crawled to the spot where he hung, fastened them loosely yet firmly to the tree, then disincumbered him of his packet ; when this was effected, he swung himself on to the tree, was untied, exclaimed as usual “ *Le Bon Dieu,*” placed his bundle once more on his shoulders, and walked steadily across. The common observer would not have detected a sign of fear, except, perhaps, that he walked more slowly and cautiously. I thanked the planet under which I first made my appearance into this sublunary globe, when I found myself safe on the opposite side.

A few days, and we arrived once more among something that bore the semblance of civilisation, viz. a Delaware village. Our sudden appearance occasioned no sign of surprise ; some few tall dusky men wrapped in their mantles were smoking their jasper pipes, leaning lazily against their lodges ; a few children were playing with their bows and arrows—as we ap-

proached they looked up for a moment, but instantly resumed their sport : there was a gravity thrown around the scene that had a very remarkable, if not a disagreeable effect on me. I thought of Washington Irving's tale of Rip Van Winkle and the old Dutch skittle-players among the Kaatskill mountains. My Indians however maintained the same sedate countenances, and scarcely deigning to recognise or greet the inhabitants, walked straight forward and entered the first house that presented itself, threw off their bundles without ceremony, and then sat down as if the place were their own. I of course mechanically followed the example set me ; this seemed to have broken the spell that surrounded us. One Indian dropped in after another till the lodge was full ; then followed a conversation perfectly unintelligible to me, as they spoke in the Indian dialect, but I discovered I was the subject of it, from the glances of surprise with which they occasionally regarded me. Their curiosity was not long to be gratified, for every individual was smoking as if his whole existence depended on the blowing of clouds of smoke ; the room was filling with it so fast that the recognition of feature was momentarily becoming more difficult. The hospitality we experienced was unbounded ; men, women, and children, seemed pleased to be able to contribute to our comfort. When evening arrived, the Indian drum was brought forth, and armed with rattles, &c. I found myself capering as wildly as the rest, to the most discordant noises that I do think had ever before assailed my organs of hearing. The few days I spent with them were some of the happiest of my life, and I half resolved to become an Indian.

But time and tide, as the old adage goes, wait for no man ; our bundles were again at our backs, and our rifles in our hands. I squeezed the hands of these brave and hospitable people, and once more was plodding onwards. Our route daily became more diversified ; the lakes seemed to increase

in size, the trees in height, and even the little rills swelled into rivers. At length we reached the top of a high mountain, and from thence burst suddenly on my view the mighty Huron. The soldiers of Xenophon, in that famous retreat, could not have been more struck, when with one voice they shouted "The sea ! the sea !"

The sun had been down some hours, and to recal the time and stillness, I quote the following stanza :—

" 'Twas night, and o'er the stilly deep
No ripple broke the seaboy's sleep,
The wind had ceased to sigh;
The moon in silver pride rode through
Her cloudless course of spangled blue,
In silent majesty."

At such an hour—at such a time—should this vast and mighty sea of fresh water be visited. Who can stand unmoved amidst such grandeur and such beauty ? A beacon light glimmered in the distance ; the moonbeams lay in one vast mass, unbroken by a ripple ; the water birds slept upon its tranquil surface. This indeed was solitude : no noise, no sound ; but there was a view unbounded, not even the tracery of a vessel's mast to break the sight. Yes, there I stood, absolutely lost in wonder and admiration, till called by the Indians to our night's repast.

We had now left the Prairies far in our rear, had repassed the Mississippi, and were rapidly journeying homewards through the beautiful Vale of Ohio. The rainy season was over, and the Indian summer had almost smiled its last smile ; the wind moaned amidst the half-leaved trees, like the wild waves mourning over the sailor's grave. Winter was drawing on apace ; yet a month or two more, and we should again sit round the blazing fires at Indian Lorette. We arrived on the border

of the Buffalo River, and thus approached the mighty Niagara, where I narrowly escaped losing my life, for straggling carelessly among the brushwood, I heard a subdued rattling sound. I paused, looked round, and then again cautiously advanced; the sound was repeated, but more distinctly. I called to Pierre, who instantly came up and narrowly examined every object; at length he pointed to a pile of leaves exactly in the path I was going; a few steps more, and I must have inevitably trod on it—there I perceived two bright eyes glaring at me. Pierre gently raised his rifle, and with the report up sprang a large rattle-snake; the ball had been effective, and after a few convulsive throes it stretched out full length and died. I once more congratulated myself on my lucky escape.

The thunder of the cataract became audible as we advanced, and at length before us we saw the white mist that eternally hangs over the falls, caused by the fine particles of the spray. My feelings were indescribable; the name of Niagara had been familiar to me from a child, but as yet its appearance lived only in my imagination. How faintly my ideas had painted it! It must be seen to be duly appreciated, or even before the mind can conceive so grand, so stupendous a sight. We still advanced, and then burst on my view this wonder of the world. For some miles the water had been increasing in rapidity, interspersed here and there with small cascades, formed by ledges of rock, until reaching a steep and strait declivity, it bounded tumultuously along, and then suddenly precipitated itself into the ever-foaming abyss. One of the finest views of the falls was from the Table Rock; from this when you turn your back on the precipice, you face the torrent, before it takes its final leap: then turn round and look over the ledge on which you stand, and nothing is to be seen but volumes of feathery foam; that which is falling in the great

body looks like the roll of a mighty avalanche, and where it is broken, it flies up, giving the appearance of a thick snow storm; when the sun shines upon it, a magnificent rainbow spans the gulf, based on either precipice.

But farewell to Niagara, its grandeur and its legends; I must again, like "the Wandering Jew," change my position.

Behold us now in a bark canoe, dancing lightly over the rippling waves of the majestic Ontario. Who could look (as we were now doing) on the throng of busy vessels, and listen to the continued click-clack of the steam-packets, from whose thronged decks issued the sounds of mirth and happiness, and believe that these, at present tranquil, waters had ever echoed to the roar of cannon, the cries of the wounded in their agony, or witnessed the engagement of hostile fleets? Yet such was the case on this fresh-water sea (for sea it is, comparatively speaking)—fleets have met and fought, during the American war of 1814, the opposite sides of the lake belonging respectively to Canada and the States, from the deep bays of which they issued for the destruction of each other.

Ontario has been justly termed the "Romantic Lake," from the peculiarity of its scenery. Near Kingston is the beautiful Bay of Quinte, which turns and turns like the folds of the serpent—and that so suddenly, that when the stranger thinks his "light bark" can go no farther, a sudden turn at right angles, and he reaches another bay, and so on for miles, each one varying in its scenery, and each one surpassing the other in beauty. Here is almost a perpetual calm; the rude winds, that dash its parent's waves in white foam on the strand, pass by, or breathe their gentlest breath on its glassy surface: in fact, it is more like a fairy lake which lives but in poet's strain, or breathes but on the painter's canvass.

Than the place of the Thousand Isles, no spot on earth can be more lovely—hundreds of islets, thus beautifully and in-

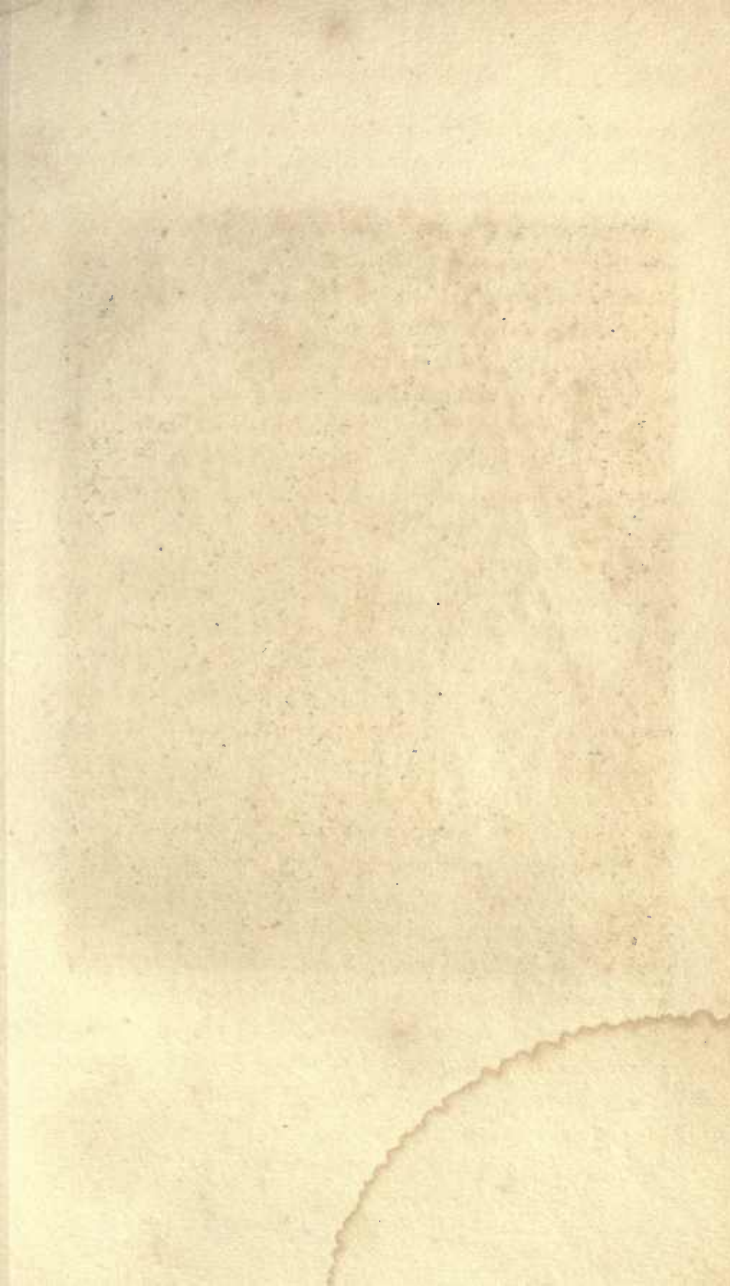
numerably clustered, from some of which shoot up the lofty pine, while on others, the feathery larch and spruce trees flourish, and anon you perceive the delicate green and light tracery of the birch tree. These islands are famous for a species of small deer, called by the Indians "chevereaux." Here we stopped several days for the purpose of hunting, and that by way of varying the scene we had at night by torchlight. As soon as it was dark, we fixed a large torch in the bows of our canoe and paddled gently and quietly onwards, each armed with a rifle; the animals, astonished at the glare, come to the water's edge, and so absorbed are they in gazing at the light, that they fall easy victims. Thus several days passed merrily away.

A few days after this we reached the Ottawa river, and then went to view the beautiful falls of Chaudiere; here we built ourselves a raft, floated on as far as Point Fortune, and once more struck into the forest. We now approached home rapidly, re-crossed the Battersan river, and were absolutely re-treading the very ground we had passed some months previously. But although I was approaching civilised life, and should soon mingle with the gaiety of the city, my spirits sank daily and rapidly, like the quicksilver in a marine barometer before an approaching storm.

We were obliged to hurry, for the last leaf had long since ceased to quiver on the extremity of the branch, the snow was several inches deep, and having no snow shoes, we should soon find a difficulty in travelling. We passed by the old caban, where I had the first fright with the bear, and we all laughed, as the sight of it brought back its remembrance; re-crossed Lake St. Joseph, descended the mountains that overhang the Jaque Cartiers river, stepped into the canoe, and were soon on the other side; here we dined, and then plodded steadily along towards Indian Lorette. Not many hours

elapsed before I caught sight of a Squaw, wrapped up in her mantlet ; we soon overtook her, and she immediately ran to give notice of our return.

When we emerged from the bush, we perceived the Indians standing at the entrance of the village, who, with a loud whoop, instantly commenced an irregular fire of blank cartridge, which we returned, the old rusty cannon chiming in now and then. By the time two or three rounds had been fired, we were among them, and hearty was the greeting I received. I hurried away to the house where I had previously resided, to change my hunting dress ; in the mean time, I despatched a Canadian to the neighbouring village, St. Ambroise, for sundry gallons of rum—then I took a survey of myself in a glass, to see if I could recognise aught of my former self. I certainly could well have asked, “And faith is it myself, or another?” I had a beard and moustaches that would have made the Grand Turk die of the spleen, and skin so tanned by the weather that it resembled the colour of a mahogany bed-post. However, I shaved off the superfluous hair, put on a domestic Indian costume, made myself more like a Christian, and adjourned to Madame Etienne’s. The Squaws complimented me, with what was intended as a compliment of the first water, by exclaiming, “Monsieur, you now look like a Sauvage.” The fiddle was brought, and dancing soon commenced. Suffice it to say, so devoted were we at our employment, that time slipped away on wheels of oil, and I believe, if the night had not been wound up by—sorry am I to be obliged to confess our weakness—universal inebriety, that we must have worn the flooring to a wafer. The last thing I recollect, as I dropped exhausted on a deal form, was a confused mass of men and women screeching, whooping, and shaking rattles, giving a correct representation of a ball in Pandemonium.





Drawn by A. E. Chalon, R.A.

Engraved by F. Bacon.

Isabella and Gertrude.

ISABELLA AND GERTRUDE.

"THE dream haunts me still," said the young and beautiful Isabella to her sister one day as they were sitting together. "I cannot drive it from my mind."

"But, my pretty sister," said the other, "surely you are not foolish enough to believe in dreams? Have you not dreamed many times before, and did they ever prove true?"

"Why, no, dear Gertrude; I cannot say that they did. But, then, this was so strange, so vivid, that none have ever made so deep an impression."

"Probably not," replied the other. "But, when were your thoughts ever so completely occupied by any other subject as they are upon this?"

"Why—no; I cannot say they ever were," said Isabella. "The dream, however, was repeated three times over, and so strange a circumstance as that never occurred before."

"I see, dear sister," answered Gertrude, "you would lay great stress upon the mystical number, three—which, I believe, is a sort of golden number with dream-holders. But what more likely than that it should occur? You dreamt a strange and curious dream, and then, with your thoughts full of it, you went to sleep again. But, in such a state of mind, you cannot suppose that your sleep would be very deep. Now, in such case—with your imagination on fire, and your mind intently busy—you should again be presented with a picture

of that which occupied your thoughts when awake, is not at all wonderful. And, very likely, if you fell into a third sleep, the same thing would be repeated. I have heard of people dreaming the same thing twice, and even three times over, but never four—”

“You never have?” here interrupted Isabella, eagerly. “Then—”

“Nay, dear sister,” continued Gertrude, with a smile, “do not think that I am going to say anything that will advance your notion of dreams. I account for it in this manner: it is seldom that a fourth sleep occurs, or else, doubtless, the same thing would happen; but the mind is generally so occupied as to banish sleep for a considerable interval, so that by the time the third sleep is broken, it is the usual hour for rising. Now, in your own case, I dare say that you did not sleep again after the third?”

“Truly not,” answered Isabella. “Unrefreshed as I was with the night’s repose, I felt no inclination to sleep; and, indeed, if I had, I should have tried to keep awake, rather than again have had the strange and solemn sight presented before me. But if you so readily account for my dreaming the same dreams three times in one night, what solution can you give of the strange fact, that many dream the same thing for three successive nights, but never for more?”

“I account for it in the same way as I accounted for the former. It is seldom a person dreams except when the mind is troubled. Troubled with anxious thoughts, or wearied with extreme solicitude, an individual retires to sleep; but, disturbed and disquieted in his mind, he cannot sink into that soft, refreshing sleep which the heart at ease enjoys. It is seldom, until nature is wearied out, that sleep comes at all; and in such case, what more likely than that dreams should follow? If the activity of mind were sufficient to prevent

sleep in the first place, it is not unlikely that it should be powerful to disturb sleep in the second. But as the imagination has not full play during the hours of slumber, the images presented to the mind are dim and distorted—frequently horrible and appalling, and thus at once they bewilder and terrify. Now suppose a person in circumstances of extreme difficulty dreaming such a dream as you had last night, do you not think that the recollection of it will be the thing most active in his memory at the time of his retiring to rest the second night? This would be sufficient to cause dreams the second night; and the very circumstance of the mind being engrossed by thoughts of the former dream, will produce one exactly similar to it. The body will be therefore but little refreshed with that night's sleep; and now it depends upon constitutional strength whether the dream is again repeated. If nature be not exhausted, the dream will come again; but if completely wearied out, the individual will fall into a sleep resembling torpor, and of course no dreams will then ensue. None, I should say, are sufficiently strong to bear the breaking up of more than three nights' repose, and therefore is it that dreams seldom occur on the fourth night, and not that there is any spell or mystic charm in the number three. I hope now, sister, that I have explained the matter to your satisfaction."

Isabella, however, only shook her head—she remained silent.

"I understand you," continued Gertrude; "your judgment says yes, your feelings say no. If I would make an impression, therefore, I see it must be done by making an appeal to the feelings."

"Then let it be some other time, dear Gertrude; my mind is ill adapted to receive instruction at present. I will try, however, to drive the impression from my memory."

Isabella and Gertrude de Vere were sisters, descended, though but in a remote degree, from that illustrious house which bore that surname, and the title of Earl of Oxford. Isabella, the child of a second marriage, was about twenty, with light blue eyes and auburn hair ; her sister, who was about ten years her senior, was the very reverse in point of complexion, having jetty hair and black eyes ; and the difference which existed in their features was extended to their feelings and sentiments. Gertrude was fine, bold, confident, high in spirit and firm in resolve ; Isabella was yielding, timid, diffident. The one was formed to command, the other required a nobler spirit upon which she could lean.

Isabella lost her mother when she had attained the age of three years, so that she had grown up entirely under the care of her elder sister, who entertained for her the fondest affection. As years passed on, from being the scholar Isabella became the companion of her sister, sharing at once her anxieties and her confidence.

After the death of his second consort, their father seemed to lose all pleasure in being in his own home ; the scene recalled to his mind thoughts he wished to banish ; everything tended to revive the recollection of one whom he loved, and whose loss he so deeply deplored. It was seldom, therefore, that he visited his home, and thus the sisters were left in solitude, and were obliged to find their own means of occupation and amusement.

But though seldom graced by the presence of its master, yet at times the hall of Sir Anthony de Vere presented a strange contrast to the silence and serenity which generally reigned there : this was when its owner thought himself bound to keep up the dignity of his ancestors, and accordingly invited noble guests to join in the chase and to partake of his feasts.

On one occasion, among the invited guests, was the young

Earl of ———, who at the first sight of Isabella became struck by the powers of her beauty, and was, or fancied himself, violently in love. But whether the one or the other, he strove to make it appear that he was captivated by her. When in the chase, he was always to be found beside her; when in the withdrawing-room, it was her harp alone which seemed to have music for his ears. Whatever he did, to her it was done well; whatever he did, it seemed performed for her pleasure. The young Earl had just those qualities which win the heart of women. He was tall, commanding, and graceful. His countenance was handsome and pleasing, his manners affable and easy, his bearing courtly and polite. But if thus capable of winning, he was still more capable, after having won, of making weep. He was heartless, selfish, unprincipled, a libertine in his conduct—a tyrant to others, a slave to his own bad passions. These evil feelings were not shown until the knowledge of them came too late.

Bred up as she had been in solitude, Isabella de Vere was unused to the arts which are practised in the world. She saw herself an object of admiration—she saw that her admirer was, to all appearance, generous and noble. She had been taught to love virtue and goodness: what wonder, then, that she should begin to entertain feelings of regard to one who seemed to hold virtue and goodness in as high veneration as she herself did? She had a heart formed to love, and when she saw that she herself was an object of love—when she heard that her love was prized beyond wealth, or rank, or power, no wonder that she should love in return.

The first love of a young heart is always strong and ardent—unclouded by sorrow, not hardened by the hollowness and heartlessness of the world, not yet soured by disappointment—it is fervent, ardent, lasting.

It was thus that Isabella loved. Ignorant of the base

principles which lurked in the breast of him on whom she had placed her affections, she was deeply wounded before she knew that she had been smitten by Love's darts.

It was not until the time came for the departure of the guests, that she discovered even to herself how deeply her heart was engaged. She felt that there was coming a strange loneliness which she could not account for, a void which her former employment seemed inadequate to fill up.

And her lover, he pined, he felt the same sorrow ; many were the expressions of sorrow and regret he uttered, many the protestations of regard, many the vows of constancy. He promised that his absence should be short, and that during that time his letters should be frequent, and thus as much as possible make up for his absence.

At last the hall was deserted, the sisters were again left to themselves. But to Isabella the change was a sad one. Her home was now no home to her ; her heart had been carried away, and what was it that her body yet lingered ? She became silent and reserved ; loved to be alone, that she might indulge freely in thought. Her wonted employments had grown distasteful, and she felt no pleasure in anything which had formerly delighted her. To walk where she had walked with *him*, to play the tunes *he* had liked to hear, to gaze upon the pictures *he* admired, was all that seemed to yield gratification. Her sister clearly divined the cause, and gently drew her confidence. She entered into all her feelings, and lent her aid to everything which seemed to entice the love-stricken Isabella.

It was with the utmost impatience that Isabella expected the arrival of the promised letters. A month passed on, yet none had been received ; day rolled on after day, week passed after week, still her lover remained silent. She now became more low-spirited and melancholy, and for hours

would sit brooding in silence, while unbidden tears would now and then steal gently down her cheeks.

All her thoughts were engrossed, all her feelings absorbed, by this one thing; so much so, that they even followed her during the hours of sleep, which were often broken by dreams. It was one of these dreams which had now so disturbed her. As she slept, there appeared before her a female figure clothed in the garments in which the dead are buried. At first she thought it was a representative of herself; but the figure before her was older, though it bore a strong resemblance to herself. As the spectre stood before her, it raised its hand,—that was bone, though her countenance was undecayed, and bore no marks of the grave except in its rigid paleness. Then it seemed to speak, though its lips, which were colourless, moved not, and the words it uttered were, “At midnight, at thy mother’s grave, seek what thou wantest to know.”

* * * * *

The evening of that day came on, and the spirits of Isabella became more uncertain and broken. It was in vain her sister strove to cheer her, till at length, as the last alternative, she proposed that they should visit the chapel where both their mothers lay buried.

From the moment that the proposal was made, Isabella suddenly recovered her former flow of spirits. She rejoiced in the certainty of knowing what had become of her faithless lover, and her sister dared not check the flow of spirits, though certain that her new-born hopes would prove fallacious.

A little before midnight, the sisters stood in the little chapel where rested the varied generations of their family. The moon was at its full, and shed a mild light over the sculptured figures and groined arches.

The bell tolled the hour—the sisters, clasped in each other’s arms, silently stood gazing upon the vault beneath, where lay

their mothers—the last stroke sounded, and as the echo died away the stone seemed to move, and then rose from the earth the pale, still form of the parent of Isabella.

“Look, look! it comes!” said Isabella; “I knew it would.”

“Children,” said the figure, “for that which you seek, look there.”

Suddenly, close by where the strange visitant stood, appeared a frame, as though of a picture; but the canvas was as yet uncoloured; it gradually began to assume a tint and shade, the outline of figures became visible, and then the figures themselves. There stood the betrothed of Isabella, and by his side was a young and fair female, who was weeping bitterly, and entreating him in an earnest tone.

He was turning from her with a haughty, indifferent air, when the figure of a youth appeared, who, from his resemblance, seemed the brother of the female.

He appeared to be exclaiming in a violent and angry tone against him who represented the betrothed of Isabella;—the other haughtily answered, when suddenly the swords of both were drawn, and after a few moments' conflict, the Earl of —— fell upon the ground.

At that sight Isabella uttered a loud shriek, and fell senseless upon the pavement. It was long before she recovered; and before then, news was received that the Earl of —— had been killed in a duel by a young man whose sister he had seduced.

It was months before Isabella recovered the shock her faculties received on that eventful night; nor indeed did she ever regain her wonted cheerfulness of spirit. Her mild and melancholy manner was an evidence of the change wrought upon the feelings by the disappointment of the heart's first love.

A VISIT TO A CHINESE CITY.

WE visited Ningpo a short time since, in company with Captain and Mrs. B.; the latter and myself being the first foreign women who were ever there, with the exception of Mrs. Noble, who was taken prisoner during the war, and was seen but by very few. We started for Ningpo on Saturday morning, expecting to arrive the same evening, but did not reach there until the next morning, suffering sundry inconveniences in the interim, having to pass the night in the China fast-boats, with accommodations the most narrow and limited. A cabin was formed by spreading bamboo mats over the deck, and it was not, I assure you, of the most lofty and commodious kind, for we could not stand upright in the highest part. We furnished our own provisions, beds, dishes, &c. &c.; spread our beds upon the floor, and slept, if we could, and as we could—though I have found, before now, a softer and more downy resting-place.

We arrived early on Sunday morning, and behold a mighty crowd had gathered to see us when we landed. So eager was the curiosity, that many waded off some distance, the sooner to get a peep at us. We had with us a Chinese and English police-officer. Captain B. sent his card to one of the mandarins, who despatched his servant immediately, to show us the way to the house that had been provided for us. We were placed in sedan chairs, which were carried by two men called coolies; and it was really with difficulty they could get through

the streets, which are narrow, and now they were completely thronged. My chair, instead of Captain B.'s, was by mistake taken first, and, of course, curiosity was most directed toward me, and I really feared for the safety of the chair, if not for my own, so great was the desire to see a foreign woman. They were by no means rude, however, for they are a civil people. But it required stronger nerves than mine to face unmoved such a multitude, with every countenance directed toward me, and written all over with the most intense and anxious curiosity.

Our first day at Ningpo we spent within doors, it being Sunday ; but we received a call and an invitation to dine the next day, from one of the mandarins. The house we occupied was thoroughly Chinese, with all its appurtenances.

Monday morning came, and quite early two sedan chairs were sent to take us to see the wonders of the place, and, it may be, that we might be seen. The chairs differed from those we were carried in the day before, being much more elegant, and furnished with glass windows before, behind, and on each side, which enabled them the better to see us, who had suddenly become literally, and in very truth, the "observed of all observers." We had been greatly annoyed before by the people constantly lifting the curtain which hung in front of the chair, and we found it more pleasant to meet the gaze of the people fully and fairly, than to be playing bo-peep with them all the time.

We commenced our day's amusement by first making a call, and then we went to some public places, where we received calls from a number of mandarins, and were quite diverted with their "chin chins" (the Chinese for "how do you do?") which is their mode of salutation, folding their hands at the time, and bowing their heads. We were then served with tea in the neatest little cups imaginable ; and then tables were

brought in, and spread with a great variety of sweet things, fruit, and the like.

From here we went to the mandarin's to dine ; and really the dinner was a curiosity in itself. The first course was of sweet things, the second meats, and more substantial viands. Our dinner over, we bade our host adieu, and made another call, where they furnished us another dinner, and similar to the first ; and, at another place where we called, they spread tables, and gave us luncheons ; fortunately, our luncheons came after dinner instead of before. We made five meals in a few hours, and you may judge if we were not in some danger of surfeiting. As for myself, I suffered an intense headache, as a penalty for eating too much of good things. During all this time, we had been introduced to a great many people ; and the streets, as we made our way through them, were crowded to even greater excess than before. I assure you the excitement was almost too much for me, and I returned to our abode on that evening quite exhausted.

The next morning, after receiving calls by the score, we visited a pagoda, mounted fourteen flights of stairs, and stood where the feet of white woman had never before trod. We had a fine view from the top, and below were crowds of people, who had followed us hither, and were waiting to see us pass out. Men, women, and children were there, to the amount of some thousands ; and, as we came out to go to our chairs, which were standing a little way off, they parted to the right and left for us to pass through—the women holding up their children, that they might catch a glimpse of the wonderful strangers. We went from here to a place of worship, called a "Josh-house ;" beautiful, indeed, it was, and their huge gods, of wood and stone, though they may seem very majestic and imposing to them, awakened in me no feeling but sadness and pity for the deluded creatures who trust in them. There was

a great deal of beautiful carved work and gilding about the building, and it was adorned with beautiful lanterns of painted glass, in endless number and variety.

From here we went to the house of another mandarin, who has a beautiful garden adorned with caves, grottoes, pools of water, and a great variety of gorgeous and beautiful flowers. We strolled about here a little while, enjoying its beauty and its freshness, and called upon yet another mandarin, where a more pleasing sight awaited us than any that had been before presented. We saw and were introduced to the wife and daughter of the mandarin, also several of their children of various sizes. The ladies were very finely dressed, and the young lady was quite a modest, pretty-looking girl. Her hair was ornamented with flowers, and her arms with bracelets, two on each.

After dinner they took us into another room, where they examined our dresses with great curiosity and delight. We have been favoured beyond any foreigners who have ever been here before; none, I apprehend, having been so honoured as to sit at table with ladies of the Celestial Empire. We are indebted, probably, for much of the attention we received to the fact of Captain B.'s holding the office of civil magistrate, in addition to his rank as captain in the army, and being, in consequence, acquainted with many of the people, whom he had received at his house.

When we left here, we made another call, where we were treated to another lunch, and, to my great horror and dismay, to another dinner. I was sick and disgusted at the very sight of food. We were helped in the most lavish manner. Not content with heaping our plates, which, by the way, were quite small, and more like saucers than plates, they actually piled up the good things all about us. They by no means confine themselves to the use of the chop sticks, but seem

quite to prefer their fingers in helping either themselves or others.

It seemed to trouble our good friends that we ate so little, and it appeared to me the less we ate, the more bountifully they helped us. One of the young mandarins, especially, was quite concerned on my account. He had been extremely gracious and polite to me all the while—good-looking he was, too, his eyes black and most brilliant, and his whole face agreeable and pleasant. In his anxiety lest I should depart with my appetite unsatisfied, he took rice from his own plate and put it upon mine, motioning me to eat; and this is deemed an act of extreme politeness by the Chinese. Of course I could do no less than eat it, which seemed to gratify him exceedingly. I looked as amiable as I possibly could, half surfeited as I was, and conversing by signs, we became quite well acquainted before the dinner was over.

After dinner we attempted to visit some of the shops, but could do so in no kind of comfort, for the crowd still pursued, to get a glimpse of us as we alighted from the chairs. Indeed, the shopkeepers themselves were more interested in looking at us than they were in selling their goods. So we yielded to "dire necessity," and made the best way we could back to our quarters, glad enough to reach there, and to be at rest. We were, a few hours afterwards, on board the same boat which conveyed us thither, and which was waiting to take us back to Chusan. Wearied enough we were, I assure you, with the excitement of the last three days. I must say, that, as far as my own experience goes, it is by no means a pleasant thing to be an object of wonder and curiosity to a gaping multitude.

THE SIEGE.

IT was a bright October morning; the sun was pouring a broad flood of light over the fertile vale, with its green meadow-land, its hanging woods, its ruddy corn-fields, and its bright river—over the town and castle of Knaresborough, crowded, this with fierce steel-clad veterans, mustered beneath the royal standard, that with the yeomanry and burghers, like their more regular comrades, in arms for Church and King against the leaguring hosts of Cromwell—over the camp, the lines, the outposts of the Puritans, which hemmed the destined town about with, as it were, a wall of iron. Upon the heights, just to the eastward of the town, the fierce, enthusiastic Lilburne had fixed his quarters, and hoisted the broad red cross of the Parliament, and thence, on every side, had drawn his lines about the borough; the bridge and the high road, on the south side, were kept by a brigade of pikes and two strong bands of horse arquebusiers; the meadows and the vale were swept by four full regiments of the far-famed invincibles, the Ironsides of Cromwell; the woods were filled with sharpshooters, the roads blocked up with mounds and trenches, and all the north side of the town exposed to a tremendous fire from fifty wide-mouthed cannon, which, covered from the castle guns by a projecting hillock, battered the dwellings of the hapless burghers without remorse or respite. Nor were the besieged passive in the mean time, or fearful. Bright sheets of flame would leap up, ever and anon, from the dark castle

embrasures, and clouds of snow-white smoke would swathe the giant keep in their dense vapoury shroud, and with a roar that told the awful tale of civil warfare even to the distant walls of York, the heavy shot would plunge into the serried columns of the leaguers, thinning their ranks, indeed, and shaking for a moment their array, but daunting not their fiery courage, nor damping their enthusiastic zeal. And now, with the long roll of drums and the soul-stirring flourish of the horn and bugle, from this point or that of the beleaguered town, the Cavaliers would sally out on their besiegers. Now by some ford of the swift river, neglected because thought impassable, a little troop of gentlemen, superbly mounted on high-blooded chargers, fluttering with lace and waving with tall plumes and blue embroidered scarfs, would dash upon some picquet of the Puritans, and drive them back, scattered and broken and cut down, to the main body—and then, forced to retreat in turn, would fall back foot by foot, firing their petronels and musque-toons from every hedge and coppice, and charging again and again on their pursuers from every spot of vantage, till they had gained the river: then they would wheel, throw in one shattering volley, swim through the eddying waters, and raise their gallant cheer, “God for King Charles!” in safety. Now it would be a steadier and sterner effort; a heavy column would rush out, pikemen and musqueteers and horse in one dense body, bearing the outposts in at the pike’s point, carrying some redoubt, and then deploying in its front, until the pioneers and axemen should spike its guns, fill up its ditches, and level its defences to the ground.

Incessant were alarms and panics, sallies and feints and false attacks, on the one hand; and, on the other, strict watches, stout resistance, guarded and sure approaches, for Lilburne knew right well the quality of his own troops—the nature of the force opposed to him. He had experienced often in the

field the fiery and resistless charges of the impetuous Cavaliers; he knew that in the stoutest veterans of the Parliament, none could be found who, for a single dash, could cope with the high-born and chivalrous adherents of the King; but he knew also that undisciplined and fiery gentlemen, how gallant and how desperate soever, would not endure the tedium of protracted operations, the dull monotony of a long siege where passive opposition only can be offered, the lack of wine and the appliances of mirth, the scarcity of food, the daily sufferings, the daily waste, the daily-growing anguish. He knew, and acted on this knowledge. Vastly superior in his numbers, he cared not for the loss of a picquet; he shook not at the defeat of an outpost, the destruction of a redoubt, or the success of a sally. If evening saw the line of his circumvallation broken, the morning sun beheld his working parties on the ground repairing the defences, protected by so powerful masses that any sally must be fruitless to annoy them, and evening found the lines again complete, but stronger, nearer, closer than before. Nor was this all. With his strong cavalry, he kept the country round in constant terror and excitement; he cut off every convoy, before it had well left the place from which it started; he surprised every stronghold of the Cavaliers, at miles away from the scene of his operations—he took and garrisoned the loyal house of Ripley—he battered Spofforth Castle, the old, time-honoured dwelling of the Percies; he quelled the risings of the Langdales, the Vavasours, the Slingsbys, and the Stourtons. He indeed bridled the bold valour of the West Riding, as he had boasted that he would—bridled it with a curb of iron!

Yet Knaresborough still held out!—castle and town held out, though worn and wasted with fatigue and famine.—Hastily had the brave defenders thrown themselves into that stronghold, scantily victualled as it was, expecting succours

from without, as it were, every hour, and prepared desperately to endure the utmost before submission to their hated foes. Hastily, rashly had they suffered themselves to be hemmed in, without a hope except to die, and desperately had they borne up against the tortures of that hot rashness. And now the moment had arrived. For three whole days, the castle and the town had had no food at all ! all stores had, many days since, been exhausted ; the very grass that grew upon the ramparts had been all gathered, all consumed ! The beasts of burthen, the domestic animals, the very vermin, had been sought eagerly for food—had been devoured greedily—till no more could be found at all in that most miserable town. There was no one house but had lost some of its inmates, by that most lingering, most terrible of deaths, mere famine !—and it was on the youngest, the fairest, the loveliest, the most beloved, that the dread doom fell first. The streets were heaped with carcasses, for now the living lacked the strength, the energy to bury their own dead ! Thrice had the burghers risen against the castle, to force its commandant, by surrendering to the Puritans, to free them from that lamentable durance ; and thrice had the noble Cavalier who held that last stronghold for his royal master—while the tears streamed hot and heavy down his emaciated cheeks, and his heart throbbed as if it would burst his bosom, for very pity—ordered the castle guns to play with grape upon the famished wretches, whose despair would have forced him from his duty. Three times, repulsed from the castle by their friends, had that most hapless populace rushed out to the besieger's camp, throwing themselves upon the mercy of their foes, and hoping so to force their way into the open country, and three times, at pike's point, had they been driven back into that town of sepulchres and charnel-houses.

It was the third day that no particle of food, except some

scraps of leather, roasted or soddened into soup, had passed the lips of any of the garrison, on which a sad deputation of the townsmen waited for the fourth time upon the captain of the castle. They came not now in turbulence, hoping to *force* submission, but tearfully, and on their bended knees, to beg the stern old veteran, as they deemed him, that, for the love of God, by all his hopes of Heaven, he would have mercy—not on them, they said, “for we are men, and can endure the utmost, but for our wives—our perishing wives and children !”

The man to whom their petition was addressed was of the middle stature, with dark raven hair, piercing eyes, and a countenance in which determination and courage were distinctly marked, though now a deep shade of sadness was traced across his brow.

“My friends,” said he, addressing the famishing suppliants, “I feel for you—God is my judge I do!—and here, here is my witness that none have heavier cause to feel than I have;” and, as he spoke, he opened the door of an inner chamber, and showed to those worn deputies the corpse of a fair, light-haired youth, stretched on a pallet bed, emaciated beyond all conception—yea, literally wasted to the bones! “Look there!” he said, “look there! Six little days ago, that famished, cold, dead carcass, was the fairest, sprightliest, bravest, noblest boy in all wide England! You see him now! there he lies! *my* boy, my glorious boy!—oh, God! last pledge of my lost angel, who dying, left him to my paternal care, which here is proved for ever! My daughter, too, she is dead—all that I loved, dead or dying—yet still to my duty I will remain true. A few months since, and we were prisoners in the hands of the enemy. Arrested when resistance would have been vain, we were prisoners beyond the hope of freedom; such at least was I—for prison and

death tread hard upon each other. Yet Providence favoured our escape. Would that I alone had fled—my children then might have been preserved! But still I do not murmur. I feel that that Providence which opened our prison-house when all hope of succour had fled, did it because it had yet work for me to perform: from that I will not shrink; it may still enable us to fight and suffer yet more in the cause of our King, and in that service I shall die content. Gentlemen, ye are answered: when my King's orders reach me to yield up this hold, then will I give it up—till then, please God, I shall maintain it; and so long as my trusty fellows have boots, and sword-belts, and buff jerkins, we shall not lack a meal. So, my friends, fare ye well."

To this there was no answer; from this lay no appeal.—They went away, as they had come, despairing; they betook themselves to their inhospitable homes—to their wan, starving families, and sat them down beside their fireless hearths, to pray for resignation, and for death to put an end to tortures which were fast becoming too terrible to bear. So the bright hours of daylight rolled over them unheeded, and the dark night came on—that season of repose and quiet, season of respite from all cares, relief from every woe—yet brought it no repose, no respite to the mourners of that city! The groans of manly agony, blent with the wailings of expiring infancy, and the faint sobs of women, suppressing their own agonies lest they should rend the hearts of others, went up that live-long night to Heaven; and there were humble prayers breathed out from penitent Christian bosoms; and there were wild, impatient, fierce ejaculations, which those who uttered them *called* prayer; and there were desperate blasphemies and curses, such as fiends howl out against the throne of grace, too fearful to be written!

In a low chamber of a lonely dwelling, close to the outposts of the enemy—looking down, indeed, upon the glacis and the dry moat of the town—there sat an aged man shivering above the last expiring embers of his last brand—it was the last small fragment of the door, that dying brand! All else, the floor, the furniture, the casements, had been consumed already. Upon the hearth, beside the embers, there stood a mug of water, and a large dish covered with thrice-gnawed bones, part of a horse's ribs, clean picked and broken, so as to reach the marrow. He was a tall and stately figure, was that aged man, and he had been strong, sinewy, and vigorous even in his old age; but now his form was bent and all his limbs contracted; the skin, yellow as parchment, was drawn tight across his withered brow; his nose was terribly, unnaturally sharpened, like the nose of a corpse; his eye was dim and lustreless; his ashy lips were glued together with a thin frothy slaver. Yet he had fought that morning in a fierce skirmish, which had well-nigh brought in a drove of cattle, and had only been driven back by a charge of the Ironsides, a troop of which, commanded too by his own son, had fallen upon their flank, and borne them back into the town when confident of victory, and full of high anticipation.

His corslet and buff coat were not yet laid aside; his plumed hat was cast listlessly beside him on the ground, but his blue baldric still sustained his rapier, spotted with many blood gouts, and, in the buff belt round his waist, his pistols, with the hammers down, and pans black with smoke, showed that he had not removed them since he had thrust them back into his girdle, just fired in the heat of action. There he sat, with his hands clenched and his teeth hard set, *silent*, yet cursing in his heart that recreant son, whom he had never forgiven—no! never for one moment's space!—that he had joined the

Parliament against the King, and on whose head he now invoked the direst of calamities, that, by his too successful charge, he had cut off the last relief from that sad starving city.

Suddenly a faint sound fell on his ear, as one of clambering up the glacis. The old man listened, acutely, breathlessly, as though life were dependent on his sense of hearing!—again it came, clearer and louder, *nearer* than before. Sword in hand, on the instant the veteran sprang to the narrow casement which overlooked the moat and glacis, and there, scarce three feet from the window, in the steel cap and corslet, the scarlet cassock, and unshapely boots of Cromwell's Ironsides, stood a tall slender figure. The moon, which was dimly wading through the uncertain clouds, feebly defined the outlines of his form, and half revealed, as the old man fancied, the shapes and weapons of a score or two of his fanatical companions in the dark hollow of the moat below him.

“ Treason—to arms—ho!—treason!” shouted the wretched father, at the utmost pitch of his querulous attenuated voice; but ere he had well syllabled the words, a faint and well-remembered sound responded to his high-pitched clamour.

“ Hist!—Father,”—it said—“ Father—it is I—I have brought hither food and wine, at great risk of my life—approach, quick! quick! and take them; I will return to-morrow and crave thy blessing!”

“ Out on thee! Dog and traitor—die in thy treason, and thy gifts perish with thee!—Ho! treason! to arms! treason!”

And now the cry reached wakeful ears, and was again repeated and again—“ Ho! treason! to arms! treason!”—and lights were seen flashing along the ramparts, and trumpets were blown through the streets, and sentinels were heard continually challenging; and hasty footsteps, and the clash of arms, drew nearer every moment; and still that aged man, implacable, and steeled against his son by bitter hate,

shouted, "To arms! to arms!" and called the hue and cry that way with frantic energy.

"I will not be balked—thou wilt repent this, father," said the young man, advancing nearer.

"Pray God I live to see thee hanged; I will repent this never!—approach me not, or I will rob the hangman of his due, and with mine own hand slay thee."

"Thou wilt not, father," replied the other, as he laid his hand on the casement, and reaching into the chamber, set down upon the floor a small rush basket, and a tall flask of wine,—“thou wilt not, father—seeing that I have risked my life to bring thee meat and wine. I knew not, till to-day, that thou wert in this lamentable town.”

At first the old man listened, and seemed even somewhat mollified; but as his son alluded to the situation of the town, all his old rage returned, and with the words, "Die, dog!" he lounged full at his heart with his drawn rapier; the blow took effect, full on the polished corslet, and glanced off, inflicting a deep wound on his left arm, and hurling him to the ground.

"Ha! have I slain thee?—Ha! so perish all the enemies of good King Charles!"

"Praised be God," replied the Puritan, "praised be God *that* sin is spared to thee—farewell!"

"Ho! guard—this way," shouted the veteran, now more incensed than ever; "ho! guard—this way!"

And with their arquebusses, and their slow-matches lighted, a party of the night-watch rushed in from the street—the ruthless father pointed them to the figure of his flying son, and a quick volley followed—another—and another,—and all along the ramparts, from every battlement and crenelle, the sharp clear flashes of the random musquetry streamed out into the midnight darkness—and the loud rattle of the shots

startled the sentinels of Lilburne on their posts throughout the whole of the beleaguering hosts.

Escaping from the random volleys, the young man hurried to his quarters ; but ere he reached them, he was met by the grand rounds, interrogated, seized, dragged to head-quarters, tried for communicating with the enemy by a drum-head court-martial, and sentenced to be hanged upon the morrow, between the glacis and the lines—before two hours had passed. Meanwhile the old man *fed—coolly fed* on the meat, and quaffed the wine his child—his betrayed child—had brought to him—then mocked the throne of mercy with a prayer, and lay down, and slept soundly—while that same child watched in a military dungeon, and prayed for mercy to his soul, which must be with its God to-morrow.

The morrow dawned, and the accursed gallows stood there erect between the glacis and the lines—and the death-drums were beating through the camp—and the Parliamentarians mustered to punishment parade, with their war weapons trailed, and their grim visages suffused with more than their accustomed gloom.

The fearful tale was known—at once, almost instinctively, it was revealed—all means were taken and all methods tried to preserve the victim son—threats of retaliation—proffers of terms—entreaties—ransom—bribes—but all were tried in vain.

In the full blaze of noon, before the besieged town, before the besieging army—before men, angels, God—the son died on the gallows tree, victim of filial piety—martyr to military discipline—and the old ruthless man, who had consigned his own child to that fearful doom, looked on and strove to smile, and would have braved it out even to the end—but the offended majesty of nature stood forth in its dread might,—the fierce revulsion of conflicting passions conquered the

wretched clay,—with the sneer on his lip, and the bold evil words upon his tongue—he staggered—fell—they lifted him, but he was dead.

That night, a courier with a white flag paused at the outposts of the Roundheads. It was a messenger from Charles, licensing his commander to surrender his good and faithful town of Knaresborough; and the next day the garrison marched out with flying colours, and drums beating, and all the honours of war granted them,—and filed in their superb array beneath the gibbet and the corpse of him who died a felon's death, for succouring a father at his need. These are the glories of war, these the honours of victors.

WANDERING ORPHAN MINSTRELS OF ITALY.

THEY leave their father-land,
They leave their mountain home,
They leave the Italian's sunny clime,
In foreign lands to roam.

No parent's hand will guide them
On their long and toilsome way,
No parent's eye will watch them,
Lest their steps be led astray.

No! orphans, friendless wanderers,
Their lonesome course they take;
But the Father of the fatherless
Will not their path forsake.

That God who gave them parents dear,
And took from them that stay,
Will not forsake them as they tread
Through life's uncertain way.

THE INCOGNITO.

“WHO can he be?” exclaimed Mrs. Tabitha Thomson, to her husband, in a tone of mingled curiosity and wonder, as they sat together in their little back parlour, one evening after all the children were put to bed: “I should very much like to know.”

“It does not become us, my dear,” replied her husband, as he took another sip of the brandy-and-water that stood before him,—“it does not become us to make impertinent inquiries, and pry too narrowly into the character, situation, or concerns of a gentleman recommended to us by our worthy and particular friend, George Richardson, Esq. He may, for aught we know, have very cogent reasons for not informing us of his rank in life; besides, he bears the marks of rank and respectability about him. That he is *a gentleman* is evident from the tone of authority he uses, which seems as natural to him as to be instantly obeyed.”

Such was part of a dialogue, that took place between a worthy couple, whom we intend introducing to the reader's notice.

Mr. Timothy Thomson, such was the name engraved on the brass plate affixed to his door, in letters full an inch and a half long, (which plate, be it confidentially whispered, was engraved by himself,)—Mr. Thomson, then, was a gentleman of retired habits, moderate income, and peculiar—yes, certainly, *very* peculiar personal appearance. He was a *virtuoso*,

or antiquary, as the letters F.S.A., and a long string of other initials, abbreviations of honorary titles, which Mr. T. never omitted, on all due occasions, appending to his name, informed you. In personal appearance, Mr. Thomson was anything but prepossessing. The world would have designated his figure as "short and squat;" but *we*, as friendly and faithful historians, must limit our judgment, and say, that he was short in stature, somewhat below the middle height. He had an ungraceful bend, or stoop in walking, which detracted still more from his stature. This *may* have been acquired by too close an application to study, intently poring over ancient records, and scarcely legible manuscripts, but we will not undertake to affirm that this *was* the case. There were some persons who hesitated not to say, that Mr. Thomson was anything but cleanly in his habits, tidy in his person, or neat in his linen. Now we happen to know, from good authority, that he changed his shirt regularly *once* a week, and had a new coat once in two years! Then it was said, that he took (at least) an ounce of snuff a day, the dribblings of which were plainly to be seen on his apparel; that his coat was always threadbare and out at elbow; that he generally wore "a shocking bad hat," slouched down over his eyes, and that his whole appearance was slovenly. Now surely these persons must have been actuated by some invidious motive, in thus severely decrying his foibles. Perhaps they were envious of his justly-acquired fame as an engraver, or his meritorious researches as an antiquary. Considering he was in general deeply abstracted in thought, and naturally, as a man of genius, at times absent in mind (of which his going one day to a meeting of the members of the Philosophical Society in his dressing-gown and slippers is sufficient proof), we are rather inclined to think leniently of these minor affairs; and where we cannot altogether extenuate, at least suspend our

censure, and throw into the opposite balance his irreproachable private character, his indefatigable and unwearied exertions for the public good, his parental tenderness, his benevolence and charity, his —, but these — it would be worse than useless to attempt to enumerate his many virtues, “to gild refined gold, or paint the lily,” so we will now pass on to his better half, the portly Mrs. Thomson; the matron whose —hem!—here too our pen is at fault—we know not how to commence, we never shall acquit ourselves of the Herculean task. The most ready expedient that offers, is to leave the reader’s imagination to fill up the blank, when we describe her, as a living specimen of the good old times, when hoops and furbelows, flounces and trains were the order of the day. She was one who abhorred from her heart the startling, and, as she called them, horrible and frightful innovations of plaited corsages and canezous; full skirts that take sixteen yards in the making, and gigot sleeves of dimensions sufficient to make a child’s frock. She still persisted, contrary to the advice of her friends and despite their remonstrances, to dress her daughters (that is to say, the younger ones) in stuff frocks, tuckers, tippets, and sleeves, and cottage bonnets. The two eldest, and we say it with regret, were sad disobedient creatures, who would not, in spite of their mother’s frequent lectures on the subject, be brought to agree with her taste, or admire, as she did, the fashions and dresses worn by their great-grandmother.

With the reader’s permission, we must again allude to the worthy Mr. Thomson, and mention one or two circumstances which are essential to our story.

Mr. Thomson was looked upon in the town where he resided, with a sort of cool civility, treated with an indifferent nonchalance, which just suited him. Those who knew of his foibles (and we have said before he had a few), avoided

touching on them, and in general humoured and gave way to his prejudices. His eccentricities were overlooked and pardoned by many, for he was known to be a good-hearted man, and much credit was awarded him for the respectable manner in which he maintained a large family on a very limited income. He was consequently admitted on sufferance into a certain class of society, in general extremely tenacious of associating with the poor gentleman, ever hedging itself about with a circumscribing wall of adamant, precluding admittance to all save the initiated. Thus it happened Mr. Thomson entered the stream of fashion, gliding on, as he thought, unoffending and unoffended. He did not see, good man, that he was admitted to be ridiculed and laughed at, or his pride would instantly have taken offence at the insult. He was in general too much engaged in thought, to notice the nods and winks of those around, or too self-opinionated, when he did observe them, to think they were meant for him. Avoiding all abstruse disquisitions or noisy argument (except indeed on antiquarian subjects, and then he pertinaciously maintained his opinion), he invariably coincided with whatever appeal was made to him. Though in some instances his judgment might be considered as in fault, and in others his veracity compromised, by this line of conduct, yet, on the whole, he found it the best measure he could adopt, for his approving "yes, certainly," or "oh! to be sure," gained him many a friend.

Mr. Thomson had a family of eight children. The eldest was a fine showy girl of twenty, who, with no prospects to build on, or fortune to allure admirers, had yet sufficient knowledge of her own charms, to play the coquette to admiration, and enchain a host of foppish admirers. She knew, too, how to make herself agreeable in company, and plead excuses for her father's rudeness or absence of mind; and this,

with her many accomplishments and pretty face, was her passport into society. Her mother confined herself to the domestic arrangements, and never went out from one end of the year to the other. They occasionally had a party or so at Christmas, but not oftener than they could help.

And now proceed we with our tale. The Goodwood Races were coming on, it wanted but a day of the appointed time. The town was crowded with visitors. Every lodging-house, small or great, that could in any way accommodate (or discommode) visitors, was full, and a bed could not be procured for love or money. The inns were now exorbitant in their charges. Many a sporting character willingly paid a guinea a night for a wretched bed in an attic, which at less urgent times they would have scorned to enter. The inns were full, and more than full. Private individuals had for some time past, with the most gracious condescension, exhibited cards in their windows, announcing "*Apartments to let, during the Races ;*" but even these had all disappeared before the rapid influx of company. On the evening of the day in question, a carriage and four, with a ducal coronet and arms blazoned on the pannels, and several servants in splendid liveries on the box and foot-board, drew up before Mr. Thomson's door, in a retired by-street of the town of ———, and a footman alighting, gave a tremendous pull at the bell. The noise rang through the house, even deafening the cries of sundry squalling children, and many a curious eye was instantly directed from the window. Some confusion was for a time caused as to who should answer the bell ; the servant being out, and one young lady not dressed, and another not wishing to appear, Mr. Thomson was at last deputed to the task. A note was thrust into his hand with the direction for Mr. Thomson.

Walking into the side parlour, he drew forth his spectacles,

deliberately wiped them with the corner of his neckerchief, put them on, examined the hand-writing of the direction, and the seal, which he thought to be his friend George Richardson's, opened the letter, and read as follows :—

“DEAR THOMSON,

“The bearer of this has unfortunately arrived so late in town, that he cannot get accommodations. As it is of importance that he should do so, and money is no object with him, I have taken the liberty of directing him to you, fully aware that if you can make it convenient to give him bed and board during the Races, you will readily do so, and thereby greatly oblige him, and serve yours very truly,

“G. RICHARDSON.”

“*Craven Lodge, Tuesday Evening.*”

“Humph!” said Mr. T., when he had concluded the epistle ; “here’s a dilemma—what’s to be done ?—and Miss Thomson’s friend staying here, how provoking ! But the carriage is waiting, so something must be decided on ;” and with these words he walked to the foot of the staircase, and shouted, “Tabby, Tabby, here my dear, where are you ?” And down stairs came Mrs. T., and then there was a consultation to be held upon the subject, and the pros and cons alternately weighed. And Mrs. Thomson’s arrangements were to be made, as to whether they should give up *their* bed-room to the stranger (for they had no spare room), and occupy Miss Thomson’s ; but, no ! that could not be done, on account of Miss Thomson’s friend. So they would be obliged to mount up into the garret, for they could not sleep in the nursery, there would be too much noise. And Betty, the housemaid, she must be thought of ; but *she* could make a bed for herself on the floor very well. All these, and many other such necessary arrangements, were cut short, before their final adjustment, by another violent pull at the bell ; and then Mr.

Thomson went out to the carriage-door, and, with a low bow, informed the gentleman that he should do his best to accommodate him in his humble mansion. The stranger having received this reply, ordered the coachman to put up at the first, the best inn; desired the footman to come to him in the course of the evening for his orders; and was then shown up into the drawing-room. There, in a very short space of time, the Venetian blinds were thrown open, and light admitted into the, till then, dark and desolate room; and the coverings were taken off from the sofa, and the piano, and the chairs, and the pictures; the tables dusted; and the gentleman's portmanteau and hat-box taken up stairs, and slippers procured for him, and his boots taken down to clean, and so forth.

He wished to be shown at once to his bed-room—this could not be immediately complied with, for it had not yet been “put to rights.” There were Mrs. Thomson's gowns to be removed, and clean towels to be sought for, and scented soap to be got, and many other *et ceteras* attended to. Then dinner was ordered to be sent up as soon as possible. Dinner, indeed! here was a pretty upsetting of the quiet routine of Mr. Thomson's family. *They* were just going to tea, but this was put off, in consequence of the attendant bustle of the arrangements for the stranger's dinner. The kettle was put on one side, the fire made up afresh, the servant sent to get fish, and beefsteaks or veal cutlets. And potatoes were to be boiled, and mustard to be made, and the cloth to be laid; and then it was found out that they had no silver forks. The stranger was evidently a man of title; some duke, or lord, since he came in his carriage, and the livery was so grand. What was to be done? They must borrow silver forks somewhere, for it could not be expected he would eat fish with a steel fork!

Meanwhile Miss Thomson was dying with curiosity to see the stranger, whom there was so much fuss about. She was from home when he arrived, but from the accounts she heard he was some nobleman. She racked her brain to think of some expedient for obtaining a sight of him, or perhaps an introduction to him. Should she go up into the drawing-room in search of a thimble, or to fetch a book?—or—poh! she knew what she would do. So first arranging her hair at the glass, and putting on one of her most bewitching smiles, she tripped up stairs to the drawing-room. Knocking gently at the door, she was desired to come in. On entering she found the stranger lounging on the sofa, turning over in an indifferent manner the leaves of a book. She hesitated at first to address him, but after observing his inquiring glance, she summoned up courage, and, in a gentle tone, asked what wine he would take with his dinner. “Oh! ah!—let me see—*Vin-de-Grave*, my dear,” replied he, in an affected tone, “and I should like a bottle of Champagne after it. In the mean while bring me a bottle of soda-water.”

“Yes, sir,” said she, curtseying as she retired, sensibly impressed with the dignity and *haut-ton* of the individual she had been addressing. He was handsome—she thought very handsome, quite captivating! and had such an air of fashionable elegance about him! He had a darling little gold chain thrown negligently over his neck, and attached to a small French watch. He had several massy rings on his fingers, with brilliant studs in his shirt bosom; and then he had such beautiful glossy dark-black curling hair and whiskers, white hands, and very—very fine white teeth. His dress was, what? oh, she had not remarked that particularly, but it was black, yes, certainly all black.

The intrusion of this noble guest (for such there was every reason to deem him) into the family of the Thomsons, had

thrown everything into disorder. Betty the housemaid's brother and sister were sent for, and engaged during the gentleman's stay ; the former to black his shoes and boots, brush his clothes, and go errands ; the latter to take the children out to walk, that they might disturb the lodger as little as possible with their noise. Mr. Thomson could get no tea till after all the arrangements for the dinner were completed, and the dinner itself sent up ; so he went out to order the wines, and fearful of forgetting the name of Vin-de-Grave, he committed it to paper, for verdigris and vinegar kept running in his head, and ten to one he had else ordered one or the other of these articles. No such wine was to be had in the town, although he traversed from one end to the other diligently inquiring at every wine-merchant's store. " Duce take the wine," thought Mr. Thomson. Now, though Mr. Thomson was a man blessed with uncommon evenness of temper, yet on this occasion he was almost tempted to swear, when he found he had to pay sixteen shillings a bottle for Champagne. But pay it he did, and one shilling for the soda-water, which, being a small bottle, he very considerably put into his coat-tail pocket, and carried the Champagne in his hand, to save the vender the trouble of sending it. Now whether it happened that Mr. Thomson gradually fell into one of his abstracted moods, as he jogged homewards, or whether some idle scamp intentionally and designedly ran against Mr. Thomson's person, or whether the coat-tail swung against the wall, or that the heat of the weather and the shaking of the bottle combining, caused the fixed air contained in the bottle to explode—whether each, or any, or all of these were the cause, we cannot exactly say—but so it happened, that as Mr. Thomson turned the corner of the street in which his dwelling was situate, *pop !* went the bottle in his pocket, and the explosion so terrified the little man, that the Champagne dropped

from his hands on the pavement below, and was shattered in a thousand pieces. He gazed with a feeling of *real pain* on the fragments before him, but lamentations and regrets were of no avail, and could not collect the liquids again, so Mr. T., having removed the broken fragments from his coat-tail pocket, and taking a pinch of snuff, trudged back to secure a fresh supply of soda-water and Champagne, and on his return extended them at arm's length before him, stepping cautiously and circumspectly, to prevent the recurrence of a similar accident.

And the dinner? during this time it had been cooked, and dished, and taken up, and eaten; and, with the exception of some slight dissatisfaction about the beefsteak not being over tender, and the potatoes boiled too much, it went off remarkably well. And then Mrs. T. sent up a tart, which had been specially made for their own supper. This, the stranger avowed was most abominable; that the crust was doughy, and the fruit acid, and a long list of other faults urged against the said tart, which he yet managed to make look rather foolish. Now this was an offence not easily pardoned, a libel on her character not readily forgiven; for if there was one thing more than another on which Mrs. Thomson prided herself, it was in making pastry, and her crusts were in general esteemed so uncommonly light! she never trusted making pies and tarts to servants, and she had a peculiar method of rolling the crust. With a woman's pride Mrs. T. scorned to *show* all that she felt on the occasion, or how much she was offended, but she *thought* the more. The stranger rang for candles, and a pair of moulds were taken up to him; these were sent back with a message, that he was not accustomed to anything but wax-lights. "Humph!" thought Mrs. T., as the candles were changed. This was another proof of the *incog.*'s dignity. The family were at a loss how to address him; there was no

way of coming at his real rank, his true position in society ; their very particular friend had been silent on the subject, but to end the matter, the servants were directed to style him, " My Lord ! "

After he had remained undisturbed at his wine for an hour or so, Mrs. Thomson thought she would just step up and see if he wished for anything, and whether he would take tea or coffee. Now this, it should be known, was a similar expedient to that of Miss Thomson's, a sort of *ruse de guerre* on the part of Mrs. Thomson, who could not reconcile his supposed rank, with his bad taste in disapproving of her pastry : she wished to be, if possible, convinced of his rank, and judge from her own observation. On entering the room, she could not help being a little fidgetty, on seeing the stranger's feet rested upon her best mahogany table ; but she very prudently suppressed her feelings, and endeavoured to be calm and draw the gentleman into conversation, trusting to her own shrewdness to elicit some information as to his position in society. She first called his attention to her geraniums, which were certainly very fine, and generally admired, as they stood on the window sill, in all their variety of foliage and colour. She went on to detail their names, history, age, &c., with the difficulty she had had in rearing them, and keeping them alive through two or three very severe successive winters. And then she stopped, hoping to meet with some acknowledgment of their beauty, or the like. But whether it was, that the stranger was not to be thus easily drawn out, we cannot say, but during the whole of her *flowery* description, he had maintained a sullen silence, except an occasional extension of the risible muscles, and when she concluded, he burst out into a most ungentlemanly horse-laugh. Mrs. Thomson, at this breach of politeness, drew herself up to her full height, with a becoming dignity, while the expression of her coun-

tenance was withering in the extreme. He had sunk many degrees lower in her estimation during this interview, and she turned on her heel to leave the room. The stranger, seemingly a little mindful of her wrath, and glad to escape further colloquy, called after her in a commanding voice to send the master of the house to him.

Much offended at the ill taste of the stranger in not admiring her geraniums, and the rudeness manifested towards herself, Mrs. Thomson descended, threw herself into a chair, and began fanning herself to cool the irritation of her feelings. It was plain that Mrs. T.'s temper was ruffled, and she did not recover her equanimity that evening. But she forgot not to order her husband to attend on their guest.

With a gracious smirk, and smile, and bow, Mr. Thomson obeyed the summons, and presented himself before his distinguished visitor, who made inquiries as to what time the races would commence on the morrow, and whether there was such a thing to be had as a Guide to the town. Replying to the first question, after due modest hesitation and diffidence, Mr. Thomson stated, there was a very well-got-up little volume, as a local Guide, some of the descriptions and illustrations to which had been furnished by himself. He had also contributed and engraved many of the embellishments to the County History. These he should have much pleasure in showing his visitor. Suiting the action to the word, he took down forthwith a portfolio from a press near, and began spreading on the table various prints, etchings, and drawings, the works of his hands; explaining each as it was exhibited, and vouching for their correctness and fidelity of transcript. "Perhaps, sir, you will do me the honour of accepting this little one," said Mr. T., presenting a small engraving of — Church. "Oh! then you are merely an engraver," said the stranger, as he took the print, and leisurely folding it up into

a small size, put it in his waistcoat pocket. Mr. Thomson was completely taken aback by the “*merely* an engraver!” He had been heretofore justly proud of his art, but the words and actions of the *incog.* completely astonished him. Recovering at length from his surprise, he replied, “Why—yes!—no—you see, sir, I do now and then turn my hand to these sorts of things, and shall be most happy to have the honour of engraving your arms, or crest, or card.” The stranger smiled, and Mr. Thomson proceeded: “I, in general, give satisfaction, as my numerous engravings for several Literary and Philosophical Societies, and the Society of Antiquaries, will testify. By the bye, sir, I forgot to show you my collection of ancient coins. This, sir, is a very curious one I met with, by chance, yesterday.” “Oh, indeed! that will do,” said the stranger, as he rose from his chair, and threw himself upon the sofa. Mr. Thomson collected his prints, replaced them in the portfolio, and left the room.

Miss Thomson could not resist the temptation offered her of examining the stranger’s portmanteau, and his evident rank was confirmed by the scrutiny, for it had a card with the letters C. J. written on it. But, there was a name on the reverse, through which a pen had been drawn; yet the name was not so effectually erased, but that the first and last letters of the word *Lord* might still be traced. And the surname was a long one, apparently ending in *ville*. Here, then, was fresh food for conjecture, and Debrett’s Peerage was ransacked to find a title corresponding; there was Somerville, and Altonville, and Delaville, and what seemed most like it, Hester-ville.

Their lodger went each day to the races in his carriage, and returned to dinner at six. The Miss Thomsons did not go, as their father could ill afford the expense of a carriage, and their pride would not suffer them to be seen walking. Early

on the morning of the second day of the races, a servant in the same livery as those belonging to the carriage arrived on a tired and jaded horse, and left a letter at Mr. Thomson's door for the stranger. One of the younger Misses took it in, and though she had not sufficient time to notice particularly the direction, was yet able to ascertain that the seal was a coronet or ducal crest, and that the letter was marked Hesterville, or some such name, in the corner. Immediately on the receipt of this, the stranger gave directions that the carriage should be ordered, and drove off post haste. Poor Miss Thomson, what would she not have given to know its destination ! Her curiosity had been more than ever excited by a paragraph her father had read from the Morning Chronicle, to the effect " that a German Prince had recently arrived in this country *incog.* and was believed to be in attendance at the ——— Races." This surely must be the individual ; but then he had not the appearance of a foreigner, spoke English too well, and had no moustaches. The stranger returned in the evening to dinner ; the hasty intelligence he had received, seemed not to have discomposed or disturbed his feelings. After he had dined, and the cloth was removed, and his wine taken up, he expressed a wish to see Mr. Thomson, who of course instantly obeyed the summons. " I shall be most happy, old gentleman," said the stranger to Mr. T. as he threw over the table to him two tickets, " to escort the young ladies to the play this evening." Mr. Thomson stutted and stammered out an acknowledgment of thanks for this, to him, unexpected honour, and said he would hasten to obtain Mrs. T.'s sanction for their going. Miss Thomson was in ecstasies, nothing could exceed her delight at the news, and it was to be patronised by the stewards of the races, so there was sure to be a full house. But Mrs. Thomson checked all this rapture, by expressing her doubts as to the

prudence or propriety of permitting her daughters to accompany a single gentleman, a perfect stranger, to a public place of amusement. It was true he might be a Lord, or a Duke, and all that; but this did not lessen the impropriety—what would the world say? It was a subject that required due deliberation. After a little debate and entreaty however, consent was given by Mrs. Thomson, and then she was proportionately hugged, and kissed alternately by Maria and Amelia, and called a dear, kind, good mamma, till she cried “hold, enough.” But then came another consideration, at first overlooked; there was Miss Thomson’s friend, she could not be left behind, she must be thought of, and of course must accompany Miss Thomson. But to this proposal Miss Amelia would by no means agree, *she* was not going to lose the expected pleasure for the sake of Maria’s friend, so after another consultation, it being found that three ladies would be too great a charge for one gentleman, it was proposed by Mrs. T. that *Mr.* T. should go, and it would look better too if *he* accompanied his daughters; there could be no impropriety then in their going. Mr. Thomson could not be prevailed on at first to go in company with their noble guest, but finding his wife resolute on the subject, and his daughters coaxing and teasing him, to be at peace he at last consented. And so all these matters being arranged, the next measure with the young ladies was to adjourn to their dressing-room, and hold a lengthened debate as to whether they should go full dressed or not; should they wear white, or pink muslins, or silks? flowers in their hair or not? How should their hair be dressed? What ornaments should they wear? All these matters being at last discussed and settled to their mutual satisfaction, the dressing part commenced; and then came the confusion usual on such unprepared-for occasions. This band was not to be found, that

trinket was mislaid, there were no pins to be had. "Maria, do fasten my frock." "Oh, I can't; don't you see, I'm all behind-hand as it is?" And then the incessant calls of papa: "Well, girls, arn't you ready?—it only wants five minutes of the time." At last, all were dressed, and made their appearance below stairs; and then came a little disagreement, as to who should walk with the nobleman, which was decided when he came down stairs, by his offering an arm to Miss Thomson, and her friend. And so Miss Amelia was obliged to walk with her papa behind. Miss Thomson thought, as she went, that the gentleman might have ordered his carriage to take them to the theatre; but perhaps the horses were tired, but after all it was but a short distance: and then there was many a curious eye fixed on them as they passed, and this gratified her pride. And Miss Thomson stepped as if she trod on air, from the consciousness of walking arm in arm with a nobleman. She would scarcely deign to bow to one or two of her ardent admirers whom she passed in the street. "How do, Charley, my boy?" said some drunken coachman, in a faded livery, with a most familiar nod of the head, at the same time extending his hand. "Fine girls, those, you've got under your arm." Miss Thomson stared, and clung closer to her protector; who, giving a most withering frown at the offender, and muttering something about "confounded impudence," stepped off the pavement and passed on. As they came in sight of the theatre, their escort seemed to hang back, or slacken his pace, and Miss Thomson thought she caught sight of the well-known liveries, on a carriage which was drawn up at the theatre. But she might have been mistaken, as she only caught a passing glance, and the carriage almost immediately after drove off.

The stranger was all attention to them during the performances, but she thought it strange that he should prefer

sitting in the back part of the box to a seat near her in the front. However, he continued to converse with her occasionally, and that was sufficient—her vanity was satisfied. She was for some time much annoyed by the impertinent stare of a fashionable gentleman who sat nearly opposite, among several lords, whom she knew by sight. He kept continually gazing at her through his eye-glass. She thought this very rude, and made it an excuse for retiring to a seat nearer the stranger. This movement she observed did not pass unnoticed by her tormentor, who burst into a loud laugh. Her escort, too, she thought, seemed to shrink from that fixed gaze and stare of recognition. He was not at all at his ease, though he attempted to appear so, and seem wholly taken up with the performances. But it would not do, there was a restlessness of position, and wandering of his eye to the opposite box, which Miss Thomson plainly saw, for she was more attentive to her companion than the play. At last the performances were over, and they left, of course highly delighted and pleased with everything, for how could they be otherwise?

The next day, the gentleman went, as usual, to the races in the carriage, and on this evening was the Race Ball. Now Miss Thomson had been endeavouring to coax her mamma to allow her to go, for the last week past, without effect. She was the more annoyed at this as the time drew on, for she fully expected the stranger would be there; and, besides, her young friend wished to go. But mamma was resolute; it was a foolish expense, and she could not think of such a thing; and, besides, Miss Thomson could not go unless under some matron's protection. Now this, indeed, Miss Thomson knew full well was the only real argument; and she had little doubt of obtaining her mother's consent, if she only knew of any lady, as a chaperon, who was going. Her mother could not go, and in fact she would rather not go with *her*,

and her old-fashioned dress. So Miss T. set her wits to work, and called on one lady and then on another, to find out who was going, and at last heard that Mrs. Saville and her daughters were to be there. Now Mrs. Saville being a friend of her mother's, was prevailed on to call at —— Street, and ask permission for Miss Thomson and her friend to accompany herself and daughters to the ball. Mrs. Thomson could not well refuse Mrs. Saville's pressing entreaties, so at last the young ladies obtained leave to go. And in proper time (not too soon nor yet too late), they appeared in the ball-room. In vain Miss Thomson's eyes wandered round the room in search of the stranger, he was nowhere to be seen, so she was forced to take up with one of her old beaux as a partner, if she wished to dance at all. While going through a quadrille, her eye suddenly rested on the gentleman whose rudeness had so annoyed her at the theatre. Pointing him out to her partner, she asked if he knew who that was. "Oh, yes!" said he, "I thought every one knew him—that is the celebrated sporting character, Lord Hesterville." Once or twice as Miss Thomson passed this individual, she thought she observed a malicious and satirical smile rest upon his features, and once, when seated during a dance, she saw him point her out to one or two others, who were standing near him. She was evidently the subject of their conversation and laughter, and she blushed crimson at the thought. The ball went off dull and heavily enough to her mind, for she was disappointed at not finding the stranger there, and she found there were very few persons whom she knew present. The company consisted principally of titled personages, who associated only with those who moved in their own circle of society, and would not condescend to speak to any person below themselves in rank. She found herself comparatively lost and neglected amid the crowd, and sauntered about the room, or sat down, the greater part of

the evening with her friend. She was glad when Mrs. Saville proposed leaving. The ladies had attired themselves in their shawls and boas, and other paraphernalia appertaining to ladies' dress, for the usual injunctions had been given them, "to be careful and wrap themselves up warm, so as not to catch cold." They were loitering in the ante-room, waiting the return of the gentleman who had been Miss Thomson's partner during the greater part of the evening; he had gone in search of their fly. While they were thus waiting, Miss Thomson's quick ears caught the following conversation: her friend was at the time laughing and chatting with Mrs. Saville and her daughters. The speakers by whom Miss Thomson's attention was arrested, were the Lord Hesterville before mentioned, and some one who was assisting him in putting on his cloak.

"Why, Johnson, who the deuce were those pretty girls you had with you at the theatre the other evening? You looked as sheepish as a detected criminal when I caught sight of you; and one of the girls did not seem half to relish my stare, for I observed she changed her seat, and removed closer to you, as if for protection. I say, what will your wife say if she gets hold of your flirting proceedings?"

"They were the daughters, my lord, of the grave old fellow with whom I am at present quartered—you might have observed him in the same box with us—I merely took them out of civility," replied a voice which seemed familiar to Miss Thomson's ears.

She tried to get a sight of the speaker, and, by a change of position soon after, discovered it was the same—their lodger—the *incognito*! He, too, recognised her, met her indignant glance, and shrunk away abashed from it. Other persons came into the ante-room, and he was then lost in the crowd. But she caught sight of him once more; he was attending his

master into the carriage; that carriage, with its well-known liveries, which had so frequently stopped at her father's door. He was shutting up the steps. He closed the door, jumped up into the seat behind, the carriage drove off, and he was always immediately out of sight. She was convinced of his identity; it was certainly him! And so faded the created fancies of her brain; the veil was removed from her eyes; she saw things as they were. And thus ended her cherished prospects, her romantic notions; the visions of title, and rank, and riches had vanished like a dream. The mysterious being whom she had invested with virtues, and wealth, and power, was—was—she could scarcely bring herself to utter the word—a *footman*!—or at best, a *butler*! And she had been walking the streets, and been at the theatre with him—oh, horrible! she sickened at the thought of the humiliation she had undergone; she could have fainted on the spot, but she controlled her indignation, she suppressed her feelings, and wisely, for the present, kept her own counsel. Once in the carriage, on the road home, she leant back, exhausted and oppressed by contending feelings. Disappointed pride, and baffled expectations, were uppermost in her breast; she was vexed, she was angry, and maintained a sullen silence during their ride. But when she was left alone with her friend, in the bed-room, while they disrobed, she unfolded the whole tale of her sorrows and disappointments. Impudent scoundrel, wretch, good-for-nothing fellow, and other epithets of the same kind, were plentifully showered upon the head of our recent *incog.* by Miss Thomson, till wearied out by her own exertions, she at last fell asleep. But even in dreams, the vision of the gentleman in black, with his bright rings and studs, floated before her view, and the violent tone in which she ceased not to upbraid him, disturbed the slumbers of her fair friend.

The next morning the breakfast things were arranged, and every one assembled at table, except Miss Thomson, who presently after made her appearance with a lamentable countenance, expressing some fears for their lodger's safety, for he had not slept at home. The servant had sat up for him all night, but he had not returned.

Miss Thomson here interrupted her mother by a repetition of the harsh names applied to the delinquent—"the brute—villain—the—" and then she burst into a flood of tears, and seemed to be fainting away, which so alarmed her worthy father that he jumped up from his chair, treading on Mrs. Thomson's cat, and upsetting the tea-pot which stood near him, in his haste to get some sal-volatile to recover his daughter. And Mrs. Thomson exclaimed, "Whatever is the matter, Maria?" And then in reply, interrupted by sundry sighs and sobs, and fainting fits, was told the discovery with which the reader is already acquainted.

There was a visible change after the recital on every countenance present. Mrs. Thomson looked aghast; Mr. Thomson's phiz had lengthened amazingly, and his abstraction was so great, that he put the pinch of snuff intended for his nasal organ into his mouth; Miss Amelia only laughed; Miss Thomson's friend looked grave; and Betty, the servant-maid, stopped short in the act of cutting bread and butter for the children at a side-table.

Mr. Thomson first broke the awful silence that succeeded with—"I *was* sure he was not a gentleman, since he would not inspect my coins, and *folded up* the engraving I gave him, and put it in his pocket."

"I *knew* he was not a gentleman, from his treatment of me," said Mrs. Thomson, with a scornful toss of the head, that implied a great deal more than was expressed. "And

he did not like my pastry—and he would not look at my geraniums,” &c.

“ I thought he was not a gentleman,” broke in Miss Thomson’s friend, “ for he was anything but polite, and paid not the least attention or civility to *me*.”

“ I was *quite sure* he was not a gentleman, ma’am,” said Betty, “ ’cause he wanted so much waiting on, and was always grumbling. Now, right-down gentlefolks is always satisfied with whatever is done for them, and never gives more trouble than they can help to the servants.”

When a little of the bustle and disappointment attendant on the discovery had subsided, there came another consideration, and a more serious one—the expenses that had been incurred during the *incog.*’s stay. There was this extra and that extra, and board and lodging—and did he not intend to pay for all these? The afternoon brought George Richardson, Esq., in his carriage, to the house of the Thomsons; and this gentleman being assailed, on his entrance, by a shower of abuse and reproaches, speedily betook himself to his carriage. Shortly after his departure, a footman arrived with a letter, under the seal of Lord Hesterville, enclosing a draft for the sum of ten pounds on Messrs. Ladbroke and Co., London, payable to Timothy Thomson or order. The sight of the cheque had a wonderful effect in softening Mrs. Thomson’s anger. The *incog.*’s portmanteau was in consequence given up; explanations and overtures made for a return of friendly feelings towards G. Richardson, Esq., at whose mansion Mr. Thomson was now compelled to stay to dinner. The house has recovered its usual systematic arrangements; but Mrs. Thomson has resolved to take in no more lodgers at any future races—at least not give up *her* bed-room and drawing-room to them. Miss Thomson’s friend has left; and Miss

Thomson herself has quite recovered her disappointment; for, from sundry hints on the subject, and the accounts we have received from Betty, the housemaid, relative to wedding-dresses, bonnets, and gloves, which have been sent home, we anticipate that a day or two will probably make her the happy bride of her partner at the Race Ball.

STANZAS.

A GRAVE beneath—a home above,
Sweet the sleep and deep the rest,
Dream of unrequited love,
Never more to haunt the breast.

Quiet for the wearied clay,
And for the angel spirit bliss;
Oh! evening of a troubled day—
Death!—who would mourn a change like this?

SIR THOMAS MORE.

As long as incorruptible integrity, genuine principle, and steady resolution, accompanied by the mildest social virtues, have a title to esteem, the name of Sir Thomas More will be held in veneration.

This great man was born in Milk Street, London. He was the son of Sir John More, one of the judges of the Court of King's Bench; a man whose virtues and abilities seem in the present instance to have been entailed with large accessions on his offspring.

Of the early presages which this young man gave of intellectual energy, there are some indisputable memorials, intermixed with fabulous legends. Being taken into the family of Cardinal Morton, the primate and chancellor, as was usual for youths of talents or distinction in those days, his Grace had discernment to see the bud of talents in him, and would often say to his company, "This boy who now waits at my table, whoever lives to see it, will prove a wonderful man."

Being duly initiated in classical learning, he was removed to Canterbury College, now part of Christchurch, Oxford; where he remained two years, and distinguished himself by his knowledge in languages, and his progress in the sciences.

On quitting the University, he entered of New Inn, London, where he applied to the study of the law; and, being called to the bar, was beginning to acquire a reputation proportionate to his talents; when, conceiving a sudden dislike to his pro-

fession, he retired to the Charter House, and for four years secluded himself from the world, engaged in the constant practice of devotion, or the prosecution of his studies.

The greatest minds are not exempt from infirmity ; they have their brilliancies and their obscurations. Superstition gained the ascendant on this illustrious character very early in life : he practised some monastic severities on himself before he was twenty years of age, and at one time had a violent inclination to become a Franciscan ; but his filial piety made him at last yield to the predilection of his father in favour of the law.

Being naturally of a gay and volatile temper, it is probable that the austerities he voluntarily submitted to were intended to counteract the warmth of his passions. His friends, zealous to promote his happiness and his credit, persuaded him to marry. Accordingly, while on a visit to a gentleman who had three daughters, he was captivated with the charms of the second ; but when pressed to declare his choice, he named the eldest, because he thought it would hurt her feelings to be overlooked. With this lady he lived happily for about seven years, and resumed his practice at the bar with great reputation and success ; which latter circumstance in some measure originated from the following incident :—

Scarcely had he completed his twenty-first year, when he was returned to serve in parliament. In this great theatre he soon had an opportunity of displaying his abilities and his patriotism, by opposing a subsidy demanded by the king (Henry the Seventh) with such force of argument and effect, that it was actually rejected. One of the privy council, who was present, immediately reported to the king, “ that a beardless boy had frustrated all his schemes.” Henry was determined to be revenged : but as the son had nothing to lose, and had not exceeded the line of his duty, he visited his offence on



THE FAMILY OF SIR THOMAS MORE.

Engraving by J. W. More, 16. St. Paul's London.



the guiltless father ; who, on some frivolous charge, was committed to the Tower, and fined a hundred pounds before he could recover his liberty. This mean instance of vindictive malice, which was intended to depress young More, only made him an object of importance in the eyes of the nation ; and his own conduct was such, that his enemies neither found means to ensnare him, nor had his friends reason to be ashamed of their cordial patronage.

After his return to the bar, there was scarcely a cause of importance in which he was not solicited to be engaged ; and as he never would defend a bad one, his credit rose the more by the purity of the principle on which it was founded. His first preferment, however, was that of being made judge of the sheriff's court in London ; but having acquitted himself with distinguished reputation and abilities on various public occasions, Wolsey was commissioned, by Henry the Eighth, to engage his services. More, with that diffidence which is peculiar to merit, and that love of independence which is natural to the virtuous, declined the proffered honour ; but being importunately urged, he thought it his duty to submit to his sovereign's pleasure, and was appointed master of the requests. A few weeks after, he was knighted, sworn one of the privy council, and admitted to the greatest personal familiarity with the king ; who was so much charmed with his abilities, learning, wit, and convivial talents, that he not only consulted him on affairs of state and questions of science, but frequently invited him to be of his private parties, in order to enjoy his rich flow of humour.

Sir Thomas was passionately attached to domestic endearments ; and when he found that his facetious disposition was one reason of his being called on to devote so much time to court attendance, he began to assume a graver deportment, and to dissemble his natural propensity for merriment. By

this innocent artifice he recovered a greater share of liberty, and was less frequently drawn from the home he loved. The king, however, did not abate in his regard for his faithful servant. On the death of the treasurer of the exchequer in 1520, Sir Thomas More was appointed, without solicitation, to that office ; and three years afterwards he was chosen speaker of the house of commons. In this last capacity he evinced his usual intrepidity and patriotism, in frustrating a motion for an oppressive subsidy, promoted by Cardinal Wolsey.

Soon after he was appointed treasurer of the exchequer, he settled at Chelsea ; and having lost his first wife, married a second, named Middleton ; who, according to Erasmus, was a widow, old, ill-tempered, and avaricious ; yet was beloved with youthful fondness by her husband.

His next promotion was to the chancellorship of the duchy of Lancaster. Notwithstanding the known independence of his mind, he was in such high favour at court, that the king frequently visited him at Chelsea in the most unceremonious manner. After walking with him one day in the garden for nearly an hour, with his arm familiarly thrown round Sir Thomas's neck, one of his sons-in-law, who saw the intimacy with which he was treated, was remarking on the felicity of being so distinguished by his sovereign. Sir Thomas, who was no stranger to the natural baseness of Henry's heart, thus expressed himself : " I thank the Lord, I find his Grace to be a very good master indeed, and believe he is as partial to me as to any subject within his realm : but yet I have no cause to presume on his favour ; for if my head could win him but a castle in France, it would not long remain on my shoulders."

Having discharged two embassies on the Continent much to the satisfaction of the king, who always treated him with more tenderness and good humour than any of his other favourites,

on the disgrace of Wolsey, in 1529, he was entrusted with the great seal, as a reward for his eminent services.

It is generally believed that the king had previously sounded Sir Thomas on the subject of his meditated divorce from Queen Catherine; but that finding him averse to lend the sanction of his respectable name to such a proceeding, he thought to insure his compliance by loading him with honours. In regard to mankind in general, Henry's judgment in this case was politically right; but Sir Thomas More was not so flexible as to bend for interest, or sacrifice his conscience for gratitude.

He saw the danger and delicacy of his situation from the first; but having entered on this high office, he would not shrink from the duties annexed to it. The meanest claimant found ready access to the new chancellor; no private affection could bias his judgment, or influence his decrees; no opportunity was given for intrigue or interested solicitation: and after he had presided in the Court of Chancery for two years, such was his application to business, that one day calling for the next cause, he was told there was not another then depending—a circumstance which he immediately ordered to be set down on record, and it will certainly be allowed to be unexampled.

Sir Thomas, though no friend to the papal usurpations in England, was far from wishing for a total rupture with the holy see; and foreseeing that the measures which Henry was pursuing must inevitably involve him with one or the other, he anxiously pressed to have his resignation of the seals accepted; which at last was granted, though not without great reluctance on the part of Henry, and the warmest professions of a permanent regard. Thus, after he had filled this high office almost three years, with exemplary application, true magnanimity, and unsullied integrity, he resigned his dignity,

and retired to Chelsea : so little richer from the important stations he had held for nearly twenty years, that his whole annual income did not exceed a hundred pounds ; and after the payment of his debts, it appears that he had not altogether above that sum in money, exclusive of his gold chain of office and a few rings. Such disinterestedness in a courtier is but seldom imitated, and deserves to be remembered.

The day after his resignation, he attended his wife and family to the church ; and when service was finished, instead of going out first as had been usual, he went to the door of his lady's pew (as it was usual for his servant to do before), and with a low bow said, " Madam, my lord is gone." This was the first intimation he gave her that he was no longer chancellor. She at first thought him in jest ; but when she found it otherwise, she broke out into reproaches and lamentations at his want of attention to his interest. Sir Thomas, however, turned the conversation to another subject, and seemed not to heed this storm.

His whole study now was to lessen his establishment in proportion to his diminished resources, and to provide for his family and dependents in such a manner as might show that he was more solicitous about them than himself. He gave himself up wholly to domestic privacy and retirement ; and having everything to fear from the inconstant and cruel temper of the king, to whom he had been a devoted servant, but could not be a slave, he prepared his mind by study and reflection to meet with fortitude the worst that could befall him.

Though now reduced to a private station, and even to indigence, so high was his reputation, and such credit was attached to his legal opinions, that repeated attempts were made to obtain his approbation of the king's marriage with Anne Boleyn. When every contrivance, however, that policy could devise or power command, proved ineffectual to warp his prin-

ciples, and bring him over to measures which he condemned, the king, being highly exasperated, was determined to make him feel his utmost vengeance ; and accordingly he was attainted, with several others, of misprision of treason, for encouraging Elizabeth Barton, commonly called the Maid of Kent, in her traitorous designs ; yet at last, it appeared upon record, that he had pronounced her the most false, dissembling hypocrite he had ever known ; and his name was obliged to be struck out of the bill. But malice entrenched behind power is not easily baffled : other imputations, equally groundless, were brought against him in quick succession ; from all of which his innocence protected him, and enabled him to stand the severest scrutiny.

At last, however, his enemies prevailed ; for on his refusing to take the oath enjoined by the Act of Supremacy, he was committed to the Tower ; where having lain fifteen months, he was brought to trial on a charge of high treason in denying that the king was the supreme head of the church. The same equanimity and cheerfulness which he had evinced through life, attended him in this awful scene. The only evidence against him was Rich, the solicitor-general, whose credit he invalidated in the most striking manner ; but as it was predetermined that he should either recant or be sacrificed, he resolutely maintained his principles, and the fatal sentence was passed upon him to suffer as a traitor.

In the interval between his condemnation and execution (which latter the king softened to simple beheading), he employed his time in taking leave of his daughters, and preparing himself for eternity. His humour and wit, however, were displayed to the last : even on the scaffold his serenity of mind shone in its fullest lustre ; and he seemed more like a man undressing to go to bed, than like one on the brink of the grave. At one blow his head was severed from his body.

The latter was deposited in the chancel of the church of Chelsea, where a monument was erected to his memory : his head, after being fourteen days exposed on London-bridge, was obtained by his daughter, and placed in a vault belonging to the Roper family, in St. Dunstan's church at Canterbury.

It has been observed of this illustrious character, that the ignorant and the proud, however exalted, were those whom he respected the least ; but he was the patron of every man of science and merit, and kept up a correspondence with all the learned in Europe. As a judge, he was most upright ; as a man, truly amiable, facetious and pleasing ; but on the subject of religion he was weak and credulous in a high degree. Tinctured with superstition, and attached to the Romish church with inflexible adherence, he suffered his good sense to be obscured by the glosses of error and the sophisms of theologians, and fell a martyr perhaps to bigotry rather than to sound reason. Yet none can help respecting the errors which arise from principle :

“ For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.”

Except by his *Utopia*, Sir Thomas More is now little known as an author : his polemic works have been carried down the stream of oblivion ; for the best productions of this nature are not likely to earn the wreath of immortality.

LA VALLIÈRE.

THERE is no one so good as to be all virtue, nor any one so bad as to be all vice. The admixture of good and evil is pretty equal in the breast of every individual; for where the excellence is the greatest, there will generally be found one dark deforming spot which mars it all; or, in vice the most vicious, one trait of goodness will generally be found—a star in the otherwise darkened hemisphere—and seeming more lustrous from the deep gloom around.

But, though often happening, it is a very sad thing to witness all that is excellent and lovely deformed by one vicious principle—one vicious habit.

Such was La Vallière; kind-hearted, generous, affectionate, charitable—possessing many virtues, and these too of the highest order, yet one stain rests upon her character—one fault sullies her reputation; for by listening to tales to which she ought to have turned a deaf ear, she fell into the power of the seducer—she became entangled in the web of vicious pleasure, and, with that pleasure, reaped the fruits which too surely follow—misery and wretchedness, with an upbraiding conscience.

At the early age of seventeen, she first appeared at the court of the handsome, accomplished, and talented, but libertine Louis XIV., as maid of honour to Henrietta, the sister of Charles II. of England. She was then very pretty, very gentle, very innocent. It had been well for her if the first

could have been sacrificed to keep the last. As it was, however, her beauty was her ruin. Her hair was soft and flaxen, her eyes blue and full of expressive sweetness, and her complexion extremely beautiful. Smitten by her charms, the young king became her lover; and at length, by his protestations of regard, persuaded her to become his mistress. It was crime in her to listen; having done so, it was sure her fall would follow. But if she fell, it was by and through the power of love. It was not because a king was her suitor, it was not because dazzled by the splendour which then would be around her, that she fell—she bartered not her virtue for gold or rank; but it was because she loved ardently and truly, that she sank. If that be any extenuation of her fault, her love was ardent, sincere, and real. But the consciousness of guilt poisoned her happiness—remorse began to produce trouble and anguish—and, after a short period of guilty indulgence, she quitted the court and her royal lover, and took refuge in the convent of Chaillot.

But though her repentance was sincere, and though her flight from the scene of her guilty pleasures was the fruit of that repentance, it was in vain, for the love of Louis towards her was at that time at its height. This passion was probably yet more increased when the object was removed; and, notwithstanding all entreaties, he set off on horseback to the convent where the unhappy La Vallière had sought an asylum, and, partly by entreaties and partly by force, induced her to return.

He found her in the outer parlour of the convent (for the nuns had refused to receive her within the gate). She was lying upon the ground, weeping bitterly. For a while she resisted all his entreaties; and, when at length overcome, and induced by Louis to return to the degrading life to which he had condemned her, she left the convent with tears of genuine

sorrow flowing down her cheeks ; and, as if foreboding the melancholy fate which was destined to await her, exclaimed to the nun who opened the door through which the king passed with her, “ Ah ! sister, you will see me again before long ! ”

For a little while prosperity shone upon her—if that could be called prosperity which was but show and glitter, concealing a heart ill at ease. The lordship of Vanjour was erected into a duchy by Louis, and conferred upon her, so that she now bore the rank of Duchess de la Vallière.

But this brought only fresh miseries to the unhappy La Vallière. To please him who had been her ruin was the sole object of her life, and, accordingly, at the king’s request, she acted a part contrary to her very nature ; and the modest, tender, devoted La Vallière appeared at court in full splendour, and seemed, though she could not forget, to hide her fault, under almost regal magnificence.

This gleam of happiness, however, was but transient. Louis had not a heart capable of estimating the quiet devotedness of La Vallière’s attachment, and his affections were soon centred upon another object.

Finding that a rival had risen up against her, and that she had no longer the affections of the king, who, notwithstanding his cruelty to herself, she still regarded with all the ardour and warmth of a first affection, she once more left the court and retired to the convent of St. Marie de Chaillot.

But though indifferent to her when near him, Louis felt all his former affection for her revive when she retired, and, accordingly, sent two messengers—the one to persuade ; the other, in case persuasions were useless, to force back La Vallière.

La Vallière accordingly returned a second time to court, but not to enjoy happiness. The affection of the king decreased towards herself exactly as it increased towards her rival.

Whilst no longer beguiled by splendour, her heart had time to think, and her conscience to upbraid.

She now again formed the project of retiring from court, not by a sudden flight, but by a retreat previously announced and prepared for. Mortification and disappointed love may have added to her resolution of renouncing the world; but there can be no doubt that her repentance was sincere, and her desire to atone for her fault in earnest.

Contrary to the wishes of many of her friends, who advised her either to retire from the court with her mother, and to have her children brought up under her own guardianship, or merely to enter a religious house without taking the veil, she formed the resolution of binding herself by an irrevocable vow, saying to one of her friends, "When anything troubles me at the Carmelites, I will call to mind what these people have made me suffer here!" Words which conveyed the truest philosophy, since there is no better way of teaching the heart to be contented under some troubles, than by calling to remembrance the greater which have been undergone.

The king in this instance did not oppose her. His thoughts were now probably so engrossed by another, as to make him rather pleased than otherwise with the retirement of La Vallière. But in order to preserve some appearance of regard, he desired her to choose an order where she might still be distinguished by the highest dignity of Abbess.

Her answer was very noble, displaying great and unaffected humility. "I have not," said she, "been able to regulate my own conduct aright, and am, therefore, but little fitted to guide others." Perhaps, however, the reverse would have been true, and that she who so deeply deplored her own faults would have been the best monitor to others, in teaching them to avoid the errors into which she herself had fallen. She chose one of the severest orders—that of the Carmelites; thus proving that

her sorrow was genuine, since she willingly chose that order where penance was the most rigidly enjoined as an atonement for crime. Previously however to quitting the court, and after having received the adieus of those who had courted her in her days of prosperity, she proceeded to take leave of the Queen of that monarch whose mistress she herself had been.

This must have been a painful task to the unhappy La Vallière. In consenting to be the mistress of the king, she had been guilty of both injury and injustice towards the queen, and Maria Theresa often wept bitterly over her husband's desertion and infidelity.

But though La Vallière had thus injured her royal mistress, inasmuch as she had usurped her place, she had done as much as she could, considering the situation in which she was placed, to spare the feelings of the queen. And this consideration and kindness on the part of La Vallière was not undervalued by the unfortunate Maria Theresa, who from the slights she frequently received, esteemed and appreciated this kind consideration shown towards her.

The full sense of the injustice which had been inflicted through her means, appeared to rise upon the mind of La Vallière as she came to bid the queen farewell ; for though received on that occasion by kindness and delicacy by Maria Theresa, La Vallière could not suppress the reproaches of her own heart. She cast herself at the feet of her mistress, and with many tears she besought her to pardon all her faults, and to forgive her for the injuries she had wrought. She then bade her adieu for the last time, and retiring from the scenes of pomp, splendour, love, and guilt, entered the convent of the Rue St. Jaques, where, on the 4th of June, 1675, she took the veil, assuming the name of Louise de la Miséricorde.

In this state of seclusion and retirement she lived for thirty-five years ; practising through that period every virtue, and

endeavouring to expiate her faults by those mortifications and self-inflctions enjoined by that church to which she belonged.

Though such acts may justly be regarded as superstitious, still they show real and genuine repentance ; for it must have been, because they arose from sincere regret, and not because the acts themselves were meritorious, that La Vallière submitted to penance and self-mortification. The sense of sorrow seems to have been ever present in her mind ; for when informed of her son's death, which happened in the year 1683, she wept bitterly, but at the same time observed to those around her, " Alas ! alas ! I weep for his death, but I had far greater reason to weep at his birth."

In passing sentence upon the character of La Vallière, there is no verdict so good as that which acknowledging her guilt, recommends to mercy ; for one fault, one early indiscretion, is the only balance against many virtues. And if that one fault be forgotten, surveyed under every other point of view, there is something very noble and amiable in her character.

As the Duchess de la Vallière, she maintained the same kind feelings which had distinguished her in earlier and happier days ; neither the splendour of rank, the pomp of pageantry, nor the pride of power, made her ear deaf to the cry of compassion, or steeled her heart against every other feeling, except the wish for ambition and self-aggrandisement ; and that she should have retained those noble and generous sentiments is the more remarkable, because her elevation was sudden and began in guilt. But, even then, when having such complete mastery over the mind of the king, that her will would have been law, she still preserved the same gentleness of conduct, the same mildness of manner, the same kindness of sentiment, which had previously characterised her.

Her heart was formed for softness and love—tenderly alive to kindness, it was this very feeling which led her to crime.

And when Louis beguiled her by false vows and promises which almost died with the uttering, he was literally "seething the kid in its mother's milk," destroying the soul by the heart's best affections. Under other circumstances, the character of the Duchess de la Vallière would have been one to be admired and imitated ; her devotedness of spirit, her ardent love and deep-rooted affection, her gentleness of character—had these qualities belonged to a wife in place of a mistress, the owner of them must have been pronounced admirable.

But when sensible of guilt, and after proving how bitter is the pleasure which crime purchases, her character presents points very much to be praised.

She never seems to have entertained feelings of revenge towards those who had frustrated all her hopes ; which, had ambition been her leading star, would have been but the natural result of a heart stung by having its hopes blasted.

But seeming to regard the anguish which she suffered as but retributive justice—the just punishment of guilt, her thoughts were to repair as much as possible the disquietude she had caused another to suffer, and to seek by repentance a happiness she had not found in pleasure—a happiness which was looked for in another and a better land.

LIFE AND DEATH.

WHAT is Life?—and what is Death?
A heaving thought—the parting breath—
A brilliant star while its glory shone,
The same bright star when its glory's gone;
A radiant lamp while the light was shed,
The lamp the same with its lustre dead.

Life is a dream!—Then various things
Float through the brain on varied wings:
Now bright sunny thoughts come floating by,
On wings with which the angels fly;
Then dark fearful things come streaming on,
On the wing of bone—the skeleton.

And Death!—'Tis that settling down to sleep—
A sleep so calm, so still, so deep,
That no thought of pleasure, no throb of pain,
Can bring back the sleeper to dream again
A sleep such as the Dead Sea's waters know,
Without change or motion, or ebb or flow.

THE INTENDANT'S PALACE.

AFTER leaving the upper town of Quebec by the Palace-gate, you descend a steep hill immediately under the walls of the city, at the bottom of which is the thickly-peopled district of the St. Roche's suburbs ; instead of taking the road which lies along the shores of the St. Charles, proceed by the higher street, and after continuing this course some short distance, your eye is attracted by an ancient gateway built in the Gothic style : being totally different not only from all that surrounds it, but from every other building in the city, you naturally inquire into its origin. This is the gateway of the ancient Palace of the French Government, behind which are the remains of the other masses of the building, though they are now converted into receptacles for old stores, fit emblems of the place. Here, where once echoed the sounds of revelry and the sweet music of the voice of the high-born beauties of the court—where have tripped the fairy feet in the voluptuous mazes of the waltz—where the votaries of pleasure have shaken off their ennui, and for a time have found happiness, all is ruin and decay. Thus passes the grandeur and pageantry of the world. As the river hurries to the ocean the little particles of sand that compose its bed, so does the endless stream of time sweep the puny works of man into the vast space of eternity. From among the numerous tales attached to this palace when the rule of the French was in its zenith, before the victorious Wolfe burst upon their appalled senses

like an Alpine avalanche, I shall cull this romantic legend of woman's constancy; and how truly has the bard sung in depicting her boundless love!—

“ When first her gentle bosom knows
Love's flame, it wanders never;
Deep in her heart the passion glows—
She loves, and loves for ever.”

One evening during the sultry month of July sat Margaruite at the casement of her apartment, which overlooked the river; her head was resting on her hand, and her eyes raised upwards, intensely gazing on the pale moon as her silvery beams danced on the stream, throwing a magic, hallowed charm around. The night was still, and the song of the sailor had ceased from the numerous vessels that were reposing on the bosom of the river; the cool breeze came sighing over the broad estuary of the St. Charles, breathing the sweet mountain odours, and as it played in sportive wantonness with her bright tresses and fanned her blushing cheeks, she sighed. Margaruite was the only daughter of the French Governor, who at that time held the reins of government. She had followed her father from her own sunny France, before she had sipped the venom from that Upas cup, which, on mixing with the cold, heartless world, soon presents itself to our lips—which withers up the true feelings of the heart, till you become the mere automaton of the world. Here, then, she reigned pre-eminent, truth's fairest daughter; love for all beamed in her eye; her birds, her flowers, were alike the objects of her care; her tender bosom overflowed with sympathy for the distressed who crossed her path, and she wept that there should be aught of misery in the world where nature smiled so lovely. But the tyrant Love had already reached her young and fluttering heart. It was not strange, for with her father came an aide-de-camp, young, handsome, and manly, in whose breast beat a

heart as faithful as her own ; these two were soon entangled in the invisible meshes of the net Love cast around them, and their hearts beat responsive to each other. To Florian (for such was his name) fortune had been sparing of her favours, and except a scanty patrimony, he had nothing to offer Margaruite save his heart ; but love is always blind, and they shut their eyes to the utter hopelessness of their affections. Her father was a cold, proud man, with the seal of nobility on his brow, whose scornful lip curled with a sarcastic smile when he read love's artless tale. What to him were broken hearts, provided he could still ennoble his family by affecting a splendid match for his daughter ? and he kept watch with an Argus eye lest her affections should be ensnared by some beggar, for so he termed all who were not of equal fortune with himself. His scrutiny soon penetrated the lover's secret ; at first he was thunderstruck at the audacity of his officer, but he veiled his passion with a patronising smile, sent for the young man, then expatiated on the advantages to be gained by active service, spoke of the friendship he had for him, his esteem for his family, and finally told him that wishing he should rise in his military profession, he had determined to despatch him to the army, at that time in active hostility with the English in the British settlements (now United States). This sudden announcement fell upon the lover's dreams like the blight on spring's sweet blossoms. On the morrow Florian was to depart, and this night they were to take a long farewell. She sighed, then gently murmured, "He will surely come, and not leave me without one last adieu."

"No ! dearest Margaruite," said a low voice, and Florian stood amidst the evergreens that grew in wild luxuriance beneath her window.

"Ah ! Florian, I knew you would not leave me without one farewell, sad as it is."

“Margaruite, to-morrow I leave you perhaps for ever, for I go on dangerous service; but say, before I go, you will not forget your Florian. In the hurry of the battle, the thought of thee will nerve my arm.”

“Oh! Florian, how little dost thou know thy Margaruite’s heart! she loves but thee, and none other shall usurp the place you hold there; but take this ring,” at the same time removing one with a large ruby set in a golden band from her taper finger, and lowering it down to him; “wear it for my sake—perhaps it may serve to recal the thought of one whose every hope of happiness is centred in you; and as you sit by the watch-fire in the lonely hours of the night, think, as you gaze upon it, that the giver’s heart will be ever fixed on thee. Look up also to the bright moon, and as you scan the beautiful orb remember that she you love is gazing on it also, and thinking of thee.”

“My own dear Margaruite, how shall I thank you for your kindness!—but my future life shall be devoted to you by way of recompense: and now, dearest, farewell!”

“Farewell, dear, dear Florian.” He rushed among the shrubs, lest his overcharged feelings should give vent. When next they met, the lips of one were cold, and re-echoed not the joy of meeting—their last farewell was taken. Scarcely had the morning lit up the beacon of day, when the roll of drums, mixed with the clangour of the trumpets, called the party to hasten on their route, and soon the hurried tramp of men, mingled with the rattle of the chargers’ hoofs, was heard ringing in the almost silent streets.

Florian started from his sleepless couch, hurried on his clothes, and in a few moments was at the head of the party. Again the trumpet sounded, and the detachment was in motion. As they passed beneath the window where his Margaruite slept, he looked up—a fair hand was waved for a moment,

and the casement was again vacant. The martial train swept on, the sounds died in the distance, the windows of the wondering citizens were again closed, and ere the busy town was roused from their slumbers, the streets were silent as before.

Poor Margaruite's days dragged on heavily; the things she had hitherto delighted in had lost their attraction, and her buoyant spirits gradually assumed a sadder hue. Her father, however, pretended not to be aware of the cause, but procured everything that he considered would dispel the gloom that hung around her, and entertainments were frequent at the palace; but the star that once shone so brightly there had lost its splendour, she roamed amidst the glittering and happy throng a heartless, solitary being. Florian, however, commenced, and for some time continued in that splendid career that caused him to be soon promoted. The talisman was on his finger, and in the hour of danger (as he said) it nerved his arm, and the thought of Margaruite caused him to exert himself, that she might hear her heart was not bestowed on a worthless object. But at length, in a desperate skirmish in which Florian fought nobly, he fell shot through the heart, and died amidst a heap of slain. For a time the French were driven back, and the English, weary of pursuing them, retired also upon their own position, leaving the dead to moulder on the battle-field, for in the skirmishes in the wilderness there was no time to attend to the ceremony of sepulture.

There was a grand entertainment at the palace the night the news of this check arrived, and as the officer who brought it entered these saloons of pleasure, Margaruite's voice was warbling forth some sweet native melody. For a moment he remained in one fixed posture of attention, so entranced was he at its sweetness: besides, too, the thoughts of his native land came over him, and as her tones melted into silence, he sighed—then, suddenly recollecting himself, sought out the

Governor, and delivered to him the despatches. "Ha!" he he exclaimed, as he hastily glanced his eyes over them, "this looks serious; these English have given us a severe check; what officers have we lost?" After several had been named, he mentioned Florian, and added, "The service has lost in him one who promised to rank among its brightest ornaments."

"Hah," the Governor muttered to himself; "so then my hopes are soon accomplished, his dream of love is quickly ended."

The news was soon whispered round the apartments, and the death of the handsome aide-de-camp was much regretted, for but a short time had passed since he too had mingled in their festivities, and now he lay bleaching under heaven's canopy, without a grave. Poor Margaruite stood listening to the tale in breathless anxiety; but when her thoughtless informant mentioned Florian's death, she grasped him tightly by the arm for support: he gazed upon her in absolute astonishment and alarm, for the blood had suddenly left her cheeks, she was falling to the ground. She was carried insensible from the room.

This event marred the festivity of the evening, and each attributed the cause of her sudden indisposition to anything but the real state of the case. The officer who had told her the tale quickly guessed at it, but he kept his surmises locked in his own breast. When she had recovered, no tear dimmed her eyes; she dismissed her attendants, assured them it was merely the heat of the apartment, and as she now felt herself so much better, she no longer needed their assistance. Morning came, and her father entered her apartment to inquire how she was, but, to his utter astonishment, she had vanished. He instantly made every inquiry: the only clue obtained was from the sentinel at the palace gates, who stated that not long

after the last of the stragglers from the party had departed, a lady muffled closely in a mantle had gone hastily out at the gate, but he took no further notice of the occurrence.

She had procured a conveyance and departed in search of her lover's body. When she reached the deserted field, she searched among the horrid spectacles that presented themselves to her distracted gaze—she hurried on, not terrified by the hoarse scream of the vulture as he flapped his wing over his lifeless and mangled prey, or the sullen howl of the gorged wolf as he lazily looked on the intruder, who thus disturbed his disgusting repast; at length she found her Florian amongst a heap of slain, and her own ruby ring marked out the object of her search. She had hitherto nerved herself with a species of supernatural strength; but now that its object was accomplished, it suddenly deserted her, and with a wild scream she sank upon the body. There she was discovered by some soldiers who had stolen away, in hopes of plunder, from the advanced outposts of the French, who were once more extending their lines in advance. They raised her up and carried her to the commandant's tent, when, to his utter astonishment, and hardly then daring to credit his own senses, he perceived it was Margaruite. She awoke once more to life, but not to reason, and was removed to Quebec with the greatest care: here she lived on, but never smiled—her eyes were fixed, sometimes she sighed heavily, and then she would call on her Florian, beckon as if she saw him, and chide him that he came not sooner, and then appear disappointed, as if he had disappeared suddenly; but at times a gleam of reason would break upon her senses—she would seem aware of his death, and accuse her father as the author of his fate. But this could not last long—she died at length, love's fairest sacrifice!

Z E L L A .

“ STILL—still, you roll on, dark-blue waves of the ocean,
And little you heed my despair;
No feeling hast thou for their kindling emotion,
Who give themselves up to thy care.

“ Back, back! roll, ye waves, and return to his Zella
Her lover, who lingers too long from her arms;
Oh! near the white sail of his bark, which shall tell her,
Her Juan is coming, her bosom to calm!

“ He comes not—he comes not, the waves still increasing
As the shadows of ev’ning fast thicken around;
The landscape from view is now dimly receding—
Ah! would in its shadow my Juan were found!”

What is borne by the waves—what is toss’d by the waters,
As, rising and falling, they still—still, rush on?
She sees it—she shrieks, for, alas! Greece’s daughter
In that form sees her husband—all hope now is gone!

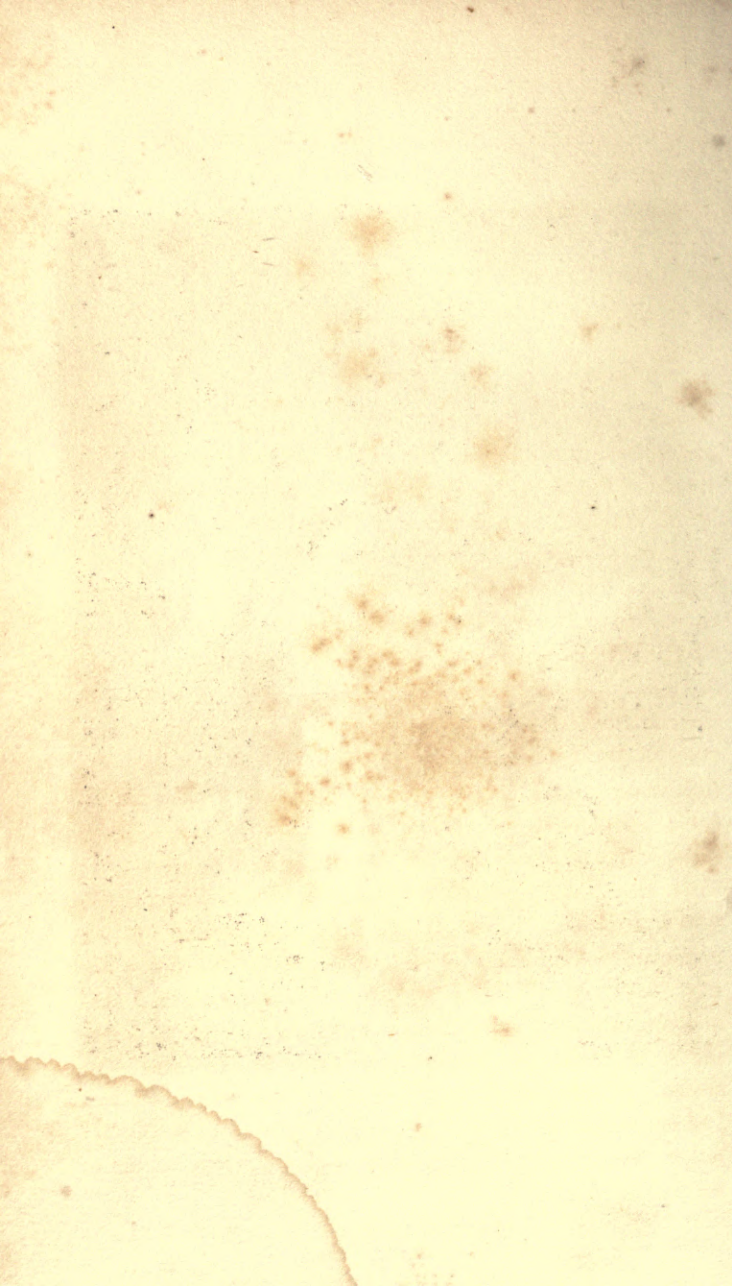
That look! that last look! which she cast on the ocean—
In death, it has shrouded her senses and sight.
Whilst the body still moves on the waves, without motion,
The wife and the husband for ever unite.



Drawn by H. Corbould.

Engraved by Charles Heath.

ZELLA.



MARIE LABONNE.

NEARLY a century has passed away, since a French squadron under the command of M. De la Bourdonnais arrived in the Roads of Pondicherry. At this period the town was governed by M. Dupleix, then governor of all the French territories in the East, who, when he heard of the arrival of the squadron, began to fear that the well-known worth and genius of the naval commander might obscure the fame he himself had won for the French in Asia ; an overwhelming jealousy now seized the mind of the governor, when he considered to what opulence and honour the command of this armament might soon raise M. De la Bourdonnais. As the English squadron was then known to be cruising on the coast of Coromandel, M. De la Bourdonnais set out in quest of it on the 24th of July, 1746, but not succeeding in his search, and imagining the coast clear, he immediately returned to Pondicherry, determined to besiege Madras. When all was prepared for this important undertaking, the command of the expedition was intrusted by M. De la Bourdonnais to M. Labonne, the next in command, the admiral himself being compelled from severe illness to remain at Pondicherry. This M. Labonne possessed an only daughter, whose name was Marie ; she had lost her mother at an early age, and she now accompanied her father wherever he went,—even while he was in active service.

“ You shall not go with him, my dear,” said M. De la

Bourdonnais to Marie one day, previous to the sailing of the French squadron ; “ you must not encounter those dangers to which you will be exposed,—stay with me, and keep me company during the absence of your father.”

“ But, sir,” replied Marie, “ if anything should happen to him, who will he have to comfort him, and to watch over him ? ”

“ But just consider, my dear, what a state you were in during our last engagement with that English fellow Peyton ; surely woman was not formed by nature to meet these uncertain dangers ; you shall remain here with me for some time, until I am able to join my squadron, we shall then go together and greet Labonne on his successful attack.”

“ Well, sir, it cannot be helped, you know best,” replied Marie, as she reluctantly complied to remain with the good old French admiral, who called himself her guardian, and for whom she possessed a sincere regard.

When the squadron had left the Roads of Pondicherry, the illness of M. De la Bourdonnais increased, when of course the attention of Marie to his wants was highly necessary as well as gratifying to him : she read to him during his illness, and it must have been a pleasing sight to have observed this gallant sailor, who had suffered and done much for his country, listening with pleasure to the recital of the glories of France by this warm-hearted and beautiful girl. She had been absent nearly two years from her native land, and had come out with Labonne, who commanded a ship sent by the French Government to augment the force of M. De la Bourdonnais. All her father could do would not persuade her to remain at home with her relations.

In person Marie was what the world would call “ a handsome girl,” she had a good figure, and a face which had once been very beautiful, but having braved for some time the

rough storms and tempests of the deep, her visage now assumed a more masculine appearance; in mind she was a picture of "womanly goodness;" she was likewise a daughter of science, and much attached to books.

At this eventful period, a war was being carried on between England and France, and in India the power of the latter was rising to an astonishing height. The ambitious mind of M. Dupleix was planning schemes for the annihilation of English power and the supremacy of the French in Asia, looking around him with a skilful eye, ready to take advantage of any outbreak that might arise, like a regiment of cavalry when they have been once repulsed, ready to charge again in some part of the gallant square, which may have wavered on the first attack. M. Dupleix was then anxious to place a relation of the much-loved family of Sadatulla Khan in the Nabobship of the Carnatic, in the place of Anwar-o-dean, the reigning nabob, who was detested by his subjects, in which business he afterwards almost succeeded in the person of Chundasaheb, whom, says the historian, if he had been assisted by his countrymen, he would have established on the throne of the Carnatic, and which for that period would have been the destruction of British power in the East.

The squadron had been gone about three days when M. De la Bourdonnais was parading the balcony of his house muffled up, just having risen from his bed of sickness, supported by the arm of Marie. At this time a servant appeared and stated she was wanted below; she now thoughtlessly left her guardian and proceeded down stairs, thinking she was merely required for some domestic arrangements—in a few seconds she was in the same room with M. Dupleix. Often, when Marie was quite a child, had this stern governor rocked her in his arms,—in fact, he considered her one of his young favourites. What a change a few years had created on the young and the

inexperienced ! She was quite different now from that time when he had seen her blooming like a young flower in her native land, and he too was much changed ; his care-worn features, wrinkled brow, and fiery eye impressed Marie no more with the idea of the handsome gentleman, as she used to call him in France. What havoc does ambition create in a man's appearance ! none of that placid tenor of countenance which we find in the contented man ; there is frequently something unearthly in the visage of the ambitious man, as if, according to Pope, "men would be angels."

"How is the Admiral, my dear ?" inquired Dupleix of Marie ; "is he any better ?"

"Much better, sir," she replied ; "we are to join the squadron as soon as my father sends a report of the action."

"You ought to persuade the Admiral to leave the entire command of the squadron to Labonne ; he ought to return to France, his constitution is impaired, he is not well, he has seen a deal of service in his day, he is a clever fellow—a very clever fellow, Bourdonnais."

"But, sir, he wishes to live as long as possible in the active service of his country ; he said while I was reading to him the other day about some victories France had won, 'Until death stares me in the face, I shall not leave the service of my country.'"

"But he ought to go home, my love," said Dupleix, "and take you with him ; you are not enjoying yourself in this place like the gay young ladies in France."

"I shall proceed to dear France when the war is over, I hope, sir," replied Marie.

"The war will last several years yet, my dear. What would you say to see all India the property of France, and I a great emperor—courtiers and elephants and riches innumerable, the lives of millions in my hands, totally eclipsing Solyman the

Magnificent? Now I have a scheme in view—I know you can keep a secret—it will make your father as rich as Cræsus; you will be the reigning belle in Paris then, and some handsome young marquis shall be your husband.”

“Pray make haste and tell me, sir—I do not understand all this intended kindness.”

“Is M. De la Bourdonnais *much* better, Marie? You have great influence over him; now try and persuade him to return home, as if for his own safety, and your father then shall have the independent command of the squadron—I shall obtain promotion for him.”

“M. Dupleix,” replied Marie, “I now understand you—I always thought highly of you until now. Do you think all this dazzling trumpery you have presented before me would cause me to assist you in your dishonest endeavours? Though you could raise my father to the sovereignty of France itself, I would not think of aiding you in such vile treachery.”

At the conclusion of this sentence, which was said with great vehemence and indignation, Marie left the chamber, and again joined her old guardian. M. Dupleix was as if thunder-struck at the conduct of Marie; he could not have supposed the mild, gentle, timid little girl he had played with in France, could have shown such a masculine spirit. In a sullen manner, he retired and wended his way in deep cogitation slowly to Government House.

“My dear girl, you have been long absent,” said M. de la Bourdonnais to Marie, when she joined him. “Been talking to some of the young gallants, eh? I know who is called the Fair Maid of Pondicherry now.”

The good old Admiral smiled as he made this good-natured remark, “Now what have you been about? come, out with it, my dear, I see you are enraged at something.”

“I am, sir, at M. Dupleix; it is to him I have been talk-

ing ; I scarcely know how to begin to tell you what he has been saying to me," said Marie.

" M. Dupleix ! what can he have to communicate to you ? I must know all about that, my dear girl," replied M. De la Bourdonnais.

" Well, sir, he inquired after you," said she ; " I told him you were much better, and that it was probable we should join the fleet very soon, at which news he seemed so angry."

" I see through it now, but go on, my sweet girl," said M. De la Bourdonnais, while a storm was evidently gathering in his countenance.

" Well, sir, he said he had laid schemes for the conquest of India by the French, that he expected to make my father as wealthy as Cræsus, and that I should live a rich lady in Paris. All this he told me, sir, to induce you to deliver your command to my father, and return home for the improvement of your health—to cause you to do which, he thought I had sufficient influence over you."

" Improve my health ?" said the old sailor, his face glowing with passion : " that Dupleix, with his cursed ambition, may be No. 1 in this business. Never ! never !—the treacherous Dupleix to dare attempt to make you be dishonest to your old guardian ! Oh, Marie, Marie ! you see what ambition does, what it makes men stoop to, and in a man of such great talents who would have believed it ? I would have gloried in taking you back to France ; when I was suddenly attacked this morning with these cursed pains, I thought then I had better for the sake of my health ; for you know health is the greatest of blessings, Marie ! I thought then of returning home to spend the remainder of my life amid the scenes of my childhood ; but now what you have told me has almost made me well again : I feel invigorated—I am determined !"

Having made this strange speech, during which the hue of

illness was usurped by the glow of rage, he suddenly left her. She did not follow him, but sat down and burst into tears.

Marie feared that this excitement would again bring on his illness, and, he not appearing as soon as she expected, went in search of him ; but she was informed by one of the domestics that he had just left the house in full uniform.

“ He has perhaps gone to Government House,” said Marie to herself. “ I am afraid he will suffer for his rashness ; it will be no harm to go and learn if he is there.” With these words, she quickly slipped on her shawl and bonnet, and, preceded by a native servant with a lantern, she set off for Government House. But her search was ineffectual—no one she asked could give her any information of where he was. She returned home very sad, when she found a note upon the table in the drawing-room, evidently written by M. De la Bourdonnais. It ran as follows :—

“ MY DEAR GIRL,

“ I am compelled to quit you for the present. When I left you so suddenly, in a minute after I received a letter from your father: he is quite well, and sends his kindest love.

“ The English squadron is thought to be near Madras, and this is a time of the greatest moment to France ; Madras must be besieged, and without me the effort would be ineffectual. The person who has volunteered to convey this letter to you, when I told him to whom it was addressed, seemed as if he knew the name. I shall return in a few days, and, I hope, with your father. I enclose you a draft which you can use when necessary. Take care of the house. God bless you, my dear girl !

“ Yours very sincerely,

“ DE LA BOURDONNAIS.”

“ He is gone, then,” she said with a sigh, after perusing this eccentric epistle ; “ but he is not strong enough yet for service. I must live alone in misery until he comes back with my

father. Those two are all I have left me to care about in the world now."

This last sentence she said with a deep sigh. A servant now entered, and said there was a young gentleman down stairs who wished to see her, at the same time presenting his card to Marie. When she read the name she startled; "Sardis! Sardis! I know that name; can that be the same I knew in France?"

She ordered the servant to show him up stairs, meanwhile she retired to her dressing-room previous to the meeting: she was strongly inclined to think it must be the same Sardis she had known and loved in France. In a few minutes she returned, and, according to her expectation, beheld the very Sardis with whom she had been forbidden to communicate, on account of some dispute Labonne had had with the father of her lover. She instantly recognised him.

"What, is that you?" she said; "Sardis in a foreign clime?"

"It is, dear Marie," he replied; "I brought the letter to you, which I hope you have received from M. De la Bourdonnais; I happened to be standing at the boat as he was about to push off to the ship, and when I heard him mention he wished some one to take a letter to you, your name brought back recollections of other days, and I volunteered to take it. I little thought I ever should be intrusted with such a pleasant errand."

They both were much delighted at seeing one another again, and though she knew her father would be displeased if he was told she had spoken with Sardis, still, since he had brought her the letter from M. De la Bourdonnais, she could not refuse his request of being allowed to pass the evening with her. He related to her how he had come to Pondicherry in the capacity of clerk in a merchant's house; they talked con-

cerning those days of courtship, those happy days of youth, when love burns with the brightest flame, when young hearts untainted with adversity view the sunny sides only of the dark roads in life's dreary voyage, when youth gives evidence whether or not it shall be an ornament to society.

They passed a very pleasant evening ; Sardis took an affectionate adieu of Marie, and happy with having seen again the object of his first love, he returned joyfully home.

Some days had now elapsed without Marie hearing anything either from or concerning M. De la Bourdonnais and her father ; the inhabitants of Pondicherry daily expected news of the siege of Madras, now that the gallant commander had joined the squadron. When the Admiral joined the fleet, which he did on the 3d of September, 1746, he found all in good order, as he anticipated from the command of such a skilful seaman as Labonne. The English inhabitants of Madras, at this time, were in the greatest anxiety for the arrival of the English fleet to protect them in case of a bombardment from the French.

On the 7th M. De la Bourdonnais commenced to bombard Madras, and insisted that the town should be delivered up to him on his own terms, or he should make a general assault ; the English soon consented to the demands of this formidable Frenchman, and on the 10th of September they surrendered themselves as prisoners of war to the French ; they delivered up Madras, but on conditions that it was afterwards to be ransomed. This assumption of power on the part of M. De la Bourdonnais was extremely mortifying to Dupleix, who held, that though the admiral was ordered by the French government to make the best use of his squadron he could for the glory of the French arms, still that he had not the power to make treaties without the consent of himself and the council at Pondicherry.

While these sad events were threatening the British possessions in the East, Providence came to the assistance of Britannia ; soon after the attack on Madras, an awful storm arose, which ruined the French navy, and thus protected the English colonists from further annoyance. On the day the storm had commenced, the treaty of ransom had been adjusted ; “ the French were to evacuate the town on the 4th of October, and the artillery and warlike stores in the town were to be divided between the French and English.”

Marie had received intelligence of the success of M. De la Bourdonnais, and of the safety of her father ; the former having gained treasure to no small amount by the terms of capitulation, sent it all under the command of M. Labonne to Pondicherry, by whom he also sent a note to Marie, with a handsome gold chain as a gift. On M. Labonne's arrival in Pondicherry with the ships containing the booty from Madras, he immediately went on shore to visit his daughter, and what joy possessed him, as he approached the mansion of his child, from whom he had so long been absent ! but his hopes were soon dashed away ; when he arrived where she resided, he was informed that Marie was in bed dangerously ill with a fever, which had been brought on by anxiety, and too great exertion at a ball which was given the previous evening by one of the principal residents of Pondicherry ; she was there considered the beauty of the room, and danced the whole evening, for which exertion her strength at that time was not sufficient ; she had been persuaded by Sardis to attend the ball, and there she stood the gayest of the gay : when the young couple danced together, all eyes were fixed on them, they were certainly the handsomest couple in the room. Towards the conclusion of the ball the spirits of Marie began to droop, she said she felt a little unwell, and supported on the arm of Sardis, she foolishly walked home ; he sent the doctor to her,

bade her good night, and left her, imagining she would be completely recovered on the following morning. When Labonne entered the house, the doctor who was in attendance came out of her room and met him, and confirmed what he had already heard, that his daughter was far from well.

“ My dearest Marie,” said her father on entering her room, “ what is the matter ? you are not unwell, I hope ? ”

“ Oh, dearest father, I am so glad to see you,” she replied, as she kissed Labonne. She spoke in a very faint voice, so he thought it would be more discreet not to talk with her until she was recovered ; he left her chamber in the deepest sorrow, and told the doctor to bid her communicate to him what she desired to say.

Labonne had observed that something was preying heavily on her mind, which she wished to disclose to him. On the doctor relating to Marie her father’s wishes, she told him to ask her father to allow Sardis to visit her occasionally, to which Labonne instantly consented, having learned that the young man had been so attentive to her at the commencement of her illness. The next day she was a little better, when she told him how Sardis had left France, and was to become a merchant in Pondicherry : she also told him that he had offered her his hand, but that she had been afraid to accept it on account of the union perhaps not being consented to by him.

All hatred to the young man now vanished from the mind of Labonne, he would have anything for his daughter to please her in her present state of illness ; he allowed Sardis to visit her, and promised when she was quite recovered to unite them in happy wedlock ; but her illness gradually grew worse, and on the 14th of October it assumed an alarming appearance. On the 15th M. De la Bourdonnais arrived in the roads of Pondicherry, when, having heard of the illness of Marie, this

good and gallant sailor went immediately to her house ; when he entered in his dazzling uniform, the sweet girl's countenance was illumed at his appearance ; his visage—pale and sickly when he left her—was now ruddy and cheerful.

“ Good God, what is it ? ” said M. De la Bourdonnais to her father, who was at her bedside in tears.

Marie fixed her eyes on the old admiral, but said nothing ; he saw her hour was nearly come, that she was destined to view no more the green vineyards and ripe cornfields of her native France. He was right in his conjectures, she died the very evening of the arrival of M. de la Bourdonnais, in the presence of her father, Sardis, and the good old admiral.

It was an affecting sight to see this gallant sailor, who had seldom or never wept before, weeping like a child on the death of this interesting girl. Sardis was so much grieved, that it was thought he would soon follow her to the “ narrow cell.”

When it was rumoured through Pondicherry that Marie Labonne, the chief beauty, was no more, grief overclouded the little city for a time ; not even the success of the French arms could check the tear which then flowed for this sweet and virtuous girl.

Soon after this, Labonne was despatched with part of the shattered fleet to Achin, while M. De la Bourdonnais himself proceeded to the Mauritius with the remainder, and soon after left for France. To show how he was treated when he arrived in his native land, I must translate partly from his memoirs in French, written by one of his relations :—

“ When M. de la Bourdonnais left Mauritius for France, he had not been long in his native country before he became a victim to party rage ; that great man, who had left Mauritius in a flourishing state, and had done his best for the extension of the French power in Asia, was now seized and dragged to prison through the jealousy of an ambitious rival, although

far away from the theatre of his ill-gotten fame. At length, after three years' imprisonment in the Bastile, a solemn decision proclaimed the innocence of De la Bourdonnais; they punished his accusers, and restored him to his family, but not to his country.

“ He now became unfit for the service of the state; a paralysis which he obtained during his long confinement, had entirely undermined his constitution. But more distress awaited him; his brother, Mahé de la Villebaque, for whom he possessed the most sincere friendship, expired in prison, the victim of the rage of his enemies; and his fortune, the fruits of forty years' labour, nearly all vanished in the general train of misfortune. Such was his reward for the distinguished services he had rendered his country. If his enemies sought his death, their wish was soon granted.

“ A short time after his liberation from the Bastile, sinking under the weight of premature infirmity, he died on the 9th day of September, 1753. France lost in M. de la Bourdonnais one of the most illustrious men she had ever produced; posterity has done justice to his memory, and condemned his accusers.”

If no rivalry had existed between Dupleix and De la Bourdonnais, the French power in the East might have existed a little longer, and the departure of those two great men from India tolled the death note of French power in Asia; the oriflamme of France waved here no longer triumphantly, for the after-hero of Plassey was now on the pathway to fame, burning like a light rising to its full brightness, extinguishing by the brilliancy of his flame the lesser lights which twittered around him.

Thus then ends my simple story; perhaps it is not generally known that M. De la Bourdonnais was governor of the Isle of

France when the distressing catastrophe of the wreck of the St. Geran took place, when the heroine of the beautiful tale by Bernardin de St. Pierre was washed ashore, and which affecting narrative has caused many a youthful heart to lament for the untimely deaths of "Paul and Virginia."

LINES.

MOURN for the living; not the dead,
They rest in silent peace!
Nor cares or sorrows rack the head—
With death all troubles cease.

Oh! would that I were in my grave,
That I could lay my head
In calmness down :—do I not crave
Oblivion with the dead?

DIRGE.*

Gentlest! fairest! best of creatures!
Lo, thy cheek is red with gore,
Blood-stain'd are those noble features,
Sweetly wilt thou smile—no more!

Didst thou die, alone—unheeded?
None to soothe thy parting hour?
Cowards from thy side receded,
Left thee in the foeman's power.

Left alone! with none to aid thee!
Daring still thy ground to stay,
Numbers did at length o'ercome thee,
Stiff at last the warrior lay;

Stiff! his bloody sword lay near him,
Stretch'd upon the ground he died,
Stiff! four Moorish chieftains near him,
Victims fallen by his side.

Fare thee well! alas, for ever,
I must say that word—farewell,
Since again in this world never
With thee, Meno, I shall dwell.

* From "The Avenger."

THE CONVENT.

ON the shore some leagues below Quebec, on a promontory that juts out into the river, stands an old ruin called Chateau Roche, in a perfectly isolated state, without even a solitary house to cheer its loneliness, frowning in gloomy majesty on the rapid river whose waters wash its base—proud also in appearance that it is a ruin where even ruins are scarce. The only sounds that awaken its solitude are the sullen roar of the river as it keeps eternally sweeping past, the crash of some aged pine-tree that the hand of time has at length conquered, or the laugh of an occasional visitor, but more frequently with the report of the hunter's fowling-piece, for near these old walls is a spot celebrated for snipe-shooting, and often, after a day's toil, the sportsmen kindle their fire and rest among the ruins, not however without raising their voices in a joyous chorus. And how little do many think, when the walls are ringing with their convivial strains, that they have ever echoed to the pealing organ, and rich, mellow voices of nuns in their devotion—or, above all, with the shriek of distracted women, and the fierce yells of their destroyers! Yet such things have been. But the history of the place is now much confused, and owes that circumstance to the want of chronicles, since the tale is now handed down by tradition only, and very few at present know, or seek to know, its origin. Yet there stands the ruin, and though the hand of time has been laid heavily on it, enough still remains to leave a trace of the truth of the legend as it is now related.

Not long after Quebec had reared her head in queenly majesty over the wondering river, which had rolled on since the Creation without having her bosom ploughed till then by the keel of a vessel, or her shores disturbed by the hammer of the builder, yet, where before stretched a vast cape, named Cape Diamond, whose summit was crowned with lofty pine-trees, a city had been elevated, and high above all a fort looked down in military grandeur. The woods had been awakened from the sleep of ages, and settlements sprang up around their parent city. The noble and the peasant emigrated to the newly-formed colony—with these followed of course the customs of the Old World, and amongst others the Catholic religion, with all its magnificent yet superstitious pageantry; and with religion, convents and monasteries sprang up—the sound of the matin and vesper bell echoed amongst the hills where hitherto only nature's self had whispered. Alas! that superstition should condemn the young and beautiful to the living tomb, a tomb where the spirit feels a gnawing agony—a vain wish for liberty; for what creature confined feels not that wish? Liberty is nature, yet by the convent's law to wish for it is a crime deserving death. Then too late, when they are covered with that sable veil, that living pall that cuts them off from this world for ever, come bitter tears and discontent, they sigh for the quiet tomb where no affection follows them, and when it comes, they smile upon its terrors and welcome it as a friend—they droop like summer flowers, and die still young; the mildew sorrow blights their early beauties, and sends them to the grave young in years, yet with all the marks of premature old age; and those who might have been bright ornaments to the world sink into a nameless grave, forgotten and unwept.

Among the few religious houses at that time established, the one now called Chateau Roche was built on the forest

verge ; it never possessed even in the height of its prosperity a very large number of inmates ; but of those who did inhabit it, their history would furnish a romance,—some for love, others for disgust of the artless world, some for jealousy, while the major part were victims of pride, beauteous sacrifices to the aggrandisement of their brothers. Among the rest were two sisters who had come with their parents from France ; shortly after their arrival, the severity of the climate hurried their mother to an early grave, and a short time only elapsed ere their father cast off his sables and married a second wife, young, rich, and proud. She soon made the discovery that her daughters-in-law eclipsed herself in beauty, and where she had hitherto shone the brilliant star of evening gaiety, they now bore the belle. Her feigned attachment turned to bitterness, and after leading them for some time a weary life, these two fair flowers finding that their now too late repentant father could no longer aid them, retired to this convent. Their noviciate was short—the day quirkly came that was to sever all earthly ties, all earthly affections ; the organ pealed forth the anthem, the nuns' voices were raised in a hymn of thanksgiving ; the sound again was hushed, all heads were bowed in prayer, while these fair sisters knelt on the steps of the altar, their hands clasped in each other's, their eyes fixed upon the crucifix, listening to the deep tones of the old monk reading the solemn vow ; then their jewelled dresses were torn off, their locks (for one single tress of which the young cavaliers had often sighed in vain) were severed ; the veil, emblem of death, was cast over them ; the organ once more pealed forth the “Jubilate,” and they were the brides of heaven. Cold, cold as are in general the convent hearts, yet when the ceremony was concluded the holy nuns clustered round to wish them happiness ; but on observing their mournful resignation, all wept ; yet was there one who

during the ceremony had remained unmoved, and now, with a bitter and sarcastic smile, turned and left the chapel without a word of comfort—it was their mother !

Here, then, these unoffending girls were buried from the world ; yet even here they were doomed to find no peace, for their stepmother, in her virulence of hatred, contrived to render this their last and sole hope of solace wretched, she having, by her vile machinations, gained the too-credulous abbess to her purpose, and obtained what she sought for. On these poor girls at last fell all the convent duties, and penance heaped on penance slowly yet surely sapped their blooming years, while the stern abbess, believing the poisoned tale that had been whispered in her ear, daily taunted them with the decay of their boasted beauty. Yet they murmured not—nightly the hymn of praise was heard within their lonely cell, when all else was hushed to sleep within the convent except the nun who watched the holy lamp—the prayer for the forgiveness of their persecutors—the prayer for peace, “ Yet not my will, but thine be done.”

Victorine, the youngest sister, first gave way under such accumulated misery ; and Henriette, the elder, was for some time debarred even the gloomy pleasure of ministering to the wants of her suffering sister. But the patience with which they had performed all their tasks at length won over the abbess, who too late found out the truth and repented of her credulity, but death had now taken too firm a hold to be scared from his prey. Henriette watched her dying sister, and prayed earnestly day by day that she too might go down with her to the grave. Day after day rose and passed, Victorine gradually sinking.

Ah ! who has not in the hour of sickness watched the expiring lamp, or viewed the summer fading as the young year declined ? At length her spirit fled. Henriette stood gazing

on her sister's corpse with a vacant stare, no tear dimmed her fine dark eyes, her hands were clasped as if in prayer, and those who found her thus led her patiently away without a murmur; she was a maniac. The funeral of the young Victorine was conducted at midnight with all that imposing pomp with which the Catholics are accustomed to perform the last sad rite, and as they lowered the coffin into the vault prepared in the burial-ground attached to the convent (of which no traces are to be discovered, and even then but thinly tenanted), as the voices of the nuns broke upon the stillness of the night in heavenly melody, and the glare of torches was thrown upon them in their white dresses, on their knees with eyes upturned in attitude of prayer, the beholder might have fancied the olden patriarchal days had again returned, when angels came down from heaven and ministered to mortals. What means that piercing shriek? the ceremony is suddenly interrupted, and the nuns are clustered together like frightened doves.

The old monk attached to the convent had paused, for he saw, or thought he saw, only for a moment, several faces peering over the high wall; he looked again, they had vanished—his senses surely had not deceived him, for he thought in that short view he had marked each lineament. He attempted to proceed, but his voice faltered; once more he raised his eyes, and the same vision met his astonished gaze,—he could no longer be mistaken, and instantly saw the danger that awaited them, for the countenances he beheld were a party of the red warriors, who, attracted by such unusual sounds, had now seen the treasures which these walls contained. With this race (the natives of the soil), who looked upon the settlements of the whites as encroachments upon their exclusive rights, the new possessors had ever been at war. Skirmishes and murders were of daily occurrence, and in an unsuspecting

moment many a white was sent to his last account, his scalp serving to adorn the lodge of some Indian chief. The old monk was well aware of this, and instantly paused in the service—the nuns retired quickly, and the grave was left unfilled.

But one figure remained near the spot, who sat with dishevelled hair gazing on vacancy and warbling forth a melody with plaintive sweetness; no terror had disturbed her, and she appeared to have been left unnoticed in the confusion. The faces that still gazed over the wall were rivetted with awe upon this solitary figure. It was the poor distracted Henriette, who had wandered from her chamber during the absence of her keeper at the ceremony. The Indian beholds with superstitious feelings those who are any way disordered in their intellect. At length she arose, and calling hurriedly and impatiently on her sister, waved her hand as if beckoning her to follow, and retreated to the convent.

For several days nothing was seen or heard to give the least alarm; the nuns, smiling at their fears, returned to their accustomed duties, and one, as is the custom, entered the cemetery and strewed flowers over the grave of the young Victorine. Having concluded her melancholy task, she fell upon her knees and prayed for the repose of the departed sister's soul, when, as she arose, she saw the same strange appearance as on the night of the funeral, disappear quickly from the wall. The hour of vespers came, and the nuns assembled in the chapel of the convent—their rich voices joined in chaunting forth the service, when suddenly a whoop like the yell of demons broke upon the stillness of the forest. Another and another succeeded; the affrighted nuns paused in their devotions, and ere they had time to escape, the doors were burst open, and a body of fierce savages rushed in. Then followed a scene not to be described. Women, in their

agony, used tears and supplications, but in vain ; revenge is the Indian's creed, and truly it is a vengeance that never sleeps !

Morning broke, and the scene of terror was over ; silence now reigned where late had echoed the shriek of the distracted nuns, mingled with the terror-striking whoop of the savage in his triumph—the walls were tenantless. The old monk had escaped in the tumult and carried the horrid tidings to the city. A body of military was despatched, but when the aid arrived it was too late—no clue as to whither they had fled was to be discovered ; whether they had become the wives of their ravishers after being borne to the forest fastnesses, or were finally put to death, remains a mystery—they were never heard of more. One thing was certain—there were no traces of blood on the pavement of the chapel where this terrific scene took place. But, as they searched about, a solitary being was discovered cowering among the underwood, when suddenly she started up with a loud shriek and symptoms of violent terror, rushed swiftly to the edge of the cliff, then waving her arms wildly, uttered a long shrii! scream, and before it was possible to prevent it, she plunged into the gurgling stream. They instantly used every endeavour to save her, but in vain ; when at last they secured the body, it proved to be that of the helpless Henriette.

Thus perished not only the original victims of revenge, but a whole religious community, who were suddenly swept away by one single person giving way to those fearful passions, envy, hatred, and malice. Since this event took place, the convent has never been occupied, but has been given up to the ravages of time, which is fast crumbling it into dust. The mournful sighing of the wind amongst the forest trees, and the water dashing and chafing the rocks beneath, when you are passing the night under the shadow of the ruin, will almost

cause your fancy to distinguish the distant holy sounds that once swelled up and then died away in melting cadences within these walls, and cause you to breathe a prayer for the unfortunate nuns whose history finished thus suddenly and awfully, if not in blood.

We cannot better, perhaps, conclude our sad tale than with the following beautiful description of "the Nun's Burial," by Miss Montagu, admirable alike for its feeling and its poetry.

Few were the tears that fell
Where, in her lonely cell,
 Coldly she lay,
Like a soft flower and fair,
In the still hour of prayer,
 Fading away.

Deep had her sorrow been;
Love in her heart, unseen,
 Mournfully bound her:
Ever with one loved name
Memory's soft phantoms came
 Floating around her.

Now is her penance done,
Free hath her spirit gone,
 Soaring in gladness,
No more to feel on earth
Pangs of its human birth—
 Weeping and sadness.

Round by the Convent wall,
Night for her dusky pall,
 Darkly they bore her;
Mutely o'er mound and moss,
Bearing the blessed cross
 Slowly before her.

Slow went their solemn pace
Where by her resting-place
 Torches were burning :
Soon o'er the trampled grass
We heard the mourners pass,
 Swifter returning.

Lonely they left her there,
When on the gloomy air
 Night winds were dying,
High o'er her gentle brow
Through the dim cypress-bough
 Brokenly sighing.

Soft be her rest, and deep !
Earth o'er her grave shall weep
 Never, oh ! never !
There the deep soul of woe,
Wearied long, long ago,
 Slumbers for ever !



Priguard, print

W. Gerdum, sculpt

THE CHEVALIER BAYARD CONFERRING KNIGHTHOOD ON FRANCIS I.

KNIGHTHOOD OF FRANCIS I.

It is very seldom that ambition takes a downward course ; commonly speaking, the reverse is the case, and the object of an aspiring mind is generally one which leads to wealth or rank, or power.

But Francis seems to have thought differently. That he was born a king, he seemed to regard as a fortuitous circumstance over which he had no control, and therefore no merit was due to him in holding so high a dignity. He seems to have wished to distinguish himself by merit really his own, and accordingly chose the honour of knighthood—a dignity at that time only conferred on those who were distinguished for military fame. Accordingly, with the utmost pomp the dignity was conferred upon him by the Chevalier Bayard.

During the course of his life, Francis seems to have acted up in the fullest sense to the character of a knight ; talented, chivalrous, brave, the only drawback to his greatness was that he had a rival who outshone him in all arts of policy and statecraft, as much as he fell short in the nobler feelings of humanity. This was no other than the celebrated Charles V. Under other circumstances, the reign of Francis might have presented a bright page in the history of his country : as it was, though so frequently reduced by misfortune, he acquired the character of “ the great and wise.”

A MID-WINTER SONG

On! come to the hearth where our young voices met
In the spring of the days we may never forget;
'Tis the soul-stirring time of the mellowing year—
Sweet guide of my girlhood, thy place should be here;
The fruit's on the holly—the seed on the fern:
'Tis the Old Winter Time;—then return, oh! return!

Hark! the loud bells are shaking the grey village church,
The voice of the robin sounds loud in the porch.
He had wander'd away in the summer's bright track,
But he knew that our glad hearts would welcome him back.
And thou too hast wander'd,—there's care on thy brow:
'Tis the Old Winter Time;—oh! return to us now!

Sweet welcome awaits thee; the pine's lordly tree,
Oh! thou love of my youth, shall be blazing for thee,
Till thou, like our little ones, smile in its light,
As they wile with their prattle the long hours of night.
Since the days of the flowers thou hast left us to roam:
'Tis the Old Winter Time,—oh! return to thy home!

I will meet thy fond kiss on that time-haunted spot,
Where the misletoe hangs from the roof of our cot;
And we'll think of the hour when, less happy than now,
We hallow'd that spot with the kiss and the vow,
Till we feel that our hearts, like the sun of our clime,
Can glow mid the frosts of the Old Winter Time!

THE VEILED LADY OF FURNESS.

SOME years after the dissolution of the monasteries, when the monkish superstitions of the early ages were fast fading away, flourished the ancient family of Fitz-Hugh. The Lady Grace, who at that time became the inheritress of the family honours, was the heiress of her uncle Roger, the late possessor of Furness Hall. This antiquated mansion had once belonged to, and was still connected with, the beautiful and majestic abbey of that name, founded in the year of our Lord 1127, by Stephen of Blois, afterwards King of England: an account of which abbey may be found in ancient writings under the title of St. Marye's of Furness.

It seemed by a strange fatality the Lady Grace became thus possessed of the hall of her ancestors during the lifetime of her father (as at the old man's death, both her parents were living;) for though, by her uncle's will, two successors were named before herself, his estates had descended directly to the sole, and subsequently the orphan child of his brother.

The circumstances of Sir Edward's having been banished from the wealth, and, what was far more to him, the love of his brother, was owing to a quarrel in their youth. The cause of this disagreement, slight in itself, and trifling indeed, to have separated those whom the ties of blood and affection should have bound together, was still sufficiently strong to form the groundwork of future disunion. They parted: neither ever

afterwards looked upon the other; and the Baron on his death-bed bequeathed the old hall and the adjoining lands, in the first place to his son, should he ever be discovered (for the child had been lost, or, as his father expressed it, "spirited away," when only a few years old); if not, to his nephew (a sister's child); and, failing of both, to the Lady Grace.

It will perhaps be supposed that the said lady, like all damsels of romance, sat in her solitary chamber mourning over the captivity of some hero of her imagination; or, like a second Penelope, weaving the web of her beautiful wiles round the hearts of her too numerous wooers. But it would have been difficult to have made a heroine of her in this respect, for her true knight was guiltless of dungeon walls, and her suitors had vanished in despair; nor, further, had the gentle Grace any cruel guardian to compel her choice, for, unfortunately, as those will think who "like to be persecuted," hers had been that of her parents. In the presence of both she had calmly—but, oh! how fervently—pronounced the solemn vows of betrothal by the side of her beloved Ivo; and now fondly and trustingly she awaited his return from a journey of much doubt and perplexity, but which, in the buoyant spirit of youth, she questioned not would be soon and happily terminated.

Amongst the numerous retainers, all of whom the young heiress might now call her own, was one Mistress Mildred. This aged matron was a great acquisition in a mansion whose owner was almost totally unacquainted with the history of her progenitors; for not only could she trace them far beyond the time when they had in reality existed, but likewise borrowed half the heathen deities to figure in her genealogy:—not to say a saint or two now and then (with reverence be it spoken!) and other sacred characters, all of whose names she made subservient to her own peculiar orthodoxy. She was truly an cri-

ginal—a storehouse for the accumulated legends of many centuries—a walking library of odd volumes.

This strange amalgamation of knights and heathens, ladies and goddesses, arose from this: the tapestry with which most of the walls were covered, and which exhibited much of the cumbrous “machinery” of classical mythology, had been the work of many successive generations; thus some of the gods, Greeks, Trojans, &c., had been the creation of one fair hand, and some of another. All this, for the space of nearly half a century, the venerable Mildred had borne in mind; but now when the mists of a more advanced age had overswept the sunny remembrances of her youth, the whole order of memory was lost, and instead of the martial figures having been born of the brilliant imaginations of the departed dames, they were themselves named as the fathers of those who had called them into life.

Often would the lovely Grace—*graceful* alike in name and nature—good-humouredly listen to the tales of this amusing genealogist. One day, having in kindness to her feeble age desired her to sit down, she herself rose, and whilst strolling round the apartment, busily employed in examining the gigantic figures of the arras, questioned her about the disappearance of her infant cousin. Here, without knowing it, she touched on one of the old woman’s favourite topics.

“Ah!” she exclaimed, “there was a child, my lady! The beautifulest little fellow that ever had Cyclops for his ancestor. Bless his sweet face! I’m sure he must have been for all the world the very moral of his great-grandfather, Sir Herschelus there in the tapstery, when his lady-mother Thetis took him by the hair of his head and dipt him in the river sticks.”

“But tell me, good Mildred,” said the Lady Grace, “how and when was the poor boy lost?”

“Why here’s where it was, my lady. When the late Baron’s nephew—a sister’s child—came down here, he took a great fancy to his little cousin, and would always take him about with him wherever he went. If he walked down to the river to fish, young master must go too ; if he chose a ride, cousin Hugo must always have a jaunt up and down the court-yard first. In truth, so much were they together, that it often used to remind me of the story of Demon and Pittiless.

“ Well, one fine morning away they went to the woods a-nutting. Now, my poor mistress, the Lady Sybilla, never liked to see those two so much together, and used to say of Baldwin—that was her husband’s nephew—that his eye never looked so dark as when he had a smile on his lip. And I do think she was right : he had a very odd look sometimes ; but mostly I used to notice it when he had been praising and petting the child before anybody, and they happened to leave the room. Then all of a sudden he seemed to think no more about him, but frowned as black as thunder. Now all this looked very bad, to say the least of it. But, as I was saying, one day they went out to the woods together, a-nutting : and from that time the poor boy has never been seen or heard of. After about an hour or two, Master Baldwin came back without him ; and when his mother asked where he was, all the answer she could get was, ‘ Oh ! he’s coming—he followed me close behind—he’ll be here in a minute.’ Now I heard him say this ; and it struck me he seemed rather flurried. However that might be, when at last the family got uneasy, he was the first to go and look for him. But it was no use : he was never afterwards found. My poor mistress was almost crazed about it ; and nothing could get it out of her head but he’d been put away by his cousin Baldwin.

“ And what became of his kinsman ? ”

“Lord bless you, ma’am, he went abroad soon after, and wasn’t heard of till a little while ago, just after the Baron’s death, when a report came that he had died in forin parts—some island beyond seas, I think,—perhaps the very same where his forefather, Sir Ithacus and his wife Colypso came from ; or where Juniper Holyimpus reigned, who was own brother to Ajax Temolean, whose sister Venus married Enoch of Troy, who brought the estates into the family : so that”—

“And the Lady Sybilla,” interrupted Grace, “has she been long dead?”

“Nineteen years and better, my lady. She only lived a few months after her loss.

“Poor Sybilla!” thought Grace, “the house of my fathers has been but a woful habitation to thee!” She however inquired no farther, but, dismissing Mildred, strove by various trifling employments to erase from her mind the disagreeable impressions left upon it by the tale she had just heard. But all was in vain : it was not to be forgotten ; and that night, when she slept, the form of the unhappy mother appeared in her dreams—not, however, like those shades of night, to depart with the dawn, “and be no more seen,” but again to return, more fearfully and more distinctly, in a vision which was no dream.

Few moons had rolled over the head of Grace Fitz-Hugh in her new possessions, when she was called upon to quit them, in consequence of the sudden and unexpected return of her kinsman Baldwin, who was supposed to have been dead.

This event rendered her longer stay at Furness Hall impossible : for though, with all due attention to a lady and cousin, he pressed her to consider the mansion her own, at least for a time, there was a pride and dignity in the mind of Grace that would not allow her to receive that as charity, which she had been accustomed to regard as a right. All she requested,

therefore, was a few days to arrange everything for her departure : and now, when about to seek a strange home, how much did she long for the advice and assistance of her best friend, her betrothed Ivo ! But it was no time for wishes and regrets ; and five days were named as the extent of her stay at Furness.

On the second night after the return of Baldwin, the young orphan, who had lately been greeted as the heiress of so many wide lands, sat alone in her chamber. The room, which was her sleeping apartment, was fitted up and adorned in all the gloomy grandeur of the middle ages : thick and gorgeous hangings of the richest arras ;—deep recesses, canopied by Gothic arches of the most beautiful fret-work ; and tables of the blackest oak, and of almost sculptural carving ; whilst the floor, had it not been for a covering of more modern days, would have been dangerous from the very perfection of its polish. On one side of the room hung a full-length portrait of the Lady Sybilla. There were other pictures along the walls ; but none who had first gazed on this one extraordinary piece of art, could ever turn their eyes with any degree of interest on the rest. What it was that rendered this portrait so peculiarly striking, no one could ever explain. It was habited, over a dress of the times, in a veil of such a texture, that it seemed to glitter as though it were woven with threads of gold. The head, which, as well as the rest of the figure, was enveloped in the folds, was surmounted by a wreath of the mingled flowers and berries of the deadly-nightshade ; which plant gives its name to a wild glen in the immediate neighbourhood of the Abbey, where it abounds.

Strange indeed, and almost awful, was the appearance of soul that looked out from the large, dark eyes of that veiled and mysterious face ;—eyes whose intellectual expression of half-human, half-immortal sorrow, could be equalled in ma-

jestic but agonised beauty only by that which the imaginations of the painters have given to "Our Lady of Woe!"

While the eyes of Grace were yet intently fixed on the veiled splendour of that mist-like countenance, suddenly there floated through the apartment a soft, touching strain of the richest melody: now it rose slowly and solemnly through the vaulted roof, and now started into wilder life, as if the chords of a mountain-harp were swept by the viewless wings of some spirit of the winds—

"A pard-like spirit, beautiful and swift."

Then again the wild and liquid notes melted away like the falling drops of some trickling rill—

"Faintly, faintly, as the breath
Of a lute-song in its death;
Like the sighing of a reed,
Longing, murmuring, to be freed."

Grace moved not, but listened, wrapt in a dream of mingled wonder and delight. Fearful of losing the slightest note, she at length closed her eyes, and thus, undistracted by any outward object, gave herself up to the full enjoyment of that fairy music. When in a few moments it ceased, she at once became sensible of an icy chillness that seemed to run through her veins and curdle her very blood. Whether or not it was fancy, upon looking up she distinctly beheld a figure, the exact resemblance of the picture, standing at the far end of the room, by a half-closed door, which had till now escaped her notice. One hand of the phantom was pressed upon its heart; the other, slightly raised, now beckoned her to follow, as slowly and noiselessly it retreated through the opening. Her first effort was to spring to the opposite door: ashamed,

however, of her fears, and trying to reason herself out of them by ascribing the apparition to her own over-excited fancy, she again resumed her seat.

Scarcely had she gained some degree of composure, when a gentle tap announced Mildred, who entered, bearing a pile of books she had been sent for to the library below.

"I am glad you are come, Mildred," said Grace; "those books will be a relief. It is very dreary to have nothing to look at but these gloomy walls and that fearful picture."

"And so it is, my lady; I've often wondered how you could sit here for hours as you do, so lonesome-like, by yourself; and this the very room where—Bless me! what's that? I thought I heard a noise—where the poor Lady Sybilla died."

"The Lady Sybilla! Did she indeed die here?" exclaimed Grace, more alarmed than she would willingly have acknowledged, at this apparent confirmation of her worst fears.

"Troth did she, ma'am; and an awful dying she made of it. I was with her to the last, and oh, dear! how she did groan, and how bitterly she cursed them that had taken away her boy, as she said!—nay, she even went so far as to say her spirit wouldn't rest till he was brought back and restored to his rights. Many's the time folks have said, when they heard how she had taken on—'Ay, it's like enough, it's like enough, after such a confessor as she had:' and, indeed, and I don't think it was for the good of her soul, somehow."

"Nay, my good Mildred, it is uncharitable to give credit to the words of every idle tongue. But what said they against the holy man?"

"Why, saving your presence, my lady, they thought he wasn't a holy man at all; and went on to tell, how, when he was a monk of the old Abbey, just by here, he once made a contract with the devil for some of the Abbot's wine; and how the Abbot made another with the Pope, and got it back.

Some, again, said he was a wizard ; and it's quite true he foretold things that had passed out of the memory of man—such things as I, for one, never heard the like of.”

“ A strange character, indeed, for one of the sworn brotherhood of Cistercians,” said Grace, trying to suppress a laugh which would at once have put an end to Mildred's story. “ I thought the monks of Furness had been celebrated for their piety.”

“ Ah ! my lady, so they were ; but I suppose Father Ernulf was the black sheep : for you know, ma'am, there's a black sheep in every flock. Some of them, no doubt, were pious men ; for it is said a great many were calendered, and became sanctified saints.”

[Just such another piece of simplicity must it have been, of her who, when she heard of the three Calenders of the Arabian Nights, exclaimed, “ Bless me ! Well, I wonder wherever in this wicked world they found saints enough to fill them all !]

As soon as the last fold of Mistress Mildred's antique petticoat had disappeared, and Grace once more found herself alone, she betook herself seriously to the perusal of the volumes before her. Most of them were manuscripts, beautifully illuminated, once the property of the Abbey, and the work of those who were now scattered abroad, to seek new homes in a world from which they had been so long secluded, and with whose interests they could have nothing in common ; a world whose ways are not all “ ways of pleasantness,” nor its paths “ paths of peace.”

For a short time the contents appeared to interest her ; but at length she discovered that she had been reading over a single page again and again without making any sense of it, and feeling that her thoughts would, in spite of herself, be far differently employed, she gave up the attempt. Throwing down the book, therefore, she allowed them to take their own

course ; and then came the recollection of the unaccountable events of the last few hours : that wild, thrilling, and unearthly melody ; the horrible feeling of chillness that had come over her, as if from the proximity of some cold, dewy thing, newly risen from the tomb ; and last and most fearful of all, that faint and shadowy figure, veiled, and with its coronal of poison-berries, which, had it appeared at the banquet, might have been taken for the veiled mummy of a Grecian feast, crowned with the festal wreath !

Struck with a sudden wish to penetrate the mystery that surrounded her, after but a moment's hesitation, she approached the door through which the spectre had vanished. Having roused her courage so far, she now laid her hand on the latch, and with a quick motion threw it open ; then as quickly starting back, she stood in breathless anxiety, expecting again to behold the form that had so lately passed through it. But all was void : no music broke upon the ear ; no shadowy figure glided past her sight ; nor could she discern anything beyond the spot where she stood, for, owing to the brightness of both the fire and lamp in her room, the space into which the door opened appeared to be in total darkness. A faint glimmering of light, however, which she could at length distinguish, and which evidently issued from a window at some distance, led her to believe that this was the entrance to a long gallery that she had heard spoken of, as connecting the Hall with the Abbey. While yet undecided whether to take a light and explore the passage, she fancied she heard a human voice, and, listening attentively, soon recognised it as that of her kinsman. It sounded as if raised in a threatening accent ; but the answer of the person addressed, if indeed it received any, was in too low a tone to be heard. In a few moments the sound died away ; and giving up all further thoughts of pursuing the adventure that night, Grace

closed and fastened the door, and, retiring to rest, soon forgot, in a calm and unbroken sleep, the troubled visions of her waking hours. When again the morning dawned, it brought with it a charm which dispelled at once her fears, and the shadows of that "Care," which, though but for a time,

"Disturb'd her sighs, and gave a trouble to her pray'r."

Early the next morning a packet arrived from Sir Ivo, with the intelligence of his speedy return. It were needless to record the joy with which Grace perused the well-known characters of one who was now all to her, or how often she retraced every word of that welcome letter. He hoped, he said, to be with her by an early hour the following day, and dwelt long and tenderly on the happiness of their meeting. In the object of his journey, however, he had been unsuccessful; and this disappointment, though he evidently strove to disguise it, cast a gloom over the prospect of his return which somewhat saddened the heart of Grace. But who will long regard the darkest side of the picture, when the brightest is nearest to the eye? The whole of that day was passed in the delightful anticipation of his arrival; and when night came, Grace was surprised to find that her intention of exploring the haunted gallery had been altogether forgotten.

When, therefore, darkness came on, she felt oppressed with as great an excess of uneasiness as if she had neglected the performance of some important duty. It seemed as though she had been called on by some supernatural power to pursue an adventure which belonged exclusively to her; and blaming herself for her former want of nerve, she determined, should the phantom again appear, to follow it, let it lead whither it would. Nor had she long to wait. In a few seconds the same delicious swell of harmony once more met her ear, and, fading away as before, gave place to the veiled form of Lady

Sybilla. Grace gazed upon it breathlessly ; but though her lip quivered and her limbs trembled with horror, the courage of her race rose high in her bosom. The shade now waved its arm towards the half-open door, which had till that moment remained shut, and then slowly withdrew through the aperture. Grace followed, still keeping the figure in sight : this she had no difficulty in doing, for, as it glided along before her, a halo of light gleamed about its head, so bright as to illumine the whole gallery at once. Having led her into the interior of the Abbey, with which, as she had supposed, the passage communicated, suddenly the phantom disappeared, leaving her in total darkness. While yet undetermined whether to go on or to return, a sound met her ear like the low wailing voice of one in great pain. It seemed to be that of a woman, and proceeded, as she now ascertained, from one of the cells formerly inhabited by the brotherhood. Softly lifting the latch, she entered, unperceived by the person within. The floor of the cell was strewn with rushes ; and in the midst lay a woman, long past her prime, the distorted expression of whose countenance plainly showed that she was dying. Grace approached, and kneeling by her side, in her sweet and gentle voice asked what she could do for her.

“ Nothing—nothing : it is too late ! ” returned the woman. “ But who is it asks such a question of the wretched Gertrude ? ”

Grace explained who she was, and offered to go in search of assistance ; but the woman interrupted her, and seemed to wish her to stay.

“ No, do not go,” said she, “ but hear me !—I know what has brought you here.” (Here she lowered her voice, as if fearful of being heard.) “ *She* led you on—I knew of her coming, for my flesh grew chill—chiller than the hand of death that lies heavy on my heart—chiller than the grave.

Night and day has she been about my path for nineteen long years. Oh ! Baldwin, Baldwin !—but for thee—”

“ Who ?—What Baldwin ? ” interrupted Grace, deeply interested ; for she now recollected the voice she had heard the night before.

“ Bear with me, and I will tell you all !—Yet I must be brief, or he will come again to threaten, and perhaps to kill : he is fiend enough for that. It is more than twenty years since I first beheld him. He loved me then : at least, I believed so. For him I would have gone to the end of the world. But why do I speak of this now ? At that time it was, when I would have given my whole soul eternally for one word of kindness from him, that he told me of a design he had conceived of putting away the young heir of the last Baron of Furness. He was himself a nephew ; and he believed that if his uncle had had no son, he would have inherited. He said he would entrust it to me to convey the child beyond the reach of discovery. It is enough that I did not refuse. One day I met them in the woods, as we had planned : I took the boy, and having wrapt him in a cloak for fear of his being recognised, soon bore him out of reach of all pursuit. I then proceeded more leisurely, and after travelling many, many weary days, at length arrived near the Castle of St. John. Unseen I approached the walls, and having left the child at the entrance, departed. Here, as I afterwards learnt, he was taken care of, and assumed the name of his protector. What became of myself, or the reason of my return hither, can have no interest for you. I only tell you this, that I may rest in peace :—should you now feel inclined to restore him his birth-right, you can. There will be no difficulty in proving his identity : on his left wrist he bears a mark which can never be effaced ; it is stained as with the berries of the deadly-nightshade. Mildred, who often nursed him on her knee—if she

is alive—will know it. I can tell you no more ;—and hark ! he is coming !—for the love of heaven, begone !—haste—haste !”—

Terrified at the idea of meeting Baldwin after the disclosure made by the dying Gertrude, Grace started up, and, leaving the cell, endeavoured to find the way to her room. She had not gone far, before she perceived him coming towards the cell. He was, however, at some distance, and, as she thought, did not see her. The sight of him at such a time lent new speed to her feet ; and as the light of his lamp enabled her to see her way, she soon reached her chamber in safety.

Not more than an hour had passed before she heard a commotion in the hall below : footsteps were hurrying to and fro ; and on proceeding to the staircase, she could distinguish the sound of many voices whispering in tones of wonder and dismay. Fearing she knew not what, Grace descended the stairs. The first person she met was an old and faithful servitor of the family. He shook his grey head as he passed on, and pointed to a group of domestics who were huddled together near the hall-door. After many vain attempts to discover the cause of their alarm, all she could gather was, that shrieks had been heard to issue from the Abbey ; and that the old man, who had just passed her, declared he had seen the spirit of his departed mistress gliding through the entrance of the chapel, and then disappear close to the spot where her tomb had been erected. She learnt further, that Baldwin was nowhere to be found. He had left the Hall secretly, and gone, no one knew whither. There could be little doubt about his departure, for the stable-door had been forcibly thrust open, and his favourite horse was gone.

As soon as Grace found herself sufficiently collected to give directions to her people, she selected a few of the most courageous, and led them directly to the cell where she had left

the miserable Gertrude. There all was still : the voice of pain no longer disturbed the silence of that dreary spot, and on entering the cell a sight presented itself which Grace would willingly have been spared. The body of Gertrude (for she was now dead) rested exactly where she had left it an hour before. Her long golden hair, slightly mixed with grey, was scattered abroad, and mingled its tangled streamers with the rushes on the floor ; while here and there, at a little distance from the body, lay a few separate locks, as if rudely torn from her head by some unhallowed hand in the very helplessness of her dying moments. In her neck was a deep wound, from which the blood still flowed—inflicted, no doubt, by the being she had loved the best on earth. It was no scene to gaze upon unmoved ; and Grace, after all she had seen and heard that night, felt too much overpowered to endure it any longer. Giving orders, therefore, for the proper interment of the body, and avoiding another glance at the unfortunate being who was now at rest, she returned to the Hall.

For many an hour the next day did she stand on the terrace, anxiously awaiting the arrival of Sir Ivo. From this spot she had a full view of the Nightshade Valley, which, with its long rows of majestic trees, formed a beautiful approach to both the Hall and the Abbey. As she now leaned against the side of a projecting buttress, and now bent forward over the ivied rail-work, listening for the first delightful sound of the coming hoof, there was an expression of feverish anxiety and expectation in her countenance, more even than the event seemed to warrant. At length she fancied she could hear the surrounding hills echo at the rebound of an approaching steed :—but no, the sounds died away. Again and again was she deceived, till at length the agony of suspense became almost unbearable. But, hark !—she cannot be deceived :—she knows the swift but measured step of the “ blithe grey ;”

and now, like the wild wing of some fluttering bird, floats on the breeze his shaded mane. One moment she stayed, to assure herself that she was not mistaken. One rapid glance at the steed—another, longer and more earnest, at the rider—and away flew the Lady of Furness to welcome her beloved Knight.

“Upon that meeting I need not dwell :
Ye may fancy it, maidens, well!”

After the first spring of joy had given place to the quiet summer of a sober and tranquil happiness, and Sir Ivo began to speak of the fruitlessness of his journey, he was interrupted by Grace, whose words will at once explain its object.

“Ivo, dear Ivo, seek no further, all is betrayed—all discovered. I am no longer Lady of these lands—this old Hall : you, and you only, are the heir to its honours. And, oh ! need I say how joyfully I welcome you, not as Sir Ivo St. John, but as the true and rightful Baron of Furness !”

Little more remains to be told. Sir Hugo was immediately recognised by others as well as Mildred, and became the acknowledged heir of his father Roger. Grace, his gentle and beloved cousin, however, did not, as she was once prepared to do, leave the old Hall, but in a short time became mistress there.

Nothing was ever afterwards heard of Baldwin : nor did the spirit of the Lady Sybilla continue to disturb the quiet of that ancient dwelling. Once more only was she seen ; and that was at the marriage of her son, who, together with his bride, distinctly beheld her approach, and extend her arms over their heads as they knelt at the altar.

Some who had even professed to have seen the apparition at

other times, were yet incredulous as to the tale of this last appearance: those, however, who knew the young Baron and his wife Grace, never doubted its truth; for so long and so happily they lived together in all unity and affection, that it seemed indeed as if the blessing of his sainted mother rested upon them, then, and for ever.

STANZAS.

THE struggle of the soul is past,
 Thy heart rebels, no more:
 The innocent joy hath smiled its last;
 Emotion's life is o'er.
 Thy once wild pulse keeps even pace,
 A calm is on thy brow;
 But oh, sweet Nature's alter'd face!
 Where is its beauty now?

Take back—take back thy youth again,
 Thy youth, with all its tears!
 Nor strive to greet with smiles in vain
 These cold, unkindly years.
 Like snow-drops in their icy tomb,
 Alas! each feeling lies;
 Buried like them beneath the gloom,
 But not like them to rise.

The flower which fades may live again
 In the sweet after-flowers;
 But who, youth's precious time ere drew
 From ashes of past hours?
 Lasting and deep the rest it takes
 Where once its bloom hath fled;
 There Memory's voice unanswer'd wakes
 Like music o'er the dead.

THE BEREAVED SISTER.

IN the spring of 1834, I contracted an acquaintance, in one of the cities of the South, with a gentleman who had removed from England to this country, with two small children, the one a boy of ten, and the other a girl of nine years of age. These children were the most loving beings I ever saw. Their extreme beauty, their deep and artless affection, and their frequent bursts of childish and innocent mirth, made them as dear to me as if I had been the companion of their infancy. They were happy in themselves, happy in each other, and in the whole world of life and nature around them. I had known the family but a few months, when my friend was compelled to make a sudden and unexpected voyage to America. His feelings were embittered by the thought of leaving his motherless children behind him, and as I was on the point of embarking for Liverpool, I promised to take them to their relations.

The day of our departure at last arrived, and we set sail on a fine afternoon.

Soon after sunset, I persuaded my little friends to let me lead them to the cabin, and then returned to look out again upon the ocean. In about half an hour, as I was standing musingly apart, I felt my hand gently pressed, and on turning round, saw that the girl had stolen along to my side. In a few moments, the evening star began to twinkle from the edging of a violet cloud. At first it gleamed faintly and at intervals, but anon it came brightly out, and shone like a holy

thing upon the brow of evening. The girl at my side gazed upon it, and halted it with a tone which told that a thought of rapture was in her heart. She inquired, with simplicity and eagerness, whether in the far land to which we were going that same bright star would be visible, and seemed to regard it as another friend that was to be with her in her long and lonely journey.

The first week of our voyage was unattended with any important incident. The sea was at times wild and stormy, but again it would sink to repose, and spread itself out in beauty to the verge of the distant horizon. On the eighth day the boy arose pale and dejected, and complained of indisposition. On the following morning he was confined by a fever to his bed, and much doubt was expressed as to his fate, by the surgeon of the vessel. I can never forget the visible agony, the look of utter woe, that appeared upon the face of the little girl, when the conviction of her brother's danger came slowly upon her thoughts. She wept not—she complained not—but, hour after hour, she sat by the young sufferer, an image of grief and beautiful affection.

The twelfth evening of our absence from land was the most beautiful I had ever known, and I persuaded the girl to go for a short time upon deck, that her own fevered brow might be fanned by the twilight breeze. The sun had gone down in glory, and the traces of his blood-red setting were still visible upon the western waters. Slowly, but brilliantly, the many stars were gathering themselves together above, and another sky swelled out in softened beauty beneath, and the foam upon the crests of the waves were lighted up like wreaths of snow. There was music in every wave, and its wild sweet tones came floating down from the fluttering pennon above us, like the sound of a gentle wind amid a cypress grove. But neither music nor beauty had a spell for the heart of my little friend. I

talked to her of the glories of the sky and sea—I pointed to her the star on which she had always loved to look—but her only answer was a sigh, and I returned with her to the bedside of her brother. I perceived instantly that he was dying. There was no visible struggle—but a film was creeping over his eye, and the hectic flush of his cheek was fast deepening into purple. I know not whether at first his sister perceived the change in his appearance. She took her seat at his side, and then, as usual, let her melancholy eye rest fixedly upon his countenance. Suddenly his looks brightened for a moment, and he spoke his sister's name. She replied with a passionate caress, and looked up to my face as if to implore encouragement. I knew that her hopes were but a mockery. A moment more, and a convulsive quiver passed over the lips of the dying boy—a slight shudder ran through his frame, and all was still. The girl knew, as if intuitively, that her brother was dead. She sat in tearless silence—but I saw that the waters of bitterness were gathering at their fountain. At last she raised her hands with a sudden effort, and pressing them upon her forehead, wept with the uncontrollable agony of despair.

During the short residue of our voyage, the bereaved sister seemed fading away as calmly and beautifully as a cloud in the summer zenith. Her heart had lost its communion with nature, and she would look down into the sea, and murmur incoherently of its cold and solitary depths, and call her brother's name, and then weep herself into calmness. Soon afterwards I left her with her friends. I know not whether she is still a blossom of the earth, or whether she has long ago gone to be nurtured in a holier realm. But I love the memory of that beautiful and stricken one. Her loveliness, her innocence, and her deep and holy feelings, still come back to me, in their glory and quietude, like a rainbow on a summer cloud, that has showered and passed off for ever.

THE MERRIMAC.*

OH, child of that white-crested mountain, whose springs
Gush forth in the shade of the cliff-eagle's wings,
Down whose slopes to the lowlands thy wild waters shine,
Leaping grey walls of rock, flashing through the dwarf pine.

From that cloud-curtain'd cradle so cold and so lone,
From the arms of that wintry-lock'd mother of stone,
By hills hung with forests, through vales wide and free,
Thy mountain-born brightness glanced down to the sea.

No bridge arch'd the waters, save that where the trees
Stretch'd their long arms above thee and kiss'd in the breeze;
No sound save the lapse of the waves on thy shores,
The plunging of otters, the light dip of oars.

Green-tufted, oak-shadow'd, by Amoskeag's fall,
Thy twin Uncanoonucs rose stately and tall,
Thy Nashua meadows lay green and unshorn,
And the hills of Pentucket were tassell'd with corn.

But thy Pennacook valley was fairer than these,
And greener its grasses and taller its trees,
Ere the sound of an axe in the forest had rung,
Or the mower his scythe in the meadows had swung.

* A river in America.

In their shelter'd repose looking out from the wood,
The bark-built wigwams of Pennacook stood ;
There glided the corn-dance—the council fire shone,
And against the red war-post the hatchet was thrown.

There the old smoked in silence their pipes, and the young
To the pike and the white perch their baited lines flung ;
There the boy shaped his arrows, and there the shy maid
Wove her many-hued baskets and bright wampum braid.

Oh, stream of the mountains ! if answer of thine
Could rise from the waters to question of mine,
Methinks through the din of thy throng'd banks a moan
Of sorrow would swell for the days which have gone.

Not for thee the dull jar of the loom and the wheel,
The gliding of shuttles, the ringing of steel ;
But that old voice of waters, of bird and of breeze,
The dip of the wild fowl, the rustling of trees !

HEIDELBERG CASTLE.

THIS noble castle was for many years the place of residence of the Electors of Baden. The most ancient part of the structure is said to have been built as early as the fourteenth century, by the Elector Otto Henry : but the chief portion of the present ruin consists of the remains of a more recent palace, erected at the beginning of the seventeenth century, by the Elector Frederick the Fourth. The castle is situated on an abrupt ledge of rock overhanging the town, at the entrance to the valley of the Neckar ; and, from the vast extent of the ruin, and the various styles of architecture of which it is composed—from the solid strength of the old mountain-fortress, to the costly and decorated palace of the eighteenth century—it forms a most imposing object.

Behind it rises, high above it, the majestic mountain called the Geisberg—its sides and summit covered with a forest of chestnuts, intermixed with a few beeches and firs. The mountain immediately round the castle is one thick shrubbery, or garden-wilderness, diversified with serpentine walks, steep acclivities, luxuriant thickets of every kind of shrub, and a few carefully-preserved spots, blooming with curious plants and sweet-smelling flowers. The eastern part of the garden, which hangs immediately above the Neckar, is supported on an arcade of stone-work, consisting of a number of large massive arches. Seen from the banks of the river, this arcade,

supporting the hanging gardens, has a singular, striking, and picturesque effect. The thick forest which covers the sides of the mountains, above and round the gardens, joins with the shrubberies and plantations ; and the deer of the forest sometimes browse among the thickets, and almost amidst the ruins of the castle.

Since its first erection, the Castle of Heidelberg has frequently suffered dreadfully from the effects of war and tempests. It has twice been injured by lightning—the first time in the year 1537.

There formerly stood a much more ancient castle, higher up on the rock, which, after the erection of the later edifice, was deserted, and one of its towers converted into a powder-magazine. “On the 7th of April, 1537, a tremendous thunder-cloud burst over the mountains, the town, and the castle ; the lightning struck the tower—in an instant the walls of the castle were riven in pieces, the earth trembled, the mountain tottered, the castle was laid on the earth, stones and beams were precipitated into the town below, doors and windows sprung from their hinges, houses were laid low, and their inhabitants buried. Many lost their lives in the destruction, and the dawn of the morning only discovered the extent of the devastation. The present castle suffered severely from the shock, and from the masses of building hurled down the mountain, the Elector, Louis the Fifth, had only just left his reading-cabinet when it was overwhelmed in the ruin.”

The damage done to the building by this severe infliction was, after some time, repaired ; but it was again much injured by the attacks made upon it by the Spaniards, in the year 1622. But the principal causes of its devastation were two bombardments by the French, under Turenne and Melac, by the cruel orders of Louis XIV., on which occasion *Te Deum*

was sung at Paris, and a medal struck, bearing the inscription, "*Rex dixit et factum est.*"—"The king commanded, and it was done."

At this period the famous Tun of Heidelberg, capable of containing 528 hogsheads, shared the fate of the castle. This enormous vessel is said to have been kept, in those times, constantly full of good Rhenish wine; but it was not until 1729 that this gigantic curiosity was rendered again serviceable.

The building itself, having been rebuilt in a more splendid style than ever, had become once more the palace of the Elector; but, in 1764, it was again burned by lightning; and, since that time, it has been completely deserted. The town itself still maintains its consequence, on account of its University, which, although not the largest, is considered one of the best in Germany.

THE MOOR'S LAST SIGH.

“ Farewell, farewell thou lovely land !
My last—my fondest thought be thine ;
Farewell each happy peasant band,
No more to smile on me or mine.”
Like a dying warrior's song,
Swelling mid the mountains high,
Thus mournful bore the breeze along—
The Moor's last sigh.

“ A little while shall see o'erthrown
Each crowning mosque ye wont to wear ;
While some lost Moslem wandering lone,
Shall seek in vain our place of prayer.”
Echoing far in tones forlorn,
Beneath that soft Iberian sky,
Thus mournful on the breeze was borne—
The Moor's last sigh.

“ Yet, what though dim the crescent wanes,
And on my name the conqueror calls !—
Scorning to wear the Christian's chains,
Not like a slave Boabdil falls !
Ye winds ! go tell their victor-throng,
How well a Moorish king can die.”
Thus proudly bore the breeze along—
The Moor's last sigh !

WINCHESTER.

SIXTY-FOUR miles from London, situated nearly in the centre of the county of Hampshire, stands the ancient city of Winchester, which now bids fair to resume some of the royal importance so long lost. During a period of twelve years, it has annually increased in number of edifices, in population, and in wealth. Obscure beyond almost any other English town in its origin, it is accounted by tradition one of the earliest British settlements, and is thought to have subsisted, a village in the woods, many centuries before the arrival of the Romans. Subsequently, it became the capital of England ; lost, but again recovered that proud title under the Saxons, when the country was united by Egbert, king of Wessex, under the same sceptre early in the ninth century. Next the prey of the Danes, it was there that their savage excesses first gave rise to that general massacre, which gave hope to the Anglo-Saxons, and opened a way for the splendid triumphs and beneficent government of the great Alfred. Still the chief city of the realm, that monarch made it, like Canute, the seat of his court, and its cathedral the mausoleum of Saxon kings.

Winchester continued under the Norman princes to rival the abbey and palace of Westminster, and to challenge their favour in preference to Windsor and London. There William Rufus was crowned, and thither his body was conveyed from the fatal forest to be interred in its grand cathedral. It

boasted a royal mint, a treasury, public archives, its palace and fortified castle, and up to the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, parliaments were held within its royal precincts. Winchester was the birth-place of prince Arthur, son of Henry VII. ; and the celebrated Charles V. was entertained at the castle with signal pomp and ceremony by the ostentatious Henry VIII. In the chapel, now the county hall, was exhibited to the eyes of the astonished monarch, the famed Round Table, newly burnished for the occasion, as the identical that feasted King Arthur and his knights, and it still appears suspended to its walls. Even to the time of the Georgian era, Winchester seemed to have lost none of its attractions ; it was the favourite residence of the misguided Stuarts, and when Prince George of Denmark visited Winchester, accompanied by Queen Anne, in 1707, he urged his royal consort to complete the palace commenced by the second Charles, so delighted were both with the site and the surrounding scenery. But the same interruption as that described by Milton, from which there is no reprieve, again interposed, viz. “ the three sisters with their unpitied shears,” which, like that fated engine at the door, “ strikes once and strikes no more.” The oft resumed palace, like the walls of Jerusalem, was never destined to be rebuilt, and the half finished groundwork, comprehending a series of 150 rooms, was first appropriated for a prison, and afterwards for soldiers’ barracks.

Winchester is first seen from the side of a gentle acclivity, in the valley of which flows the Itchen, a river navigable for barges, which loses itself in the Southampton Water. The city is picturesque, and beautifully wooded in the distance, as well as uniform, on a closer inspection of its streets, more particularly the new portion ; and the principal one, not less than half a mile in length, offers an admirable perspective as it

appears illuminated with gas, and intersected with other streets nearly of equal extent, which present an imposing and splendid appearance when lit up, or in a fine moonlight. Of the once opulent city there is now only a single gate remaining out of the four grand entrances; the walls and the old moats have been almost obliterated, few traces of their ancient extent and feudal strength being left to reward antiquarian research.

Winchester, like some distinguished warrior quietly reposing upon his hard won laurels, enjoys a reputation of the past; its cathedral, its college, and other public edifices being chiefly appreciated for their venerable and time-worn air. It advances no pretensions to the commercial or manufacturing interest of modern towns, but is idly busy with ample clerical and county business, and added to cathedral dignitaries and parochial clergy, its society is composed of members, who, possessing a pleasing independence, have selected its calm agreeable environs, with the view of securing a cheap classical education in its still ably conducted college, for their families. In the Town Hall (1711), are still shown the well known Winchester Bushel, and other standard measures, first ordered to be preserved there by King Edgar. Other modern structures consist of the county gaol, erected on Howard's plan in 1788, the county Bridewell, city Bridewell, and county Hospital, erected in 1759. But out of the ninety chapels this royal seat is said to have contained, previous to the dissolution of the churches, nine parish churches are all that remain. Presenting an ample field for antiquarian speculation and research, the older treasures and attractions of Winchester will be found fully detailed in the works of eminent antiquarians, like Warner and Britton, by whom we are informed that a gaol now occupies the site of Hyde Abbey, in which, before the high

altar, were interred the remains of the first promulgator of our famed British constitution, Alfred the Great.

The foundation of the see, as well as of the cathedral, is traced back as far as the second century, when King Lucius, we are told, erected the first Christian church on the site of an old Pagan temple. Having been destroyed by the Danes, it was restored by King Alfred; but again falling into decay the succeeding century, St. Ethelwold, the bishop, had it entirely removed and re-built, towards the close of the tenth century. How much of this structure is yet to be seen, is uncertain; nearly the whole, it is recorded, having been remodelled the ensuing century, by Bishop Walkelyn, first appointed to the see after the conquest. To judge from the character of the architecture, the east end and portions of the transepts and the nave must be considered to belong to the age of Ethelwold. Many changes and restorations were introduced from time to time, such as would supply a complete exemplification of the successive alterations in the Norman architecture, from its introduction up to its discontinuance in the sixteenth century. The present edifice, one of the most extensive in Great Britain, is built in the form of a cross; its length is 545 feet, and the breadth of the nave and aisles is 87 feet. The nave is nearly of the same dimensions as that of York Minster; its roof 76 feet in height, while that of the tower is 138 feet, and its breadth 50 feet by 48. The interior abounds both in ancient and modern monuments, especially in chantries and tombs, the work of William of Wykeham, of Bishop Fox, Cardinal Beaufort, and other learned prelates, exhibiting some of the grandest efforts of Gothic sculpture. Behind the altar is a stone screen, erected by Bishop Fox, of exquisite workmanship; and the altar itself is decorated by West's painting—the finest specimen of his powers—repre-

senting the Raising of Lazarus. Whether lovers of modern or antique art, all may find in the treasures of this noble edifice ample materials to gratify their taste, and indulge the curiosity of the casual visitor.

Winchester College was founded by that indefatigable church-architect, William of Wykeham, towards the close of the fourteenth century. He had been educated in the General Grammar School, which sprung out of a former institution, and was among the last of its very numerous scholars who received the benefit of its instructions. The poor scholar of the Grammar School having become Bishop of Winchester, directed his attention to the school; paid the salaries out of his own funds, and provided board and lodging for the students, till his grand undertaking should be completed. He purchased a site from the prior and monks; began the work with spirit, and six years afterwards, in 1393, made his solemn entrance with the warden and priests into the new college. The society consisted of a warden, ten priests, who were perpetual fellows, a master and second master, seventy scholars, three chaplains, three under clerks, and sixteen choristers. Its justly celebrated founder died in the year 1404, at Bishop's Waltham.

The portion of the college fronting the street presents nothing splendid or imposing. You enter the court in which the warden's house is situated by an arched gateway, and the tower surmounting that leading inwards is richly ornamented, exhibiting statues of the Virgin, the angel Gabriel, and one of Wykeham, dressed in his episcopal robes and mitre.

The dining hall—a noble apartment in the ancient Gothic style—extends to 63 feet in length, and 33 in breadth. Spacious and lofty, the roof is without any ceiling, but has its beams and rafters appropriately ornamented with bosses along the intersections. In the manner of the old English dining halls, it is supplied with means of ventilation, so contrived as

to carry off the fumes of the dinner without admitting the wet or a current of air inwards. You ascend into the hall by a flight of steps, and near the bottom of the stairs is a lavatory, where the members of the college performed their ablutions. In a room near the kitchen, situated in the west wing, is seen a singular figure, painted in oil, which is called "the Trusty Servant," and, like the quotations from scripture, so liberally distributed in our old halls, especially in the servants' halls, was probably placed there as a standing exhortation to menial activity and obedience.

The great east window of the cathedral presents a splendid specimen of stained glass, which casts a dim religious light, yet rich and shadowy—especially under the sun's rays—over the entire body of the interior. The deep colours also of the oak ceiling tend to give fresh relief and splendour to all surrounding objects. The choir, which consists of three chaplains, three clerks, an organist, and sixteen choristers, is performed at eight in the morning and five in the evening, on Sundays and holidays; and strangers may attend the chapel, where there are tribunes substituted for the side altars, during the time of vacation. The cloisters occupy the extreme south-east of the college buildings, and are believed to have been erected by John Fromond, in 1430, who also built a chapel in the centre of the area. This was converted into a library in 1629, and contains a valuable collection, besides many objects of curiosity calculated to form a museum.

The public school, to the west of the cloisters, was erected in 1687, at an outlay of £2600, received from a subscription of the admirers of Wykeham. Over the entrance, figures a bronze statue of the bishop, by Gabriel Cibber, which has been vilely painted and gilt. The school-room is ample, and along its walls are appropriately set forth the rules for scholastic discipline: "Either learn, or depart, or, in the third place, be

flogged ;” and their exhortations are accompanied by very fit but not equally attractive symbols.

The market-cross, dating from the reign of Henry VI., is the most splendid monument of the kind in England. Everywhere raised as a memorial of the people’s conversion from Pagan superstition to Christianity, it is here placed, as usual, in the centre of the city, upon the High Street, more conspicuous for its situation and elevation on five stone steps. It is composed of three stories, decorated with open arches, niches, and pinnacles, each of which displays a smaller cross. It is known that the old English market towns were generally indebted for their sites to the adjacent abbeys, or other clerical foundations ; and for a long period, the people who brought their commodities for sale, had to pay a small toll at the cross ; and during the time of assembly, they were frequently addressed upon some popular subject by the city orators. A portion of the area was so protected as to afford shelter for the people during the inclemency of the seasons, and it was large enough, according to the historian Leland, “ for poore market folkes to stand dry, when rayne cummeth.”

The Hospital of St. Cross, in the central part of the valley of the Itchen, is, for many reasons, peculiarly deserving of commemoration, and the attention of the intelligent tourist. The approach to it from Winchester is exceedingly picturesque and interesting ; and to those who are fond of pedestrian excursions, the walk thence, over hill and dale, will afford views of peculiar beauty. Amidst the pleasing variety of scenery, the branches of the river applied to the purpose of irrigating portions of the vale are seen to advantage. You soon arrive at the gate on the northern side of the premises near the village, and you then open upon a view of considerable extent, St. Catherine’s Hill, with the college play-ground, the summits crowned with clumps of trees seen in the distance, so as

to produce an agreeable illusion of forest scenery, while, more near, you trace the remains of an ancient fortification. Immediately below the hill appears the barge river or canal, along which are conveyed the heavy goods from Southampton, &c., to Winchester. The country, as you advance, has all the attractions of a beautiful and spacious garden, added to the agreeable views from the different acclivities, blooming hedges, green and flowery meadows, and receding hills, losing themselves in the horizon. St. Catherine's, forming the western end of the grand chalk ridge, which extends from Butser Hill, near the borders of Sussex, to this part of the Itchen, again rises to a considerable height, from the summit of which, Cromwell, after the failure of Sir William Waller, attacked, and compelled the castle to surrender.

The neighbouring vale of Chilcombe is the most beautiful and productive in Hampshire; and not far off are the bridges of the Roman road from *Porta Magna*, the modern Porchester, extending to *Venta Bulgarum*, or Winchester. By this, the Romans advanced into the interior of the country, descending by the north-east of St. Catherine's Hill, over the lower part of the vale of Chilcombe, and, after thus reaching Winchester, proceeding by the same road, along the heights, to the strong hill fort of *Sorbi Odunum*, or Old Sarum, one of the strongest places of that period in the south-west of England.

The chapel of St. Cross is a splendid architectural monument of the reign of Stephen, though originally said to have been appropriated only for the use of thirteen poor men, a master, a steward, four chaplains, thirteen clerks, and seven choristers. From the tower of the church, built in the Norman massy style, as well as the entire edifice, you may behold a delightful prospect, spreading far around, the far expanding vale and meadows on either side, the South-western Railway, the city, the towers of the cathedral and the college,

amidst a ceaseless variety and gentle undulations of hill and dale. Its plain proportions, and its glittering whiteness, afford a striking contrast to the deep green of the surrounding foliage, and the varied colours of the hill, and vale, and meadows. The work of Henry de Blois, both the eastern turrets as well, as the body of the edifice, have remained a rare monument of the strength of Norman architecture. The nave and aisles extend nearly 150 feet, and the transeps 120, in an opposite direction, approaching nearer to a perfect cross than in most other cathedrals. The Norman baron was desirous to perpetuate his great work, not less for its architectural fame, than its charitable uses : and in the Hospital de Blois he has surpassed all his Norman predecessors. The most rich elaborate ornaments were lavished both upon the interior and the exterior frame-work, and in the mouldings are to be seen the cheveron, the hatchet, the billet, the pellet, the fret, and every combination and variety of the Norman style, which then prevailed.

The annual revenue from St. Cross amounts to a considerable sum. The master is now the Earl of Guildford, who is in holy orders ; and there is a resident chaplain, who derives from it a regular income. The brethren, twelve in number, have also comfortable dwellings, with separate gardens, and about one hundred pounds a-year. They are allowed to have their families with them, and to carry on their respective trades ; but in public they wear black cloaks with a large silver cross on the left breast. Cardinal Beaufort, its second founder, devoted his share of the charity to the support of broken-down gentlemen, and was desirous it should be called “ the Alms House of Noble Poverty ;” but in these times, the places are chiefly filled with aged servants, or decayed tradesmen. It is customary to give bread to every traveller who chooses to apply for it ; and a large portion of the revenue of this useful

institution is also devoted annually to the poor who reside near, or the poorer menials attached to the Hospital.

The road from Winchester to Southampton, about twelve miles, is not destitute of pleasing scenery, and some interesting objects. Passing through St. Cross, Compton, and Otterbourne, it skirts Hursley Lodge, situated about five miles from Winchester. This stands on the site of a former palace or castle, erected by Bishop de Blois, which had fallen into ruins so early as the fourteenth century. In the year 1639, Hursley was purchased from Sir Gerard Napier by Richard Major, Esq., whose daughter married Richard Cromwell. After the Protector's death, his own elevation, and speedy deposition of power, it was the only estate that remained to him, in right of his wife, and of which the government could not deprive him. Having retained a life interest after her death, he permitted his daughters to take possession, who, like King Lear's, refused to relinquish it, on the ground of his superannuation, and he was compelled to have recourse to the law. The court decided in his favour; and so great was the sensation caused by his appearance, and his gentle and noble deportment, that the Queen (Anne) was heard to express her satisfaction at the marked deference shown towards one who had been a sovereign. After the death of Richard Cromwell, his daughters disposed of the estate to Sir William Heathcote, who, out of loyal zeal, razed the mansion to the ground, and erected the present stately structure in its stead. The front has an imposing appearance, with lofty pilasters rising from the basement, and a double flight of steps; a finely wooded lawn, and richly stocked park, add to the general effect.

HOW FANNY TEACHES HER CHILDREN.

“ I HAVE a favour to ask of you, my dear Catherine,” said William Herbert to his beautiful mistress, a blooming, thoughtless girl of eighteen.

“ You are always asking favours, William,” replied his betrothed bride, a little archly, “ and there is no end of your presumption ; what is it you require more than I have already promised you ?”

“ Catherine,” said the delighted lover, tenderly but seriously, taking her hand ; “ we shall be, by God’s blessing, united together by bonds death alone can sever, in a few weeks ; you have given me a pledge, and I consider you entirely my own. You know I am obliged, prior to that wished-for time, to visit my uncle in the north of Scotland, who demands of me this great sacrifice—for I must be separated from you, dearest, at a time when every moment seems doubly precious to me ; but my uncle has heavy claims on my affection, and I cannot hesitate to obey him. I wish you, Catherine, during this forced absence of mine, to visit my sister, Mrs. Leslie, in Devonshire. You start, Catherine, and I see are prepared with a hundred objections. My sweet love, let me answer them all in one simple observation. We shall be married, Catherine, at my return ; we shall soon have, there is little doubt, *offspring*, whom we shall tenderly love, and who will be a sacred deposit in our hands from our Creator. It is my ardent desire that you should profit by my

absence, and pay this visit now, for I shall not be able to spare you by and by ; and my professional engagements will not permit my leaving London again to accompany you. In short, dear Catherine, for I will speak out at once, I want you to see, before you are yourself a mother, ‘ *How Fanny teaches her children.* ’ ”

Catherine Elliot had a depth of excellent feeling, beneath a lively exterior. She knew that her beloved Herbert was no worshipper at the shrine of fashionable folly, so she felt ashamed to tell him, that she wished to stay in London until his return from Scotland, in order that she might superintend her wedding preparations, order her caps, and bonnets, and blond laces, and elegant dresses, with due taste and attention to the mode, and not run the risk of a silk or a muslin of *last year’s make* ; but she loved Mrs. Leslie affectionately, and though she thought her rather odd in some of her notions, told her lover she had no objection to breathe the pure air of Devonshire, and oblige her dear Herbert ; “ but as for observing the manner *in which Fanny educated her brats*, indeed she should do no such thing, for she hated the noise of children, and she trusted —— ”

Herbert would not permit her to finish the sentence. It was therefore agreed that Catherine should accompany Mr. Leslie, who was then in town, to his charming residence in Devonshire ; that Herbert, on his return, should visit them all there, and escort his sister and his Catherine to London, where they were to be married at St. George’s Church, Hanover Square.

“ ————— Our parent’s hand
Writes in our heart the first faint characters,
Which time, retracing, deepens into strength
That nothing can efface.”

Our young and happy heroine bore her journey well. She laughed and chatted with Mr. Leslie all the way into Devonshire, endured his good-humoured raillery with equal good humour, and was received with warm affection by his accomplished and charming wife. Fanny presented her four healthy, intelligent children to her almost sister, with a mother's virtuous pride, and then dismissed them to their evening occupations, as a matter of course, considering that all interruptions to the general rules she had laid down were ever injurious to her little flock, and that however much she herself loved their company and childish talk, others, not so deeply interested, might soon be weary of both. The artless and sensible Fanny never *exhibited* the acquirements or perfections of her children to public notice, or suffered them to endure the *shame of punishment* for any little offence, before the eyes of others. The joyous group disappeared from the view of Catherine, before she had half enough admired their rosy cheeks, their animated expressions, or learnt from their own lips their respective names.

"What dear little beautiful creatures!" said Catherine; "shall we not see them again to-night?"

"You shall see enough of them before you leave Devonshire," kindly replied Mrs. Leslie; but she said it with a tone which brought a blush into the cheek of Miss Elliot, for it convinced her that Herbert had written to his sister, requesting her to impart her ideas respecting education to one who might shortly be able to profit by her valuable hints and experience. At the hour of seven, without apology or form, Fanny absented herself from the drawing-room, and wished to be unattended. On her return her face was flushed, and her eyes were moist, but there was a smile of ineffable delight upon her cheek—she had been to the nursery of her children—she had heard all their confessions; she had mildly remon-

strated with one for a self-told fault; with another, for boasting of a simple act of virtue; she had taught them to pray to their Heavenly Father, in words their infantine minds could comprehend, and she had given them the maternal blessing and caress. Mr. Leslie now left the room. Need it be told that he also went to the sleeping-rooms of his little cherubs—not to give instruction, or demand confession; not to interfere with a mother's province, so well performed in his family, but to indulge himself in a father's privilege, that of kissing and blessing his offspring before they were consigned to the mysterious agency of sleep, which is so much the counterfeit of the last deep sleep of death; it is no marvel doting parents should bestow the tender caress, the holy benediction, before those they love are plunged into a state from whence perchance they never may awaken;—it is like taking leave before a journey—the minds are to be separated for a certain space, and the bodies also of each to be bound in unconsciousness and torpor. Who knows whether the parent and the child may be permitted to return to action and to conscious life; or be obliged to pass away, from that neutral state of being, into “cold obstruction” and the grave.

Catherine Elliot awoke early in the morning, for her chamber faced the east, and the rays of the sun shining full upon her, forced her eyes open—she was still sleepy, and a little fatigued.

“I will draw that curtain,” she said, mentally, “over the window, and have another nap.”

As she was in the act of doing so, she heard the hum of infant voices, and, looking out, perceived the four children of Mrs. Leslie, just going out for their morning's walk with their attendant. The words of William Herbert were strong in her remembrance, that he had wished her to observe “how Fanny taught her children.”

“ I will get up,” said she, “ and follow these little animals in their ramble—if I am to have a family, I hope they will look as pretty as these.” And she began to dress.

The voices of the children, joyous as the morning, drew the steps of Catherine to the place they were visiting ;—it was in the farm-yard, and they were paying their respects to a favourite cow, who had some complaint in one of her legs, and was at that moment under the hands of the operating bailiff.

“ Poor pretty Bessey,” said the little lisping Ellen, the youngest of the flock, “ I hope she will not die, for I love her ; how good of George to try to cure her poor leg !”

“ Not good at all,” said the eldest boy, William, whom Catherine already loved the most, for his resemblance to her own William, as well as his name ; “ not good at all, Ellen, and that mamma will tell you when you are older.”

“ And why, is he not good, William ?” answered the pretty little Fanny, his next in age ; “ I am sure mamma teaches us that it is always good to save pain, and George is trying to cure poor Bessey, and so—”

“ Fanny,” said the impatient boy, “ you know no more than little Ellen, although you are four years older.”

“ You have made Fanny cry, William,” exclaimed a noble-looking little chubby fellow of six years old, “ and that mamma would tell you was not good.”

“ Fanny is very silly to cry,” responded William, “ and so mamma will tell her, when she hears all our confessions to night.”

“ And what will she say to you, William ?” retorted the little hero, Frederick, “ for calling her silly ? I am sure she will not say that was good.”

“ I know that too,” said William, “ but I am so hasty. Dear Fanny, come kiss me, and I will tell you why I do not think George is so very good in dressing Bessey’s leg. You

know it is his duty to take care of all papa's cows and sheep, and if he did not dress Bessey's leg, he would not be honest, for papa pays him you know; but if he had dressed the back of the poor galled ass, we saw in the pound last night, when the flies teased it so, and he did not expect to be paid for doing it, then, mamma would have said 'George has done a good action.'"

"You are right, William," said Fanny, embracing her brother, "and I was wrong to be so pettish."

"And I, for having been so petulant," said William, "and calling you silly, when you are so sensible."

Catherine overheard all this at the door of the cow-house, and she wrote it down in her memory.

She joined the children, and her favourite William repeated to her a little fable his mamma had given him to learn.

* * * * *

"Will you allow me to be present at your hours of instructing your children, dear Fanny?" said the conscious Catherine, half ashamed of the request, and half fearing a smile of ridicule from Mrs. Leslie; but Fanny never smiled but from the heart, and ridicule had no place in that pure abode. She tenderly kissed the crimson cheek of her beautiful guest, and led her to the nursery.

On their way¹ thither, Catherine enquired what books she chose to assist the childrens' studies?

"You shall see," gaily replied the happy mother; "some of my books are very useful ones notwithstanding."

"I am so glad you are come, dear mamma," said William, "you are more than a quarter of an hour beyond the usual time, and I am so impatient to begin. And will Miss Elliot remain here all the time? I am very glad of that too."

"And why are you glad, William, that Miss Elliot is to be

here this morning?" said his mother, seating herself by the side of a very low table, on which was placed a large circular tea-tray, or something that looked very much like it, a large jug of water, and a deal box full of odd looking things.

"Come, be honest, (but that I am sure you will be,) tell me why you are pleased to have company here this morning."

"I know," said Frederick, "why it is very well."

"And so do I," said Fanny.

"I will tell you myself," interrupted William proudly, "and if it is wrong, mamma may tell me so."

"And what says your own heart, William? that has a voice as well as I have."

"Can it sing, mamma?" said little Ellen.

The children all laughed at this question, and Ellen laughed the loudest. The child was from her cradle fond of musical associations, and was never so happy as when her nurses were singing to her, and teaching her little melodies.

"The heart speaks in a whisper, Ellen," said Fanny, "and you must do the same now, or you will disturb William—he is going to begin, so sit down on your own little stool, and listen."

"I must tell mamma, first, what my heart says," said William, "but I don't want Miss Elliot to hear."

"I will go out of the room a moment," said Catherine, "and you shall fetch me when you wish it."

"Are you so much ashamed of your thoughts, William?" said his mother. "Well, be it so."

"No, mother," exclaimed the boy; "I am not much ashamed, but I am a little; Miss Elliot shall hear the whole;—I knew I should surprise her at my knowledge of geography, and I felt proud that I knew so much, and I was pleased to be able to display my knowledge before a stranger, and—"

"It is enough, William," exclaimed Mrs. Leslie; "but now

your heart tells you that it is no merit of yours that you have acquired knowledge, but that it is merely a blessing conferred upon you, which demands gratitude instead of pride. Your heart has spoken well; I can say nothing better; so now to your display."

William Leslie took the large jug of water, and emptied it into the circular tray, until it rose nearly to the brim.

"I wish I could make the water lie round, instead of flat," said William; "but that is impossible; I have tried it a hundred times—it will always remain flat."

"Or, on a level," said his mother.

"And yet," said Fanny, "it must be round, when it covers the earth, for the earth is round I am sure, as mamma showed us the other day by the little card ships, and its masts made of needles, showing their tops, and their silk pennants, before we could see the ship, as mamma guided it up the great ball of Indian-rubber—the water must be round there."

"Yes," said the boy, "because the water clings fast to the earth, and cannot fall off, for something which we do not know the nature of keeps it close to the earth."

"They call that attraction, William," said Mrs. Leslie.

"Yes, mother, but I must make you all suppose that this *flat* is *round*, and then Frederick will understand too. Let me find out England first, because we live there."

The boy soon discovered a sort of triangular table with short legs, which he placed in the tray of water, just in the proper position it holds upon the habitable globe; and having placed a bean on it, to designate where London, its capital, stood, and another for Devonshire, their own county, he proceeded with great quickness and precision to add France, Germany, Italy, and every other country of Europe, even with the little islands belonging to each country contiguous to the sea, whilst the other children assisted him in the search of the

several little odd shaped tables he wanted, which he called by their respective names. After he had accurately finished Europe, he went on with Asia and Africa, giving a slight account of every country he placed on the little ocean before him, and clearly explaining why he could not proceed farther with America, unless he had another tray of the same size, which would represent the other half of the supposed sphere, or half of a globe, if joined to the one he had before him, but he could not make it do so, for want of that attractive power the earth has, which makes the water cling so close to it. Many observations were made in the course of this little lecture, on the subject of rain, mists, snow, and frosts, all illustrated by little toys of various descriptions, and made clear to the understanding, through the medium of the eye; nor was there a single book used during the morning, or a single dull uninteresting form of words, a jargon of sounds, devoid of ideas, committed to the memory, as if it were a beast of burden, to sustain a weight until its very back was breaking, when it ought to be made the helpmate, and the partner of the understanding, to go hand in hand with it in the acquirement of knowledge, and to be forced to do no more than what is conducive to the same. Catherine learnt more by this morning's lesson than even did the little Leslies.

Catherine Elliot was so pleased with the morning exercise of the children, that she wished to be present at the evening one also, but Mrs. Leslie would not permit her to enter the nursery during the last examination of the day.

“ If you really are anxious, Catherine, to learn my method with my children, I will for once depart from my general rule, and allow you to be an unseen witness of their little confessions; were you known to be present, it might be the means of my children being less open, less candid; I know they would tell no untruth, but they might be prompted to conceal

part of the truth, and much evil might arise. I will admit them to night in my dressing-room, in which there is an Indian screen; behind this you shall be seated, and hear all that passes, but let me entreat you not to betray me, or I shall lose part of my childrens' confidence, and it is a thing most difficult to regain." The children came, and Catherine was placed.

"Why do you have us here, dear mamma," said Frederick, "instead of your coming up to us as usual? Are you unwell?"

"I prefer seeing you to night, my dear children, here, and is not that a sufficient reason?"

"Oh yes, certainly," said Fanny, "but it seems so odd; I thought Miss Elliot might be here."

"Now, that is just like you, Fanny," said William, "would mamma have any one here when we are going to tell all our little faults to her. Do you think she wishes to expose them to other people? I am sure I would not confess anything were Miss Elliot to hear me, or any one else in the world, but my dear mamma."

"Well, then," said the fond mother, a little conscience struck, "begin at once, William."

The children did as their mother wished, each in turn confessing the faults committed during the day, received their mother's fervent blessing, when they all departed to bed.

Catherine, when she came forward, was in tears, but they were the sacred tears of holy delight—her heart was softened, and lifted up its aspiration in concert with the infant Leslies.

Before William Herbert returned from Scotland, his Catherine had learnt "how Fanny taught her children," and she profited by the lesson. Her own were equally well taught, and she was the happiest of mothers.



Painted by J. Northcote, R.A.

Engraved by W. Greatbatch.

THE YOUNG NOVICE.

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THERE has never yet risen a nation which has been entirely destitute of religion. A supreme Governor of the universe has always been acknowledged, by whose order and through whose permission all the events which have taken place upon this earth have been brought about.

Consequent upon this feeling followed prayer and sacrifice, offered up either that the anger of the Deity who might be supposed to be offended might be appeased, or else to secure favour and protection. The temple and altars upon which these prayer sacrifices were offered, thus became hallowed and sacred spots, set apart from common uses, and consecrated to the service of the Deity. In earlier and pagan days, when many temples rose to many gods, each of whom was regarded as the presiding guardian over a particular city, this feeling was very strong; the temple reared to the honour of the god was regarded with veneration, and to profane with unholy hands the sacred edifice was regarded as a crime of the deepest dye, which life alone could atone for. Accordingly, in times of danger, the temples were fled to as sanctuaries of safety, and from those sacred retreats the fugitive was not allowed to be taken.

Under the Jewish dispensation, law, as well as natural feelings, raised the temple to a holy structure, and a place of refuge and safety. Under the Christian scheme the same feeling prevailed; and in process of time monasteries and

nunneries multiplied: buildings set apart for retirement, in order that withdrawn from the world the dweller in those quiet places might hold closer communion with their Maker.

From thence monasteries and nunneries themselves began to be regarded as holy places. That church under whose auspices they rose regarded them as holy, and the people were not long in following the example.

Thus impressed with the feelings of veneration for these edifices, it was not likely that the people would commit outrage upon what they themselves regarded as sacred, and thus these houses became, as the heathen temples were, the depositories of costly treasure, and the places of retreat for those over whom danger hung. In our own country this was the case in a great degree; and during all the civil wars which took place, the defeated party took refuge in a monastery, as the place of greatest security; and thus, also, previous to engaging in any very hazardous undertaking, the nobles themselves placed their children within an abbey's walls, certain that protection would be afforded them.

It was thus that when the reign of Edward IV. was ended, his queen, fearing the enmity of her ambitious brother-in-law, afterwards Richard III., took refuge in the monastery with her infant children. From thence the usurper enticed her second son, who too soon became a victim to his relentless cruelty. Her daughters, however, profited by the protection thus afforded, one of whom took the veil, and finally rose to the dignity of Abbess.

GUILTY FEAR.

A PENITENT, in cowl of grey,
To yonder minster went,
A dismal penance doom'd to pay:
An hour at midnight he must pray,
A murder to repent.

He pass'd the churchyard path along,
The gloomy bat flew by,
The owlet hoots a dismal song,
When, hark! the Abbey bell tolls one!
He starts and heaves a sigh.

Why hastens he his wonted pace?
What kens he thro' the gloom?
Why hide within the cowl his face?
Does he some gliding spectre trace?—
He sees his brother's tomb.

Ah me! how greatly fear deceives,
When guilty thoughts are known!
The grave-stone he a ghost believes;
The wind that chides the rustling leaves,
He fancies is a groan.

A SMUGGLER'S TALE.

IN a little village on the coast of Sussex (known by the name of "Algerine Bay" among the fishermen of that place), stands a small public-house, whose principal support, at one time, was derived from the purses of those engaged in the contraband trade. The seclusion of the situation, and the nautical conversation of its inmates, was, to me, an entire change, and often afforded me more real diversion than I might meet with amid the society of men whose education had been less circumscribed, and yet whose conversation too often partook of common-place and monotony.

In my simple travels, anything relative to hazard was to me an adventure; and as I appeared to be interested without meddling, I was a frequent, and not often an unwelcome visitor to this society; for I could listen without impertinence, and when they were tired I could sing, what they termed—a good song.

The room that we sat in was on one occasion nearly filled by about a dozen of those hardy and weather-beaten "sons of the ocean," whose countenances alone might well bespeak the hazardous and lawless profession to which they belonged. The grog had taken its nightly round, when one of the company, a grey-headed, sturdy seaman, was desired to give the account of the christening of the Phantom schooner, of which he was, years ago, one of the crew, and the manner in which

her captain met his fate. After replenishing his pipe, and taking a hearty swill at the grog, he thus commenced :—

“This is the very room where we used to meet our masters, to hear what sort of a crop we were to start for. They had given us the rhino, and as Hilson said this was to be his last trip, our cargo was to be a smart one. Well, the skipper sat in yonder corner—for we always used to call Hilson skipper, although Scanty Glase could box a compass as well as ever Hilson could, and for what I know was as much captain. Well, Hilson, as I said before, sat in that corner, and had been burning his blue lights all day, which was no uncommon thing for him to do ; for all who knew him, knowed that he used as much to enjoy his gloomy hours as ever he did his merry ones, for you might interrupt him in the latter, but I'll be bothered if you dared in the former.

“The captain had often told us that he would, some day or other, give us an account of the launching of the *Phantom*, and how the schooner became so named. So I thought this would be a good opportunity of gaining the information. A snugger or a faster sailing vessel than our schooner never crossed the channel ; and there is not a lubber along the coast, that ever tasted the spirits that she brought over, but what is familiar with the name of the *Phantom* schooner, or the “Flying Fish,” as they used to call her : but none but the captain, by his account, could tell why she was so called. This I know, that many of the crew of Newland's cutter believed she was a *Phantom*, and declared that she used to appear and disappear as regularly at Hilson's command, as ever a crew did on deck by the boatswain's whistle. For my own part, I knew it was little use for him to chase her, and believe that she could sail nearly as fast under reefs as ever they could with a gaff-topsail.

“Well, captain,” said I, “suppose you tell us about the

christening of the Phantom; you have often said you would; and if we are to have as rough a voyage this time as you promise us, why, we may never sit here again to listen to it." I shall never forget Hilson's look when I asked him—he started round, stared, and his long black curly locks seemed electrified by the question; his eyes, too, looked as wild as if they had lost their compass. He bit his lip—paced the room—and we could see that a gale was brewing; in short, I expected that he would let fly some of his forty-pounders, as Scanty used to call the captain's oaths; but we were agreeably mistaken, for Hilson took his pipe, and began his tale, after this fashion.

"You must know then, my boys," said he, "about 20 years ago, one of my most intimate companions was a young fellow, named Charles Haughton, but we always called him Tim Harper. He was a lad that had spent the flower of his youth serving the King, on board of a seventy-four, as middy; but, by some accident, he fell in with a young girl, with more beauty than fortune, and, as she had grappled Tim's heart, he soon hove to, and at length cast anchor;—to be plain, Tim married! and that so offended his family, that the old man disinherited him. The poor fellow, however, seemed content with his little snow-drop, as he used to call his wife, and being disappointed in serving his King with any advantage to himself, he tacked about, and began to serve his country, by running over with me to Holland; and a better sailor never kept his weather-eye up, to see who was out.

"Now Tim and I had taken many a trip together, and he seemed always merry when at sea, and happy with his little snow-drop when ashore. We had landed a good many safe crops, sometimes eastward, and sometimes here; for Duke was by no means the worst fellow that ever wore a belt for the Customs, and he had no reason to repent of it; for it was no uncommon thing for him to find a couple of tubs, a bag of tea,

and a quid of tobacco at his door after a trip. Well, the last voyage that we had together I shall not easily forget. We were coming home ; the cutter had five hundred tubs, besides dry goods, for her cargo ; and a Dutch lugger in consort, which meant to work, the same night, provided we could find hands enough. Now Scanty Glase, with one star aloft, could always tell the shore from Beachy-head to Selsey-bill ; so we kept Scanty for spotsman, and put Tim Harper ashore, to tell Gory Weedon, and the rest of the Masters, to have the hands in motion. We told Tim where we meant to cave in, and he agreed, if all was not right, to give us a light off the Church, down by the beach yonder, and we were to put out to sea again.

“ Well, to make short, Newland was out with the cutter, the galleys were close along shore ; there was Duke, or Sappey, as we used to call him, with a few of his sharks, and Waters and his gang. In, however, we drove, for seeing no light on the church, we thought that Tim had made it all right ; in this, you will see, we were mistaken ; for not a man of ours was there, and nearly all of theirs were. The galleys began firing each side ; the tide was running out, and the wind being off the land, to get her out to sea again speedily was impossible. We had just time to bring the boat alongside, and give the lugger a signal ; she sheered off, and we pulled hard to save ourselves. But our craft, and all her crop, fell into the hands of Newland ; and the next day, as fine a cutter lay by the Custom-house, in Shoreham harbour, as ever brought flagon from Flushing, or bale from Jersey, and all, as I thought, the treachery of Tim Harper.

“ Well, you must know, we guessed by this time that our business was being done for us ; so finding that the sea was turning the white of her eye up, for the want of better employment we kept her company for a few hours ; and there we

rolled about, like porpoises before a squall, and in the morning early we got ashore. But we hadn't been ashore long, before I was met by Scanty's brother, telling me, that he had received a message from Gory Weedon, informing him that the cutter and her cargo had been sold to Sappey and Waters, and that the masters thought that Tim Harper had sold her. Now, I had often heard Tim say that he should like to have a cutter of his own, so I immediately began to think so too.

"I never was much of a chap for keeping an old grudge on my log-book; short reckonings make long friends, as the folks say; so I had made up my mind, fall in with Tim wherever I might, to give him a broadsider, sink or swim. So me and the lads, not being well pleased with our loss over night, sat down the better part of the next day with some of the Hollands that had seen better luck in a former cruise; and by the afternoon, I was well trimmed and in good sailing order. Towards evening, however, I left them, and steered away for the eastward, and I fell in with Tim, sooner than I expected; for the same evening I saw him standing on the high cliff, by Black Rock; so I made for the spot, and we soon came alongside. It was no use for me to patter much about the job: for I knowed well, if I engaged that way, Tim carried too many guns for me. 'So you have lent a hand to the service again, Tim,' said I. Tim stared, and answered, 'What do you mean, Hilson?' 'Don't be too soft, Tim,' said I; 'we are well met; your boat, I suppose, by this time is on the stocks.' 'Not that I know of,' said he cautiously. 'I thought she was,' I answered, 'as you have bespoke the ballast at the Custom-house.' That was sufficient, he took the hint; but like your gentles of the present day, Tim felt too proud to explain, or even give himself the trouble to deny it—so to make short, at it we went; and being rather tighter built than Tim, the action finished by Tim going over the cliff; and the spring-

tide being up, I suppose, he went to sea, for the first time in his life, without his compass."

We had all been silent enough, while the skipper had been telling his tale ; but after he had got thus far, he began to haul in a bit, and you might tell by his jib, that he had been weathering a gale, all the time he was talking ; for his face turned pale, and he bent his brow, and by the look of his forehead, every pore in his skin had sprung a leak : so, after raising his hand to push his black hair aside, which hung in damp clusters like muscles on a ship's bottom, he again lighted his pipe, and went on.

" Well, Gory Weedon had taken great pains to put his tale in circulation, about Tim selling the crop ; he also lost no opportunity in keeping it in motion, so not many missed Tim ; and those who did thought he had gone out of the way for a time, but his little snow-drop, not understanding his absence, died of grief in less than three months after."

" Why, it strikes me vastly, Hilson," said I, " that Tim was innocent." " Tim," said the captain, " was as innocent as he was headstrong ; for had he but mentioned that Gory had somehow planned it with Waters, to have him stowed away that night, I should have read it all in a minute, and he might have been alive now, making one with his equals ; but it is all over now—so it's of no use to be caring about it. Yes, yes ; Gory Weedon was getting tired of the trade, and thought he might as well make a good finish as run the hazard of a bad one. I meant, however, to have had a reckoning with Gory about it, but his hour-glass run out before he expected it ; and so he went to balance the account elsewhere. But Gory did the business, Ned, and poor Tim Harper took the reckoning for it."

" Then of course," said I, " no one ever saw poor Tim again ?" " Oh ! yes, they have," said he, looking at me very

mysteriously, "one has ; I have seen him, and that no longer than two nights ago ; and then he told me that this would be my last voyage. Nor is that all ; I have never had a cruise since that unlucky affair but what I have seen him, some time or other." "*Seen Tim,*" said I ; why then you mean to say that you have seen his ghost !" "Ay," replied he, "his ghost, or phantom, or spirit, or whatever else you like to call it. Depend upon it, Tim's spirit is not at rest, nor will it let mine, until we both meet in another world. But, however, it was several years after this unfortunate affair before I could raise the wind to have another craft put on the stocks ; but, as soon as I could, I had this schooner built. Well, the night before she was launched, the builder, by way of wishing me success, invited me, and a few of the masters, as well as the lads that had cast their lot in her, to share in a jollification at his house. So we did, and the bottle went round pretty merrily ; we were all gay enough ; and nothing would do but I must say what name she was to be. Now I had been musing upon that myself, and thought, by way of paying a compliment to Tim's wife's memory, to have her called Snow-drop. Well, I lifted up my head, and was about to name her, when, to my astonishment, at the end of the room, stood Tim's ghost. 'Oh ! the Phantom,' said I, for the sight of it at that time so shifted my balance that I was nearly capsized. But it appeared that none saw it but me, and I soon recovered myself. The builder laughed, and said it should be so, and the next day she was launched, and christened The Phantom."

This was the finish of the skipper's tale, and now I'll tell you the finish of the skipper :—

That very same night we set sail ; the schooner was lying at the back of the rocks, and a fair wind being up, we weighed anchor, and, stretching our sails, steered for Holland. We had not, however, been out at sea more than three hours when the

sea rolled heavily, and the wind freshened. "We had better take in her canvass a bit," said I to Hilson, who was at the helm. "No, Ned," said he, "she'll carry it." The moon was then just peering above a large black cloud, and threw her light along the deck. "Look here," cried the skipper, in a tone that made us all hurry to him, when lo! we all saw the figure of a sailor, seated in the schooner's boat as she hung astern; his face was pallid and deathly, and his bright eyes fixed upon us, as he tossed up and down, as if the boat and he were going to the bottom. We were all speechless; but Hilson laid hold of a small axe that hung by the side of the vessel, and instantly cutting the painter, meant to let the boat go adrift; but you may guess our surprise, for the moment the rope was cut, the boat came up on the starboard side. "Ah!" said Hilson—"is it so? then we will again sail together, Tim." So saying, he jumped over her side, and the boat drifted to sea immediately.

Before we could cry "About ship," we lost sight of boat and Hilson, and never saw him again—we were, however, soon awoke from our surprise, by finding the vessel in a heavy gale, which lasted for several hours. The moon was lost in the clouds, the rain fell in torrents, and in fact we all expected soon to follow Hilson. After lying-to for some time, we then tried to scud under maintop-sail; but about four in the morning, a tremendous sea struck her, and threw her upon her beam ends; she sprung a leak, and the sea was making a clean sweep from stem to stern. We were now half under water—five poor fellows found a watery grave, and the rest never expected to see Old England again: but fortunately, at day-break, a brig descried us, and we were picked up. In less than half an hour not a bit of the Phantom schooner was to be seen above water. Two days after, four of us were landed at St.

Malo, and that was all that remained of her crew and the Phantom schooner.

The smuggler now had finished his tale, I had finished my grog ; and hurrying home to bed, not very strange to say, I dreamt of Tim Harper's ghost.

THE GIPSY BOY.

On lady, good lady, pray pity the fate
Of a poor wretched wand'rer, deprived of all joy ;
Oh list his sad plaints, while he begs at your gate :
But oh ! your dog howls at the poor gipsy boy !

Cease, cease, cruel dog ! I your pity implore,
'Tis my rags I perceive that your slumbers annoy ;
But can't I be honest, good dog, tho' I'm poor ?
Oh yes ; I ne'er rob, though a motherless boy !

This coat, do but view it, so tatter'd and worn,
Three winters has shielded from rain and from snow ;
Tho' my poor naked feet are quite harden'd to horn,
Yet my bosom can feel the full weight of my woe !

How hard is my fate when the ev'ning appears,
For, alas ! I've no cov'ring to shelter my head :
Then under some haystack I stifle my tears,
Till falling in slumber I sink on my bed !

Ten full moons have shone since my good mother died,
Left me with my father to traverse the plain ;
But he, cruel man, ne'er my cravings supplied,
But left me one morning asleep in a lane !

In vain have I sought him o'er moorland and steep,
But never been able his footsteps to trace ;
Wherever I rest, 'tis, alas ! but to weep ;
For they who have plenty all frown in my face !

Full oft I've entreated the rich and the great,
To yield me some labour my hands to employ ;
But heedless they've bid me begone from their gate,
And call'd me dishonest, 'cause I'm a poor boy !

E'en now to yon mansion I happen'd to go,
And for crumbs from the cupboard did anxiously stay,
When a footman, a savage, to treat a child so,
Call'd out a fierce bull-dog, that drove me away !

'Then, oh, my good lady, pray pity the fate
Of a poor wretched wand'rer, deprived of all joy ;
Oh, drive not the motherless child from your gate,
But pity the complaints of a poor gipsy boy !

A SKETCH OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

THE Island of Newfoundland, although but little thought of in Great Britain, is one of the most wealthy and valuable dominions in the whole of the British possessions. The island has little or no resources within itself, and is entirely dependent upon its fisheries—namely, that of the seal and cod fishery. The first-named is the one that may be considered the mainstay of the island, and although attended with considerable risk, is much sought after on account of the exceeding lucrative gains, when vessels are fortunate. It commences early in the month of March, at which time the coast of Newfoundland is usually surrounded by immense quantities of ice, on which the seals are found. It will perhaps be scarcely credited when I state, that there are upon an average 800,000 of these animals taken every spring, and that in the short space of three or four weeks; in taking of them 150 vessels are employed, all built purposely for going into the ice, being cased with iron. A person on the otherside of the Atlantic can form no idea of the ice that we have upon this coast in the spring. It is not unusual that the ocean is seen as though one solid mass of ice, which extends perhaps for a distance of 300 miles from the land into the main ocean. This is what is termed field ice; but I have seen some pieces that appeared like immense mountains, and unless you knew to the contrary, you would take them for islands in the ocean covered with snow. These float about, or are rather carried along by

the field of ice. It can readily be fancied what must be the fate of vessels that are not built to withstand it, should they fall into it. There is never a spring but a number of foreign ships are lost in it; indeed, if they once become jammed in, they may remain so for months, with the prospect of being any moment crushed to pieces by the rolling mountains, or on the other hand starved to death from cold. I have seen vessels out at sea, not more than four miles from the harbour, that have been frozen up for weeks and weeks, and have known their crews to leave them and walk upon the ice to their intended and destined haven. Seals are to be seen in endless thousands upon the small ice, and are usually killed by a blow upon the head; they are then skinned, the fat taken from them, and the skin saved. Their value is from 8s. to 12s. a head. It is not unusual for a man to kill in six weeks as many as will serve him to live for twelve months upon the profits he may derive from the sale of them. After they are brought home, they are stowed in large vats, where they remain until they become oil, which is then shipped to the home country. A merchant here who fits out five or six vessels, should they prove fortunate, will perhaps realise £2,000 upon the cargo of each, clear; but then there is a desperate risk of their being lost, &c., which is not of unfrequent occurrence, and then they lose quite as much, or more, so that it may be termed a complete lottery.

I will now say a few words upon the trade of St. John's. The business is confined to about six months in the year—three in the spring and three in the winter. The spring trade usually commences about the middle of March, and continues until June, during which period the people from the numerous out-harbours and small islands come to St. John's to purchase their supplies for the summer. At this time you would be astonished to see the immense quantities of goods

that are sold of every description. A merchant here deals in everything, and in his shop, or "store," as it is called, are to be found all the necessaries of life. If you go into a shop here, you cannot ask for anything but you will find it, in the way of merchandise—drapery, hats, boots and shoes, glass-ware, grocery, hardware—in fact anything, from a needle to an anchor. A merchant here imports everything—flour, biscuits, pork, beef, molasses, spirits, wines, drugs, &c., and every article used in ship-building, such as rope and cordage, chains, cables, anchors, &c. It is highly amusing to see the curious scenes that we sometimes have in making sales of the above-named articles.

I must now say something about the mode of living in St. John's. There is little or no difference, generally speaking, from that in England, with the exception of a scarcity of fresh meat in certain seasons, but this is of seldom occurrence. Provisions here are much cheaper than in the home country; a person here may live sixty per cent. cheaper than at home, and enjoy many luxuries that would be denied to a man of moderate income in Great Britain. Wines, spirits, &c., are exceedingly low—not a quarter the price you have to pay. Brandy is sold for 6s. a gallon; whisky, the same price; rum, 3s. 6d. to 5s.; sherry and port wine you can buy for 2s. 6d. a bottle—2s. 1d. English money; tobacco and cigars are little or nothing thought of—the former is from 10d. to 1s. a pound, the latter you may purchase for eight dollars a thousand—£2 13s. 4d. of your money. There is perhaps no part of the world where there are so many cigars smoked as in Newfoundland, but in St. John's more particularly. The reason is this—in the summer of every year an immense number of Spanish vessels come here for fish, in payment for which they usually bring molasses, sugar, and rum; they bring these cargoes from the West Indies, where they all purchase an im-

mense quantity of cigars, being able to buy them for a mere trifle, and when they come here only enter about half the quantity they bring, and smuggle the remainder.

As regards the town, there is little or nothing in it to attract the eye of a stranger. The town itself consists of one long street, built upon the banks of a fine wide harbour, the entrance to which is surrounded by high hills, strongly fortified, as also on its banks are numerous batteries. It would be all but impossible to take the town by sea, for before a ship or even a fleet could enter the harbour they would have to contend with the fire of some two hundred pieces of cannon, not one of which is visible from the water. Vessels of any class may find fine anchorage and shelter. All the places of business are built close to the water, and vessels lie within a few feet of the store doors.

This is an astonishing place of business, and I am sure strangers can form no idea of Newfoundland, unless they could see and judge for themselves. People at home think it is of little or no moment, and think of it as a country celebrated only for its fine dogs; but I assure you that they labour under a great mistake, for I consider it as one of, if not the most, flourishing countries in the whole of British North America.

The climate differs some little from that of England, by being almost the two extremes—either very warm or very cold. In summer the heat is at times almost suffocating, and were it not that the town is open to the breezes of the Atlantic, would be very bad to bear: what adds to the warmth is the houses being chiefly built of wood, which is more susceptible of heat than brick or stone would be. The streets are also paved with wood in parts; but that is rarely found, except opposite the various places of business. It is not an uncommon thing to see the thermometer between 80° and 90° at eight o'clock in

the morning, so it may be imagined how it will feel by noon ; this is in the months of June, July, and August. In addition to this, if you go a short distance into the country, you have the satisfaction of allowing the musquitoes to make a meal upon the blood they draw from your face and hands. They are very troublesome, and unless you are prepared for them, by having your face rubbed with a preventive, they will bite you desperately. The first summer I was here I had a terrible face from the effects of being bitten by them, and was so bad that I had to keep my bed for three days, during which time I could not see : I got this by going a short distance into the woods for a day's trouting, a sport you can enjoy to your heart's content ; the country abounds with them, and they are to be found in any little brook or running stream. Perhaps it will hardly be believed when I say, that I have in about six hours killed thirty dozen trout with rod and line. There is also any quantity of shooting, and no Game Laws here—knock down anything you come across. Partridges are very plentiful, also snipe. You may sometimes get a chance of a shot at a fox or a bear, both of which are found in the woods at no great distance from the town. These are the only amusements you have, with the exception of boating.

Winter is the time of year when the most enjoyment is to be found ; after the 1st January you have nothing to do but to think of passing your time in the best and merriest way you can until the middle of April, at which period the spring goods arrive from England. Without actual experience, no one can form an idea of a Newfoundland winter—for months, nothing to be seen but frost and snow. We have usually a heavy fall of snow early in January, which will lie on the ground until spring ; this becomes frozen, and is as hard as ice. You will see as much snow fall in an hour as will lie six to seven feet deep ; and often, after a few hours snowing, you

will require to dig yourself out of doors. Then is the time for fun in sleighing, the favourite amusement of the country. You may go for miles and miles over fields of frozen snow, across ponds and rivers, in your sleigh, without the least fear of danger. The sleighs are drawn by dogs and horses, around the necks of which are hung bells as a preventive for running foul of each other, as they make not the least noise in moving along, and travel at a very rapid rate. The sleighs are usually painted in very gaudy colours, and are covered with furs of various descriptions ; the horses are dressed in like manner. You see vast numbers of these vehicles running in procession, each one armed with an immense ring of bells, as before named, which to a stranger has a very strange appearance.

At this period, it is customary for the poorer classes to go into the woods and cut timber, which is drawn over the snow by dogs ; this is used for ship-building, also for firewood, as they have little or no coal to burn, and unless they lay in a large stock at this season, they will not be able to procure any during the summer, owing to the access being so difficult into the woods. Every one has heard of the prairies in America. You see vast extents of waste land covered for miles with forests of wood, the greater part of which is spruce, or what we call in England fir ; the tree grows to an immense height, and as close as nature and the soil will permit. It is in such places as these that hundreds of the poor seek their livelihood, depending chiefly upon what they procure by fishing, shooting, and taking furs of various kinds ; these they bring to St. John's, and sell or barter for articles of clothing, &c. &c.

It is not an uncommon thing, during the summer, to witness fires of an alarming extent, which take place in the woods, and are occasioned by parties kindling fires for the purpose of

cooking, which they often leave burning, and thereby extend to the brushwood, and so on to trees. I was witness to one of these terrible conflagrations this summer ; the fire was about four miles out of town, and it was considered by persons who are well able to judge, that it covered a space of not less than six or seven miles. This was one mass of burning trees ; the sight it would be impossible to describe, and may be more easily imagined. The heat given to the atmosphere was intense, and was almost unbearable at many miles' distance.

I must also tell you that we have occasional visits paid us by some of the Indians, who come from many miles into the interior—some as far as 200 to 300 miles ; they usually come in the winter, when they can travel across mountain, river, and plain, with greater ease than at any other period of the year. They come across the country with no other guide than the sun, and that natural instinct with which the Indian is known to be gifted. The race of North American Indians is now nearly extinct, having been driven from these shores by the English, French, and other traders, who, sad to say, in years that are past have killed, robbed, and deceived them for the sake of their furs. I have seen three since my residence in St. John's ; one was a fine fellow, and just what you would imagine from the accounts you read of them. He came to trade in furs, and then bought what he needed, such as powder, shot, and articles of clothing. He came here also with a party of shipwrecked sailors, who had been cast ashore a long way up the country, from which they had no means of rescuing themselves, had they not been fortunate in meeting with this Indian, who undertook to convey them to St. John's although he had never been here in his life ; he succeeded in bringing them through the woods for more than 350

miles, in travelling which they took seventeen days, with no other guide save their Indian friend, with no place of rest but the ground, at that time covered with snow, dependent also upon the Indian's rifle for procuring them food. In fact I never heard of so wonderful a performance. It may be imagined what a forlorn-looking set of beings they were when they arrived at their desired haven ; the poor fellows were nearly dead, but the Indian appeared no more fatigued than if he had only come from off one day's journey, although he had carried his gun and a quantity of furs. They were three days at a time without tasting food, but then had the good fortune to kill a deer, which served them some time, or else they would have perished in the snow. How should we fancy travelling across a country of that kind, under similar circumstances ? But what suffering will not man endure to save life ?

CHRISTIAN FORTITUDE.

BELIEVING, as we do, that nothing has better proved the truth of religion than the history of the Martyrs, since the promulgation of the Gospel, a few words to enforce the truth of this subject may not be misplaced.

Christian heroism has in it something truly divine, and possesses a character peculiar to itself—that of unalterable mildness in the midst of persecution. Regulus, the most admired hero of antiquity, submitted to death, and a thousand torments, without betraying the slightest marks of weakness. But he likewise insulted his executioner, and cursed Carthage; and had his wife and children been present, he doubtless, armed with inflexible firmness, would have beheld them without emotion. He could not, in fact, have been softened without losing part of his courage; and to be great, it was necessary he should be insensible. Whilst, on the contrary, a Christian martyr, in the midst of his torments, unites the most magnanimous fortitude to the most tender sensibility: he embraces, exhorts, consoles his friends, and prays for his persecutors.

Of the fortitude and patience displayed by the primitive Christians, we shall take one example out of a multitude—namely, Polycarp, bishop of Smyrna. When the officers of the proconsul entered the house where he was, he immediately ordered meat and drink to be set before them, and begged them to allow him one hour to pray without molesta-

tion; which being granted, he prayed standing, and was so full of the grace of God, that he could not cease speaking for two hours. On his way to the city, he was met by the tetrarch Herod, and his father Nicetus, who began to advise him, asking, "What harm is it to say, 'Lord Cæsar!' and to sacrifice and be safe?" At first he was silent, but being pressed, he said, "I will not follow your advice."

When he was brought before the tribunal, there was a great tumult, and the proconsul having asked if he was Polycarp, and receiving an answer in the affirmative, began to exhort him to take pity on his own great age, to repent, and swear by the fortune of Cæsar. "I am a Christian," said Polycarp; "I cannot comply with your request." "I have wild beasts," said the proconsul; "I will expose you to them, unless you repent." "Call them," replies the martyr; "our minds are not to be changed from the better to the worse; but it is a good thing to be changed from evil to good." "I will tame your spirit by fire," said the other, "since you despise the wild beasts." This threatening was put into execution. His spirit, however, continued calm and undismayed, full of devotion, charity, and zeal, to the last. When they were going to fasten him to the stake, he said, "Let me remain as I am; for He who giveth me strength to sustain the fire will enable me also, without your securing me with nails, to remain unmoved in the fire." Nor was his confidence misplaced; for he exhibited the power of religion in bearing with heroic magnanimity the agonies of a violent death.

Nor need we go back to the olden times for illustrations, or select as instances the veteran Christian. The following anecdote will show that while the dew of youth yet glistens on the brow, the mind may be stored with the fruits of Christianity.

A poor little African negro, only ten years old, went to hear one of the Missionaries, and became a convert to the

Christian faith. His master forbade him to attend the preacher, and his prohibition being transgressed, he was summoned into his master's presence, and, after much violent language, received five-and-twenty lashes ; then, in a sarcastic tone of blasphemous ridicule, the tyrant exclaimed, "What can Jesus Christ do for you now?" "He enables me to bear it patiently," said the poor child. "Give him five-and-twenty lashes more!" cried the cruel wretch. He was obeyed. "And what can Jesus Christ do for you now?" asked the unfeeling monster. "He helps me to look forward to a future reward," replied the little sufferer. "Give him five-and-twenty lashes more!" They complied ; and while he listened with delight to the extorted groans of his dying victim, he again demanded, "What can Jesus Christ do for you now?" The youthful martyr, with the last effort of expiring nature, meekly answered, "He enables me to pray for you, massa," and instantly breathed his last!

THE END.

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